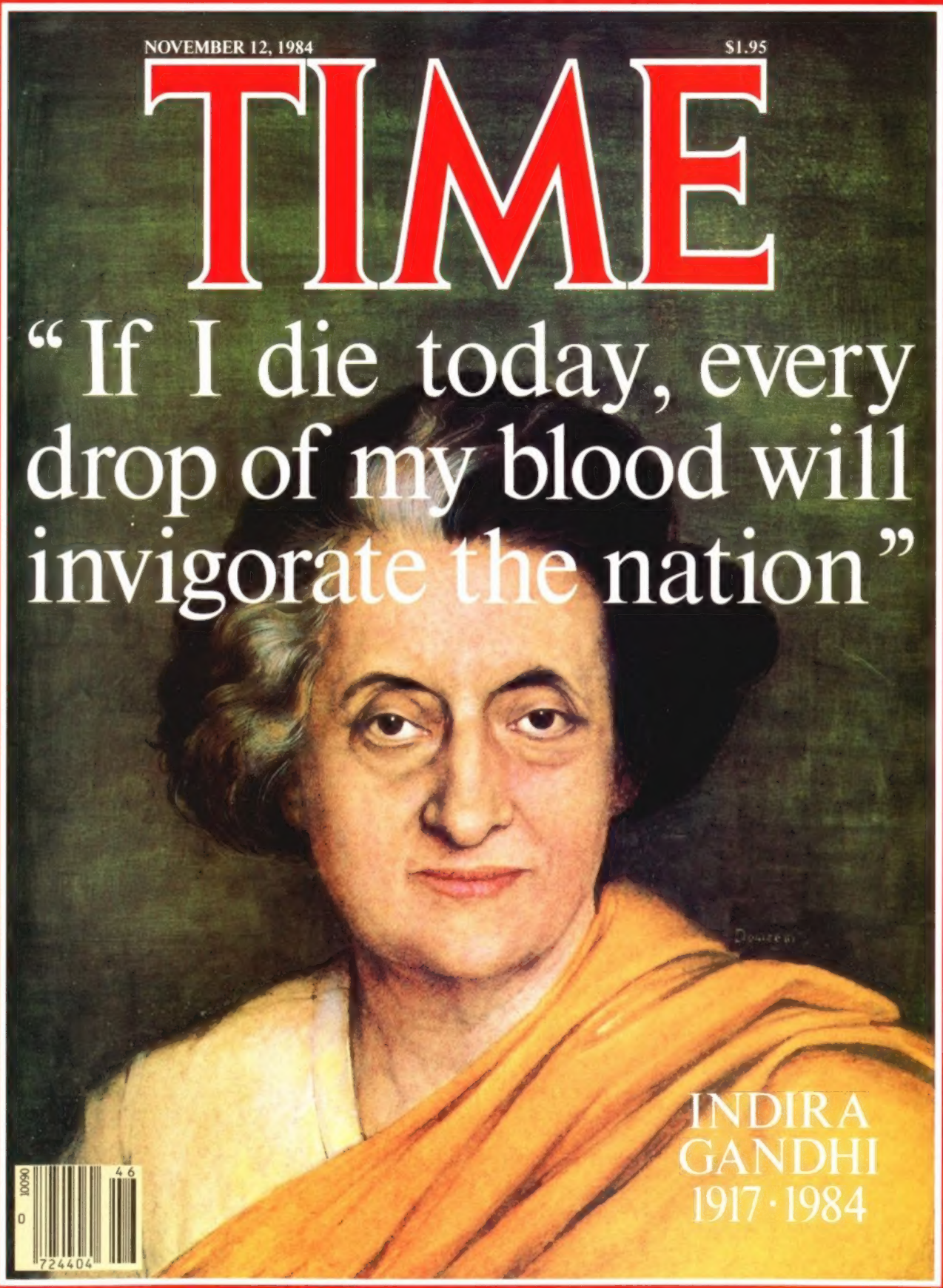
NOVEMBER 12, 1984 $1.95

TIME

"If I die today, every drop of my blood will invigorate the nation"



INDIRA GANDHI
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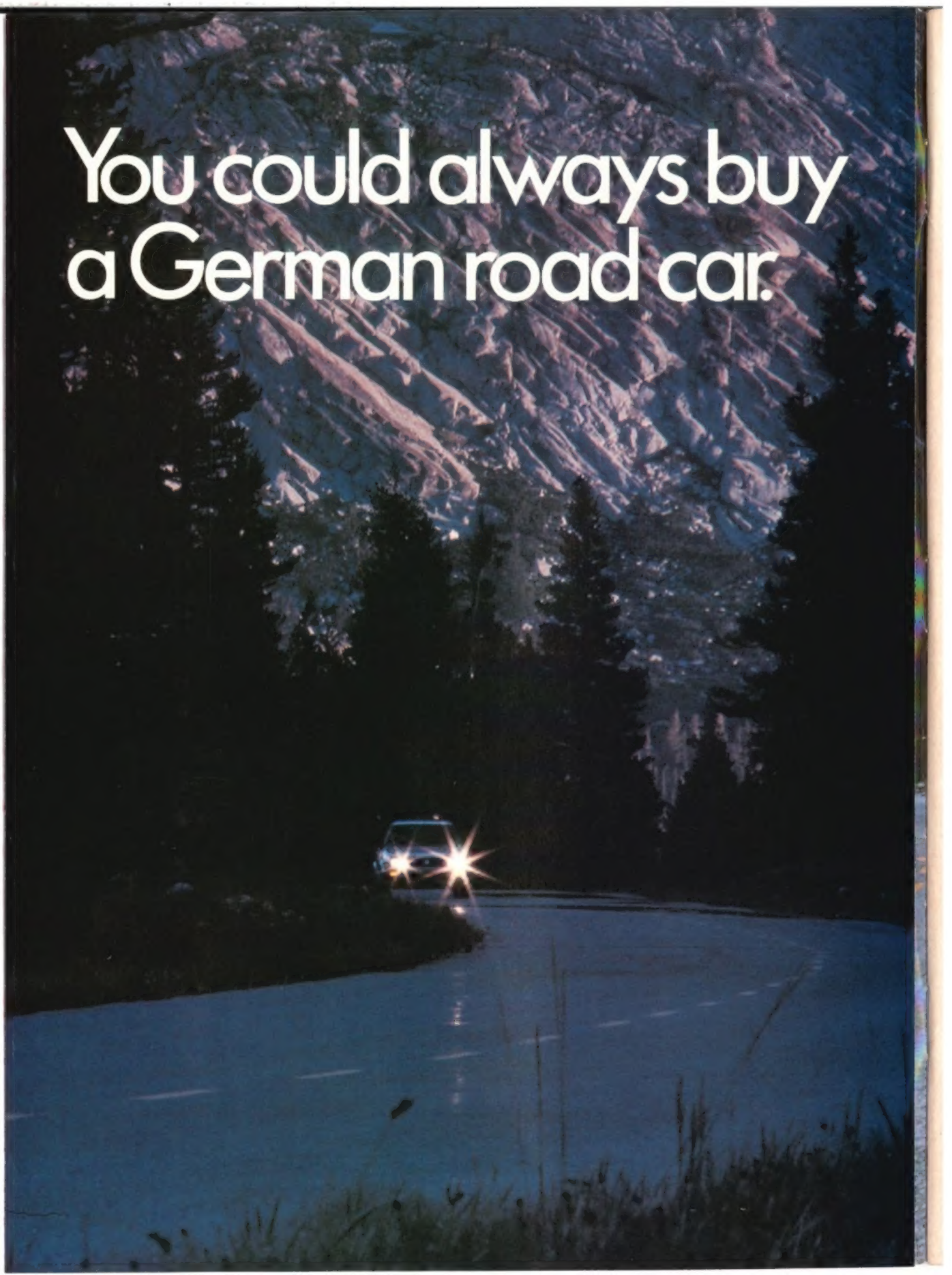
You could always buy
a German road car.

German engineering has produced some of the world's finest road cars. With precision and performance that reach perfection. But at prices that approach absurdity.

Volkswagen is about to change that.

Introducing the first affordable German road car. The new Volkswagen Jetta is priced under $8,000. Its affordability—however—is not at the expense of performance, handling, or comfort.

Bigger than a $20,000 sedan. The new Jetta comfortably seats a family of five. In fact, the Jetta has more passenger space than some European sedans costing $20,000.

And its trunk can hold 14 pieces of a standard luggage set. So nobody's left holding the bag.

German engineered, German built. The Jetta has a 5-speed transmission, front-wheel drive, power-assisted brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, and 4-wheel independent suspension with a patented rear-axle design that controls turning forces and hugs the road in tight curves.

The Jetta has to be driven to be experienced. Its handling is so precise, so responsive—car, driver, and road virtually act, react, and feel as one.

New warranty—based on 3,750,000 miles of testing. We ran the Jetta through the gauntlet. On high-speed Autobahns. On narrow, twisting Alpine hills. In the heat and sand of the Sahara. In the cold and snow of the Arctic Circle. And throughout America, from Pike's Peak to Death Valley. On interstate highways. In city traffic.

And we back the Jetta with Volkswagen's new 2-year Unlimited-mileage Protection Plan** that's as simple and straightforward as a VW itself.

Performance at an affordable price. Prices start at $7,775* for a 2-door Jetta with a durable diesel engine.

We also offer a turbo diesel. And a fuel-injected gasoline engine that's so responsive, it outperforms some European road cars costing twice as much.

Call 1-800-85-VOLKS for complete details on the Jetta. Your pulse will be quickened by its performance. Not its price.

It's not a car. It's a Volkswagen.

*Mfr's sugg. retail pricing, excluding tax, title, dealer prep and transportation: $7,775 for 2-door model, $7,995 for 4-door model as shown. (Metallic paint, alloy wheels are extra cost options.) Diesel availability in January. **Protection Plan: 2-year unlimited mileage, limited warranty on entire car, except tires, 3-year unlimited mileage, limited warranty on corrosion perforation. See U.S. dealer for details.

 Seatbelts save lives.

A message from those who don't to those who do.

We're uncomfortable.

To us, the smoke from your cigarettes can be anything from a minor nuisance to a real annoyance.

We're frustrated.

Even though we've chosen not to smoke, we're exposed to second-hand smoke anyway.

We feel a little powerless.

Because you can invade our privacy without even trying. Often without noticing.

And sometimes when we speak up and let you know how we feel, you react as though *we* were the bad guys.

We're not fanatics. We're not out to deprive you of something you enjoy. We don't want to be your enemies.

We just wish you'd be more considerate and responsible about how, when, and where you smoke.

We know you've got rights and feelings. We just want you to respect our rights and feelings, as well.

A message from those who do to those who don't.

We're on the spot.

Smoking is something we consider to be a very personal choice, yet it's become a very public issue.

We're confused.

Smoking is something that gives us enjoyment, but it gives you offense.

We feel singled out.

We're doing something perfectly legal, yet we're often segregated, discriminated against, even legislated against.

Total strangers feel free to abuse us verbally in public without warning.

We're not criminals. We don't mean to bother or offend you. And we don't like confrontations with you.

We're just doing something we enjoy, and trying to understand your concerns.

We know you've got rights and feelings. We just want you to respect our rights and feelings, as well.

Brought to you in the interest of common courtesy by

R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

NOVEMBER 12, 1984

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 124 No. 20

COVER: Indira Gandhi's murder raises fears for India's future

42

Two members of the Prime Minister's personal bodyguard avenge the army's assault on the Sikhs' holiest shrine. Violence breaks out. The question: Can Indira's inexperienced son Rajiv hold India together? ▸ A strong, close-knit minority, the Sikhs fight to maintain their identity. ▸ Previously unpublished letters reveal Indira as an unsettled, unhappy young woman. *See* WORLD.

NATION: At long last, the endless campaign comes to a close

30

More often a clash of images than a debate on issues, the presidential race had its moments of grace. ▸ Reagan and Mondale, in what may be their last campaigns, renew their basic messages. ▸ Skillful packaging makes it hard to tell Reagan's ads from the evening news. ▸ Feelings move voters more than facts, say some experts. ▸ CIA Director Casey defends his agency's guerrilla manual.

MEDICINE: Her name is Baby Fae, and her heart once belonged to a baboon

70

The tiny infant capturing national attention at California's Loma Linda hospital looked normal in every respect but one: the gauze-covered wound along her fragile torso was a sign that her body housed a transplanted simian heart. At week's end the child was surviving remarkably well, while critics questioned the ethics—and safety—of the daring operation.

Cover:
Painting by Mario Donizetti

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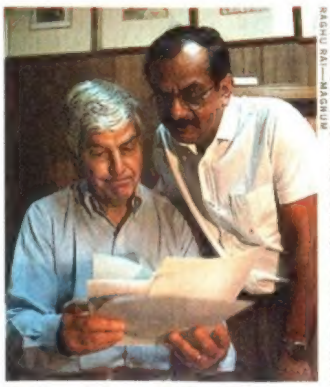
A Letter from the Publisher

As the only U.S. newsmagazine with a fully staffed bureau operation in New Delhi, TIME was prepared for swift action when a wire-service ticker flashed the news of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's assassination. Bureau Chief Dean Brelis, who had seen Mrs. Gandhi only two weeks earlier, instantly began gearing up for his own extensive reporting duties. He assigned Reporter K.K. Sharma to gather a profile of new Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi and asked Bureau Manager Deepak Puri and Researcher Arti Ahluwalia to pull together background material on Mrs. Gandhi. Brelis also obtained, exclusively for TIME, the last known photos of Mrs. Gandhi, taken just one day before her death by a member of an Irish television team filming a Peter Ustinov interview with the Prime Minister.



Brelis and Sharma in New Delhi

It was 2 a.m. in New York City when Brelis phoned TIME's Deputy Chief of Correspondents William Mader with the news. Mader immediately began shifting correspondents from other areas for a story that was sure to continue for weeks. He dispatched Nairobi Bureau Chief James Wilde to Islamabad and Bangkok Bureau Chief James Willwerth, vacationing in Japan, to New Delhi. By 7:45 a.m. Mader was in his office briefing Managing Editor Ray Cave by phone, then World Senior Editor Henry Muller. By 1 p.m., about half a day after the shooting, the first dispatches for the story began arriving from New Delhi.

In New York, a significant number of those involved brought firsthand expertise to the assignment. Senior Writer William Smith, who wrote the main story, served as New Delhi bureau chief in 1975 and '76. Smith was assisted by Reporter-Researcher Naushad Mehta, who was born and reared in Bombay. Staff Writer Pico Iyer, who wrote the stories on the Nehru dynasty and on the Sikhs, was born in England of Indian parents. He spent his vacation last summer traveling through India. For research, he could draw on the four cover stories TIME has done on Mrs. Gandhi (two of which ran in the international editions) and the six on her father Jawaharlal Nehru, India's first Prime Minister, from independence in 1947 to 1964.

Another contributor to the cover story was New York Correspondent Marcia Gauger, who had just completed a five-week visit to India, where she had served as New Delhi bureau chief from 1979 to 1982. Gauger met Mrs. Gandhi in 1979, when "Madamji," as she was known, was out of power. "I traveled with her on the comeback campaign trail and got to know another side of her," says Gauger. "I greatly admired her courage and her extraordinary ability to communicate with the Indian people."

John a. Meyer

THE ELECTRONICS EXPLOSION:

New Ways to Look and Listen

Written by Bob Gerson

A TIME Special Advertising Supplement

The consumer electronics industry is a universe exploding with unprecedented speed and dimension.

Just 70 years ago, an assistant traffic manager at the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America envisioned a "radio music box" to pick up signals—but not the person-to-person signals of radio then. He envisioned a signal beamed at a mass audience. "The box can be placed on a table in the parlor or living room, the switch set accordingly and the transmitted music be received," that assistant, David Sarnoff wrote. It was the beginning of a revolution.

This year, manufacturers' sales of video, audio and related products will approach $23 billion, and $40 billion at retail. Consumer buying has more than doubled in five years and at least tripled in ten. Nearly half the industry's sales are of products that didn't exist ten years ago, or are unrecognizably changed. New industries are being created. Not only are videocassette recorders (VCRs) spawning a giant tape rental business, but production companies are turning out workout tapes, foreign language tapes, tennis lesson tapes, computer games and the jogger's miniature radio and headset. Many of these were not even envisioned a few years ago.

This year, Americans will buy nearly 8 million VCRs—almost double last year—for more than $5 billion, and spend another $1 billion on videocassettes. Sales of color TVs will approach a record 16 million, and even black and white TV sales will top 5 million. Close to 40 million portable clock and table radios will be bought this year, excluding another 25 million radios sold in tape recorders and in new cars.

At the heart of today's market explosion is the integrated circuit (IC), a square of silicon no bigger than a child's fingernail. The availability of inexpensive, high capacity signal processing and switching ICs makes possible the outpouring of advanced new products: the videocassette recorder, digital audio disc players, home videogames and computers, flat calculators, electronic telephones, electronic watches, and a broad range of home security and medical devices. The ICs also make traditional products, TVs and radios, perform better and last longer at lower cost.

It's Not Just Television Anymore, It's Video.

Today, the color TV is much more than merely a passive receiver. It's a display terminal for an endless variety of material that can be fed in from different sources. Cable vastly expands the program selection, and more than 40 per cent of American TV/homes are wired in. Others pluck programs from the stars with satellite antennas. With the change in viewing options has come a change in use. Families may customize their viewing with video recorders or disc players, or spend TV time with video games or computers. They don't gather around the set the way they used to. In a growing number of homes, it's one TV per room, and the sets themselves are changing as manufacturers adapt to meet the new world.

The New TV Breed.

"A TV is a TV is a TV" doesn't hold true today. Color models range from 1.5 inch for the smallest portable to a room-filling 10 feet for the largest of the projection models. The price range runs from less than $100 to $3,000 or more for the best of the giant-screen systems.

The Tuning Turn On.

Virtually all lower priced models boast electronic tuning. The basic tuners receive 14 pre-set VHF or UHF channels, while advanced versions have calculator-like keypads for calling up any channel from 2 through 82. Remote control is a common accessory which costs as little as $50 extra. That's about half the cost of remote control in the days of mechanical tuning.

The majority of color TVs on the market now also have some degree of cable compatibility and can receive more than 100 channels. But not all cable-ready TVs will work with all cable TV systems. Neither will they provide pay-cable programming for free. Your cable operator and retailer will help you get the information needed to select a set that's right for your cable system.

There's more you can get in electronic tuning features. Many sets have light emitting diodes—electronic digital displays that show what channel you are watching. Some even give the time. Some provide on-screen time and channel display everytime stations are changed and a few are even programmable to turn on and off and change channels at pre-selected times so you'll never miss that special show.

GE TAKES THE KITCHEN RADIO TO NEW HEIGHTS.

INTRODUCING THE GE SPACEMAKER® RADIO.

The GE Spacemaker Kitchen Companion Radio mounts right under your kitchen cabinet. So you can listen to bright, clear AM or FM radio without giving up an inch of kitchen counter space. And without adding to your kitchen chores, because its "touch pad" controls are easy to use, better yet, easy to clean.

It helps with the cooking, too.

The Spacemaker Radio is more than just an entertaining addition to your kitchen. It also lends a hand with the work. With a programmable timed appliance outlet that lets you control kitchen appliances even when you're not in the kitchen. So now your coffee can be ready when you are. And it even has a countdown timer that helps with your cooking and baking.

It's never in the way.

Best of all–it's always out of the way. Mounted simply and neatly under your cabinet, it proves that your love of music needn't interfere with the joy of cooking.

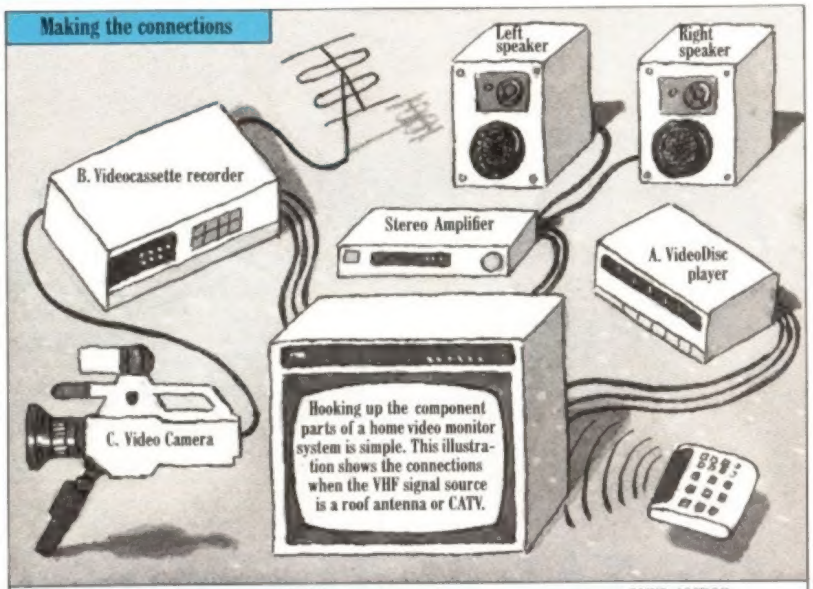
We bring good things to life.

The Ins and Outs of Video.

The big headache of the dedicated videophile used to be how to feed the signals from the various video devices into the TV itself. The answer was either a lot of hooking and unhooking, or the use of a switcher—a black box with several inputs at the back and buttons on the front to select which one to feed to the TV.

A number of new color models have at least two antenna inputs, selectable by remote control or by a button on the set itself. One is for the regular over-air or cable antenna, the other for video devices such as games, computers, video recorders and disc players, which emit a signal on channel 3 or 4. In cable areas with scrambled programming, the owner of a dual-input, cable-ready TV can use one input for regular channels, the other for the output of the decoder box.

Separate video and audio input and output jacks are found on monitors and monitor-receivers. They let the video and audio outputs of the video recorder, computer or disc player be fed straight into the TV for sharper, clearer pictures and better sound quality. Just appearing are TVs with an RGB (red, green, blue) input which feeds right into the picture tube control circuitry for the best possible display of graphics and textual material generated by computers and other devices.



A. VideoDisc player

1. Using coaxial cable, connect the VideoDisc VIDEO OUTPUT to the monitor/receiver VIDEO 2 INPUT.
2. Using coaxial cable, connect the VideoDisc AUDIO OUTPUT/L&R, to the monitor/receiver AUDIO 2 INPUTS.

B. Videocassette recorder

3. Connect the antenna (or CATV cable) to VCR VHF ANTENNA INPUT.
4. Using coaxial cable, connect VCR ANTENNA OUTPUT to the monitor/receiver VHF ANTENNA INPUT.
5. Using coaxial cable, connect VCR VIDEO OUTPUT to the monitor/receiver VIDEO 1 INPUT.
6. Using coaxial cable, connect VCR AUDIO OUTPUT to the monitor/receiver AUDIO 1 INPUT.
7. Using coaxial cable, connect monitor/receiver AUDIO OUTPUTS TO AUX. INPUTS of stereo amplifier.

C. Video Camera

8. Connect the camera cable to the VCR CAMERA socket.

That's all there is to it.

Looking at the New Look.

Television pictures, as created in the studio, have always been perfectly rectangular and flat but not so the picture tubes we have watched them on. They have gone from the first curved tubes to rectangular to the newest look—square cornered tubes which display more of the available TV picture. The most advanced square tubes also boast a flattened face which increases the viewing angle and the screen size and cuts down on room light reflection. A 13-inch tube becomes 14 when its corners are squared, a 19 moves up to 20 and a 25 becomes 26.

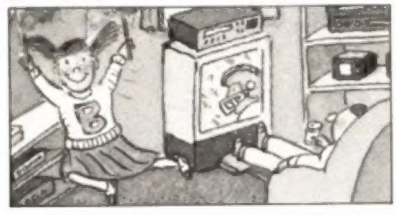
Tinted face plates, a concept that has come and gone over the years, may make a comeback. Adding color to the front glass of a color picture tube improves contrast and reduces glare from reflected light.

New in consumer-type color sets are so-called medium resolution tubes offering more sharply detailed pictures, particularly when used with computers and other graphic devices. To get better resolution—up to 30 per cent from standard picture tubes—manufacturers are equipping their premium models with comb filters. These devices remove unwanted information that confuse the set's color processing circuitry, and eliminate some on-screen fuzziness.

The Sound of Television.

When the standards for television were set some 45 years ago, it was decided that FM would be used for the sound, so TV was born with the potential to deliver good quality audio. But engineering emphasis has always been placed on picture quality improvements, and sound treated like a stepchild.

That's changing and this year, thanks to a decision by the Federal Communications Commission, TV stations are starting to transmit MTS (for Multichannel TV Sound). MTS is a three audio channel system, with two used to provide stereo sound and the third, called SAP (Separate Audio Program), expected to be used by many stations to offer foreign-language versions of their English programming.



Along with the arrival of stereo audio broadcasting have come the first color TVs equipped with, or adaptable for, the needed decoders. In this start-up phase, TV manufacturers have taken three roads. Some are introducing complete MTS receivers with self-contained stereo amplifiers, speakers and decoders. Other have fully stereo-ready sets, but offer decoders as plug-in options. Still others are including the stereo amplifiers and decoder in an adaptor for non-stereo TVs.

It will cost between $50 and $100 extra for MTS, but at this time only premium priced color models—costing another $100-$200 more—are stereo-equipped or adaptable. The price differential will drop as broadcasters put more stereo shows on the air and they become more in demand.

Coming to market at the same time, and at much lower prices, are SAP-only models. These sets are monaural, and offer a choice between the standard sound signal and the new SAP channel. TV stations in communities with a large pool of non-English speaking residents are expected to move quickly to attract this potentially large addition

Are you laying out good money today for a video system that won't be good enough for tomorrow?

Panasonic gives you a portable VHS™ recorder with true Hi-Fi sound. An Auto Focus camera that records in extreme low light. Automatically. Outdoors. Indoors. Now. And years from now.

Introducing the Panasonic Hi-Fi video recorder PV-9600. And color/sound camera PK-958. So sophisticated they have everything you could want in a video system.

Connect the camera to the lightweight portable recorder. The camera focuses automatically. Even lets you record weddings, birthday parties and other special moments. Without special lights. Touch a button for instant replay. Right in the camera.

8-hour recording. No other system has more.

Slide the recorder onto its compact tuner-timer. Connects automatically. No wires. Now you can record up to eight hours of TV on a single cassette. Even program it to record up to eight TV shows. Over a two-week period while you're away.

And whether you're recording a high-stepping pro halfback. Or your child's first steps. You'll enjoy watching them even more with jitter-free special effects. Like slow motion. Or stop motion. Thanks to Tech-4. Our four-head playback technology.

VHS Hi-Fi. Sound that goes beyond stereo.

Connect the video recorder to your stereo system. Play any prerecorded VHS Hi-Fi movie. Or musical performance. From classical to rock. You'll experience sound your conventional stereo alone could never give you.

So make sure your first video system is good enough to be your last. Panasonic. The video system that's here today. And here tomorrow.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

to their viewing audience by simulcasting in Spanish, German or French. In keeping with the expected nature of the market, TV makers are putting SAP-only decoders in basic models at a price premium of about $30-$50.

For those who want in on stereo or SAP but aren't ready to invest in a new color set, manufacturers are introducing totally separate tuners. These have built-in TV audio signal reception and decoding capability. Some include amplifiers and speakers, while others are intended for use with existing hi-fi systems. Pricing starts at under $100 and climbs depending on capability and quality.

Building the Home Entertainment Center.

Building a component system has always been the privilege of the audiophile. Now the videophile has a chance to get into the act. The heart of any component system is the monitor or monitor-receiver, distinguished by video and audio input-output jacks. True monitors have a video circuitry and the picture tube, usually contain a modest audio amplifier and more often than not a speaker, but no tuner. You can expect to spend well over $1,000 for a basic pure component system that will include a 19-inch or 25-inch monitor, remote control tuner with MTS capability, stereo audio amplifier and speakers.

The more popular receiver-monitor, usually housed in a slim-line cabinet with all controls mounted across the top or bottom of the screen, already has the remote control tuner and a mid-quality audio amplifier—frequently stereo—built in. Some have self-contained speakers, others come with separate speakers housed in individual cabinets. All, however, have outputs to feed the audio to a hi-fi system.

To encourage building of single-brand systems, manufacturers are now equipping their sets with multi-function remote controls. In addition to putting the TV receiver through its paces, these new remotes control the functions of video recorders and audio components designed to fit into the system to create a total home entertainment center.

Consoles Still Live.

TV set design has been updated to complement the space-age circuitry of the chassis itself, but the high-tech look doesn't always match the decor in every home. Most manufacturers now include the same advanced features and capabilities in 25-inch and 26-inch models housed in traditionally styled furniture consoles. Some are designed with space for a video recorder, cassettes and game cartridges.

The Big Screen Option.

Giant-screen projection TV sets offer near movie-sized images, though prices are high, starting at about $1,500. All of today's quality, name-brand projection TVs use three special tubes, one each for the red, green and blue colors that make up the picture. Picture brightness has been improved so that a darkened room is no longer a necessity to projection TV viewing. Still, pictures aren't as bright and sharp as those from a direct-view picture tube.

These big picture sets are available in front or rear projection versions. Front projection models function much like a movie or slide projector and throw the pictures up on a screen. They can be two-piece, coming with the electronics in a coffee-table like cabinet and a separate free-standing screen, or in a one-piece cabinet in which a mirror is used to reflect the images from the tubes housed at the base up to the screen.

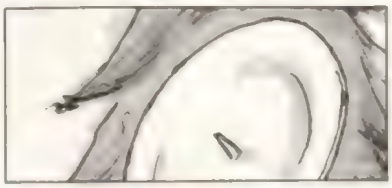
Rear projection TVs are sealed, one-piece systems in which the picture is thrown onto the back of a translucent screen. They aren't as bright as their front screen cousins and don't come in the extra-large sizes, but rear screen are more popular because they are compact and easier to keep clean. The newest rear screen models are also the smallest with 35- or 40-inch displays, but they take up no more floor space than 25-inch full console models, and provide double or better the picture size.

Nearly all projection TVs include remote control and boast video and audio input-output jacks for use with other video gadgets. Most also include stereo audio amplifiers and MTS capability.

The Alternatives to Broadcast Television.

There's no reason why any TV addict has to be a time slave any more. Tape it now, watch it later. Prime time can be anytime when you own a videocassette recorder. Thousands of recorded videocassettes and videodiscs of movies and special interest programs are also available whether or not they've ever been on the air.

No new product concept in consumer electronics with a comparable cost ever caught on like the VCR. Sales have doubled or nearly doubled, in each of the last three years. It's easily understood. VCRs allow the recording of any TV program off the air or from cable, for later viewing, at any time.



And the Price is Right.

Basic models are priced at around $350, and some can be found for less than $300. That is a decline of up to 75 per cent since 1972. They're not only cheaper, they're better. Here's what you get as standard equipment on even the least expensive VCRs these days:

1. Electronic tuner with cable antenna input.
2. Electronic clock/timer that can be set for automatic recording.
3. Tape counter to help locate segments on the tape.
4. On-screen visual high-speed search in forward or reverse.
5. Two-speed or three-speed record mode. Recording at higher tape speeds give better picture quality; slower speeds save on tape.
6. Video and audio input-output jacks.
7. Limited function, wired remote control.

It's Beta vs. VHS.

In-home VCRs are now equipped with a choice of either the Beta format or VHS. Both use cassettes containing half-inch wide tape, but the cassettes are not interchangeable. Beta is considered to have a slightly sharper picture, though for practical purposes they function equally well and offer the same performance features. VHS enjoys the advantage of support from the largest number of brand-name marketers, and accounts for about 65 per cent of VCR sales. It offers a somewhat longer recording time—up to 8 hours. Also, recorded cassettes are more easily available in VHS.

Moving Up in VCRs.

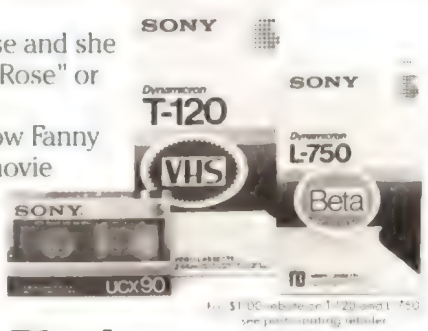
VCRs are complete color TV sets but without the picture tube and may be bought with some of the same step-up features—most notably cable tuning and wireless remote control. Expanded programmability also is available. Some VCRs will allow you to pre-select

Legends shouldn't be secondhand.

The legendary Fanny Brice. She had a talent to amuse and she amused millions. Playing "Baby Snooks," singing "Secondhand Rose" or just being herself.

Unfortunately, there are millions today who only know Fanny Brice through hard-to-find film clips, secondhand stories, and movie biographies. Much of her talent has disappeared unrecorded.

Don't let today's legends fade away. Capture them on Sony Tape. And let the legends live on.



Sony Tape. The Perfect Blank.

for recording as many as eight different programs up to a year in advance. Manufacturers have simplified the programming function, and some VCRs can even be programmed by remote control following prompts displayed on the TV screen. More attention has been paid to functional displays too. Many VCRs now have lights or readouts to show whether they are in the play, rewind, reverse or fast forward mode, or whether they have been set for automatic recording, and have elapsed time indicators so you won't run out of tape while recording.

Four Heads are Better than Two?

VCRs only use two video heads for recording and playback. Better quality machines have four heads, and use the extra two for noise-free and jitter-free special effects, such as fast or slow motion, frame-by-frame picture advance or stop-action. VCRs with more heads use different pairs at different speeds for quality recording and playback.

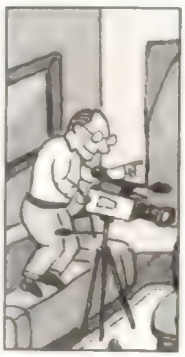
Super Sound VCRs.

VCRs, like TVs, used to treat audio as a second cousin. Sound was recorded by a fixed head on a track running along the lower edge of the tape, and the slow tape speed guaranteed mediocre results at best. That's all changed by Beta and VHS Hi-Fi that can record and play back in a stereo quality that's a match for the finest in audio components.

Beta Hi-Fi VCRs use the video heads to lay down the audio tracks, while VHS models have a separate set of audio heads on the video head drum. For either approach the result is the same—a full frequency response with a wide dynamic range. The sound is so good that some audiophiles are buying Hi-Fi VCRs for audio recording. Hi-Fi VCRs also have fixed-head sound recording for compatability with tapes recorded on standard models.

Video to Go.

The VCR isn't necessarily a homebody. All of the performance features found in home VCRs also are available in today's generation of easily totable, battery-powered portables. They're not much bigger than a standard dictionary, weigh just over six pounds and cost



somewhat more than home-only models.

Most portables are sold in sets along with a matching plug-together tuner timer that doubles as a battery recharger. That combination makes for a dual-function VCR, convertible for either at home or on-the-go use.

Cameras—the Eye of Video.

A battery-powered VCR is, of course, only half a portable video recording system, and can represent less than half the cost. To shoot your own video, a color camera is a necessity, and prices run from less than $400 for a basic model with manual zoom lens and an optical viewfinder to well over $1,000.

Among the more useful step-up features are automatic white balance for true color reproduction, automatic iris to keep picture brightness even as the camera moves across differently lit areas and a powered zoom lens. An electronic view finder, really a small TV picture tube, will let you see exactly what you are recording, and can be used for instant playback.

Further up the camera pricing scale are ultra-low light camera tubes, solid state imagers for low power and low light performance, full color viewers and built-in keyboard titlers that let you add written messages in a variety of sizes and colors to your tapes. For sports taping, some cameras will superimpose a digital stop watch, along with the time, day and date, on your recording. Cameras may be small enough to nest in the palm or super-equipped, semi-pro models that are best used with a shoulder rest for balance.

All-in-One Portables.

The one-piece VCR-camera combination, or camcorder, is the latest innovation in portable video recording, and it is available in a trio of formats: the Betamovie, the VHS Video Movie and the new 8mm Video. All are essentially aimed at people who already own a home VCR and want to add a portable. Pricing starts at about $1,000 and climbs as features and accessories are added.

Betamovie is a record-only system, which means you must have another deck for playback. It uses regular sized videocassettes for full length recording capability, while cassettes for the other systems are presently limited to a maximum of 90 minutes for 8mm and 20 minutes for VHS Video Movie. VHS Video Movie utilizes standard half-inch tape housed in a half-length VHS-C cassette, while the 8mm Video cassette uses a narrow tape and is about the same size as an audio cassette.

Both VHS and 8mm camcorders have playback ability, so tapes can be fed to another VCR for dubbing onto standard Beta or VHS cassettes, or through an adaptor for viewing on a TV. Tuners also are available, so they can be used to record TV programs.

While it may be true, as some in the industry predict, that the new 8mm format will eventually become the standard for both home and portable video recording, any such development is years away. The short playing time and high cost of the needed metal tape cassettes, while not a significant drawback for portable use, make 8mm less practical than the half-inch formats for general home recording. Also, it will be some time before significant quantities of recorded programming is available for the new system.

Videocassettes—the Key Accessories.

Be it a home or portable, a VCR won't record without a videocassette. There are dozens of videocassette brands in a range of price and quality. RULE ONE: don't look for bargains. Top brand cassettes, carrying the names of well known manufacturers run as little as $1 per hour of recording time, and that's a bargain in itself. Off-brand cassettes may cause excessive video head wear or tape oxide shedding that can gum up VCR innards, and repair bills will be high.

There are new premium grade tapes that offer superior quality, but at double or more the price. Are they worth it? Not for recording shows off TV to be seen once and erased. They are a good investment for material to view again and again. The premium grade cassettes also provide optimum sound quality when used with the Hi-Fi VCRs.

Video on a Disc.

The videodisc player is another alternative but, unlike the VCR, it is totally software dependent. You can't make your own video discs as you can tapes. But disc players are easier to use, offer excellent video and audio quality, and movies and other programs sell for less on disc than on tape.

Disc players haven't caught on against the competition from multi-function VCRs, and one low-cost disc

$479

- 14-day, 1-event automatic timer can be programmed up to 2 weeks in advance to record any 1 event.
- 14-position electronic push-button tuning for instant, smooth VHF or UHF channel selection.
- 8-hour VHS performance capability.
- Automatic tape rewind.
- 4-head scanning system with independent audio and video heads for optimum in picture clarity, sound performance.
- Instant record automatically records up to 4 hours of programming in 30-minute increments.
- Optional remote control. 15-function wireless type for optimum convenience.

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format, the needle-in-groove CED (capacitance electronic disc) system is being phased out only four years after its introduction; but the Laservision (LV) system still lives. LV players, which start at about $700, use the light from a laser beam to read information embossed in the form of microscopic pits on a reflective disc. Disc players offer quick access to any segment of the disc and have programmability and remote control as options. Stereo sound is standard on LV models. The latest LV players have inputs for home computers. The computer-player combination can be used with special interactive video- discs now on the market as well as with disc-based, super-graphic computer games now under development.

Video Software.

Except for movies released last week, when it comes to video software, you name it, you got it. Almost every feature film that's completed its first theatre run can be bought or rented on videocassette, and most of the hits are available on the disc, although a handful have been held back. A movie on a videocassette costs $25-$90; the disc runs $20-$30.

Feature films account for the bulk of video software sales and rentals but are only part of the story. Low cost music videos are showing up in stores and sales are growing rapidly. The vast video library also includes notable TV shows and series, a wide variety of sports programs, concerts, operas, art exhibitions, travelogs, education and step-by-step how-to shows, to name just a few of the catalog classifications.

Video Games and Computers.

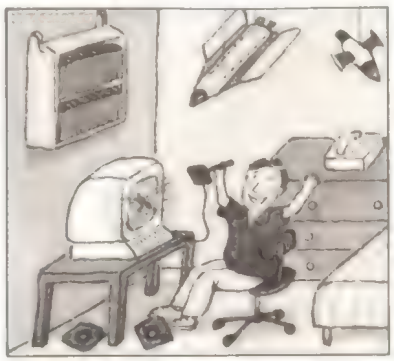
The video game and home computer industry fell upon hard times last year as too many companies jumped in at the same time. Many firms have now quit the business, but video games and computers are here to stay.

Most important, new adventure and educational games are designed to make players think and to help improve their learning skills. Games also are the first step toward computers—they are the lure to the educational and technical adventures to come.

Reaching for the Stars.

It is estimated that as many as a million homes get broadcast TV entertainment from space satellites that are used to relay programs to TV stations and cable systems. TVRO (TV Receive Only) dish antenna systems are a viable, though expensive, option for those in non-cable areas and outside the reach of more than a couple of broadcast stations. A complete system, with a remotely steerable disc antenna for access to more than one or two of the dozen and a half satellites in use, can run $3,000—plus installation. A clear line of sight from the satellite to the antenna is needed, so location is important.

While buying a TVRO and tuning in on somebody's signal is perfectly legal as things stand now, it's also unauthorized and there's talk of future signal scrambling to keep some programming private. Now evolving is DBS, or direct-to-home satellite service, the high-tech equivalent of cable TV. One service has already begun sending special programming via satellite to subscribers in selected areas, and several others are starting up.



Audio: the Revival and the Revolution.

The new emphasis on improved sound and stereo for video has sparked a revival of interest in audio for its own sake. Sales of quality audio components are on an upward curve again as consumers rediscover the pleasures of just listening to music.

Audio components of the mid-1980's come with all the advanced features made possible by the latest in electronic technology. Receivers have electronic tuners with pre-set station selection, digital frequency read-out and signal strength indicator. Many cassette tape decks have automatic reverse for extended playing time, and some may be programmed to play desired selections in any order. Most have noise reduction to eliminate tape hiss and improve frequency response. A relatively new must for a quality system is a frequency equalizer, used to tailor the sound quality to the listening room.

Most popular are single-brand rack systems that combine a set of matched audio components in a vertical cabinet. The price may or may not include speakers. Some systems allow you to put the components through their paces by remote control.

The Digital Revolution.

Digital audio has brought a new meaning to the term hi-fi. Digital audio players function much like Laservision videodisc players, and also use a laser to read information from a reflective disc. Music is recorded on the disc in the form of a computer code. During playback, the processing circuitry in the player rejects everything except for the music signal itself. The result is a near perfect output with no background noise, none of the clicks and pops from a phonograph record or the hiss from tape. The ultimate quality, of course, depends on the grade of the hi-fi components used with the disc player.

Disc players were priced at about $1,000 when they were introduced just one year ago. Now, models are available for less than half that. Disc prices too have come down and the number and variety of available recordings is increasing rapidly.

Stereo on Wheels.

Stereo systems for the automobile are as popular as they are for the home. Pricing starts at about $50 for a basic stereo FM-AM radio-cassette player combination, but after that the sky's the limit. Anything in a home audio set-up is available for a car, even deluxe component systems with equalizers and the instrumentation look of a Boeing 747. Upcoming are digital disc players for the car.

Also on the way is AM stereo. Though authorized by the Federal Communications Commission two years ago, AM stereo broadcasting has been slow to develop because of a lack of industry agreement over which standards to adapt. Some stations are on the air and a few radios capable of receiving an AM stereo signal are available, including a few designed for multi-standard reception. The standards muddle is expected to be resolved soon, and then automotive audio should be the first major market.

Telephones Touched by Technology.

The well publicised court-ordered deregulation of America's telephone system brought an end to the old relationship consumers had with their phones, and by freeing the market for competition, opened an age of telecommunications innovation. Phones are now something consumers buy and own, just like any other electronic product, and it is estimated that nearly 51 million have been purchased over

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the last two years.

Phone prices run from less than $10 for the so-called electronic disposables to several hundreds of dollars for instruments incorporating the most advanced features. Even at the lower end of the pricing scale can be found such conveniences as one-button redial for recalling busy numbers, or a memory feature for storage and automatic one-touch dialing of a dozen or more frequently called numbers. More expensive are multifunction phones with such attractions as built-in speakers for hands-free conversation or self-contained answerers to take messages when you cannot or don't want to accept calls. The most sophisticated phones function as environmental monitors. Equipped with sensors, these phones detect temperature changes that indicate fire or heating system failure, smoke or intruders, and automatically dial out a pre-recorded call for help. Among the most popular innovations are battery portable cordless phones which allow you to make or receive calls anywhere in the house and outside up to 1,000 feet away.

While conversation is its usual function, phones do serve as a lifeline, so quality and reliability should be a consideration in any buying decision. Inexpensive phones do work, and can function adequately as extensions, but to take advantage of the state-of-the-art technology, communications experts strongly advise that at least one phone in the home be a top quality instrument from a name brand manufacturer.

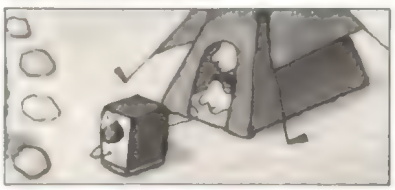
The Portable Revolution.

A major impact of the consumer electronics industry's transition from receiving tubes to transistors to integrated circuits is in a new generation of battery portable products. The trend started at the end of the 1950s with the first pocket portable transistor radios; today virtually all the forms of home video and audio come in portable versions.

Some big, and some not-so-big stereo radio-audio cassette combinations are designed for plug-in or portable use. Better quality models have jacks to hook in a record player and detachable speakers for full separation of the stereo sound. A few include slide-out or fold-down turntables. There are even all-in-one, complete traveling entertainment systems including a small screen black-and-white or color TV.

The integrated circuit spawned the concept of the personal, or one-on-one portable like the headphone pocketable stereo radios, cassette players and radio-cassette combinations. With some, there's nothing even to put in your pocket, as the entire radio is housed in the earpiece of the headphone.

In TV portables, screen sizes for both monochromes and color range from one inch to nine inches. In the two-inch to three-inch group they include sets with the new flat tube or liquid crystal displays (LCD). The LCD sets apply digital watch read-out technology to video. They aren't as bright or as sharp as sets with picture tubes, but they are lighter and ultra-thin.



Choosing a Battery Option.

The key to portable audio and video products is long battery life. General purpose lead-acid batteries are the least expensive, but run down quickly under extended use. Alkaline batteries were developed specifically for the kind of day-long use associated with portable entertainment products. They cost more, but generally are worth it.

Rechargable batteries are the most expensive and the quickest to run out. They are most practical for products such as portable TVs and VCRs that drain power relatively quickly and manufacturers usually make them available as optional extras. While useful to power radios in emergencies, rechargables are not money savers. Their cost and the electricity needed to recharge are likely to at least equal throw-away batteries.

Tomorrow.

The engineering teams in the consumer electronics industry are centering much of their efforts on digital signal processing, particularly for video.

The standard TV set of tomorrow is generally expected to be totally digital in circuit design, with its functions controlled by an internal computer. Initially, digital TVs won't function much differently from today's conventionally-designed cousins. Their most unique step-up feature will be picture-in-picture, which lets you watch a small inset picture from a VCR or other video device in any corner of the screen while the rest of the TV screen displays a regular TV show. The inset can be a closed-circuit feed from a camera or even another TV program from a separate tuner, and the main and inset pictures can be swapped. The computer-control design of digital TVs will, as add-on circuits are developed, make it possible to add convenience and performance features at a reasonable cost. Future digital color sets will have such features as self-adjustment to compensate for parts wear, ghost elimination and the ability to freeze a single picture on the screen, and receive programs broadcast in any of the world's three major color TV transmission standards.

Digital TV will also open the way to high resolution, high definition TV systems being developed to produce an enormous improvement in picture sharpness.

Some of the pocket TVs now on the market, those with the liquid crystal displays, are looked on as forerunners of the giant, flat, hang-on-the-wall TVs of the future. One, with a picture of up to 18 feet in diagonal size, already is available, but it needs a computer to run it and costs about $100,000. Something more practical for home use is still years away.

The area of home communications has already felt the effect of new technologies. But the new telephone equipment on the market, with self-dialing, answering and environmental monitoring capability, is only just the beginning, and the TV set, or a separate dedicated monitor, will be at the center of future systems.

A remote control TV can now double as a conventional telephone and be used to turn lights and appliances on and off in any room of the house or program them for automatic operation. Videotex services, now in the experimental stage, will offer instant on-screen access to constantly updated news, weather, travel and shopping information. The combination of computer, telephone and TV will give low-cost entry to vast banks of information in remote computers. Two-way systems will let you do at least some of your banking, bill paying, shopping and investing right from home.

But the truth is that no one knows what products this consumer electronics explosion will bring, or which will catch the public's fancy. The universe is expanding too quickly and dramatically. All that is certain is, as they say, we ain't seen nothing yet.

Illustration by Paul Meisel
Design by Hoashi Studio, Inc

Homestretch

To the Editors:

We are seeing a love affair blossom between a President and his people [NATION, Oct. 22]. After what we have been through in the past two decades, the change is welcome.

John Edward Brown
Elmhurst, Ill.

You're right. It is a real race. After months of campaigning, the Mondale-Ferraro team is being heard. My vote for the Democratic ticket is not only against the Reagan-Bush Administration but against Jerry Falwell. He scares me more than four more years of Reagan.

Thomas N. Tucker
Plymouth, Mich.

Mondale has nothing to worry about but the election. Reagan, on the other hand, has to concern himself not only with getting re-elected but with running the country. No wonder he seems tired. Any man who can handle all these problems and still maintain his sense of humor gets my vote.

Gerald S. Kupkowski
Cheektowaga, N.Y.

Age is not the reason Reagan lost the first debate. The President does not have the intellectual ability to do any better. Charm is not an adequate substitute for intelligence.

Diana DeSimone
Newton, Mass.

President Reagan has inflation down from 13% to 4%. He reduced interest rates from 21% to 13%. He snatched Grenada from the jaws of the Communists. Yes, this Democrat will vote for Reagan.

Nelson C. Singer
Lexington, Ky.

For four years we have lolled in Reagan's charisma, his vague promises and his bromides. Now in the first debate we see him ill at ease when confronted by a man of substance who is willing to face important issues directly rather than fantasize that they will go away.

Arthur J. Curtze
State College, Pa.

As an African, I appeal to the American voters to re-elect Reagan. He is the only leader who can check the Soviets.

William Opoo
Mainz, West Germany

I have difficulty understanding how we have an economic miracle when we go into debt $679 billion in four years and then borrow more than $500 million each day to pay our bills.

Orville R. Kiehn
El Sobrante, Calif.

Bush League

George Bush debased the office of Vice President by describing his participation in the debate with Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro as an exercise in "kicking ass" [NATION, Oct. 22].

Eleanore F. Pichione
Toms River, N.J.

Bush's disparaging locker-room comments show an unbelievable lack of dignity. He and his wife, who also made offensive remarks, are supposedly "well bred" and "patrician." But when they talk, they use gutter language.

Evelynn J. Wolf
Cheshire, Conn.

The obnoxious remarks about Ferraro made by the Vice President and his wife demonstrate that the couple deserve each other. The country deserves better.

Ann M. Edwards
Green Valley, Ariz.

George and Gerry

Geraldine Ferraro was head and shoulders above George Bush in the vice-presidential debate [NATION, Oct. 22]. She was always in control. He came off as agitated, high-strung, faltering and angry when any viewpoint but his was expressed.

Yvette Beron
Colonia, N.J.

After watching the debate, I am convinced that the lady from Queens is not qualified to be one heartbeat away from the presidency. She looked like a schoolgirl alongside Bush, a distinguished and experienced statesman.

Joseph W. Dragonetti
Philadelphia

The experts proclaim Bush the winner. But your analysis proves otherwise. Why beat around the Bush? Gerry was shrewd, and George was shrill.

Jonathan J. Koehler
Kim E. Jensen
Chicago

Letters

Pit Ferraro against Bush for the presidency, and I could really get excited about this election. For once I would have a choice between two intelligent, articulate and caring candidates.

Kieren Metts
Austin

Growing Old

The issue of President Reagan's age [NATION, Oct. 22] was also raised four years ago, yet he has had no trouble meeting the demands placed on him. I do not recall a more energetic President.

Martha Rodes
Charlottesville, Va.

You say "Reagan has skipped over the minutiae of governing to articulate a clear vision for America. It can be argued that that is precisely what a President should do." Wrong. That approach to governing is precisely what a figurehead monarch should do. We are not electing a king; we are electing a President.

Mary C. Caulfield
Dearborn, Mich.

According to Dr. James Spar, geriatric psychiatrist, Reagan's slow response time "is the kind of forgetfulness that when you reach back for a fact, it isn't there. But 20 minutes later, it comes back to you." Unfortunately, by that time the war is over.

Teresa J. Sandiford
Huntington, N.Y.

If wine and cheese improve with age, why not Presidents?

Thomas M. Edwards
San Francisco

I am one month younger than President Reagan, and would like the voters to know what it is like to be nearly 74. I teach literature to college students two days a week, and ran a ten-kilometer ski race last winter in less than an hour. I can do a terrific job for three or four hours a day. But I need more naps these days. I remember things that happened years ago but have trouble recalling what I did yesterday. The point of all this is that we need a full-time President in the White House. I know that Reagan cannot give that kind of effort, and so does he.

John S. Holden
Carbondale, Colo.

Nobel Czech

How can you call Jaroslav Seifert, the dominant figure in Czechoslovakia's national literature and culture, "obscure" [BOOKS, Oct. 22]? And why is the decision of the Swedish Academy, which awarded him the Nobel Prize for Literature, "mysterious"? Seifert is one of the greatest poets of this century.

Jan Benes
Pacific Grove, Calif.

Seifert's determination to pursue his writing is heroic considering the chilling events he has lived through. Unfortunately, his poetry is scarcely better than what you find on greeting cards.

Daniel Smith
Seattle

To those who believe that Seifert "seems a rather modest and provincial talent to become so celebrated," I suggest they read him first (they may have to learn Czech) and then form their judgment. Seifert needs time and attention. He deserves the prize.

Tatiana Firkusny
New York City

Brighton Bombing

The I.R.A. bombing of the Grand Hotel in Brighton [WORLD, Oct. 22] makes me aware once again that many of our American citizens are financing this madness in spite of the efforts of the Irish and British governments to stop it. I also criticize our politicians of Irish background who have made no effort to influence these misguided supporters to stop underwriting murder.

Irving C. Sheldon
Saunderstown, R.I.

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's remark that the Brighton attack "was the work of evil men" makes me wonder what clear thinkers would call 800 years of British oppression in Ireland.

Edward I. Clarke
New York City

The I.R.A. considers itself at war. But politicians are not supposed to be involved in the fighting. They send other poor sods to do that. The I.R.A. has shown that politicians can actually come under fire. Shocking though it was, the Brighton bomb will have achieved a good end if, through fear, it forces the British government and Irish politicians to come to terms at last.

Larry Foley
Townsville, Australia

Winston and Franklin

I was delighted to see the excellent story on the Churchill-Roosevelt correspondence [BOOKS, Oct. 22]. However, we at Princeton University Press were disappointed that you did not mention that we are the publishers. The three volumes are available for $125 until Dec. 31, after which the price will be $150.

Herbert S. Bailey Jr.
Princeton University Press
Princeton, N.J.

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This slim-line phone has an automatic dialer. Call family. Friends. Emergency numbers. Up to 16 digits long. At the touch of a button.

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American Scene

In Alaska: Homesteading

"You know, we were all strangers that morning," recalled Carol Sik, 47, as she leafed through an album of yellowing newspaper clippings. She was sitting with her husband Marino, 57, in the airy living room of their log house on the west bank of the Susitna River, about 100 miles north of Anchorage on the way to Fairbanks. The morning she refers to was March 5, 1959, when Carol, a wan, pretty girl of 22, left Detroit with her lean, plain-spoken husband and their eight-month-old daughter Lindy Lou for a new life. Their companions were some 35 other city folk, most of them from the Detroit area, who set out in a caravan of cars, pickup trucks and house trailers to take up land in Alaska.

WILLIAM E. SMITH

Marino and Carol Sik, with Lindy Lou, at their homestead in the spring of 1960

As such, they were among the last of America's homesteaders, joining a tradition of pioneers who for a century had been building log cabins and clearing a little of the remaining wilderness in exchange for 160 acres of free federal land. For Carol and Marino, it seemed a risk worth taking. "Nothing belonged to us in Detroit," Carol recalls. "We had a trailer on a lot that belonged to somebody else. Marino was a repairman for the gas company in the daytime and a policeman at a drive-in at night, and I never saw him." Like the others, the Siks had no idea what they were getting into. Tires went flat, pickup trucks broke down, and trailers skidded dangerously down icy slopes.

They reached Anchorage at the end of March, tired, sick, a bit frightened and almost broke. The town literally rolled out a red carpet for them, but many Alaskans were openly skeptical of the group's prospects. "I'll give you three months!" one man shouted, which led Editor Bob Atwood to note in the Anchorage *Times* that "many of today's skeptics received the same reception when *they* arrived." The Fifty-Niners pressed on to the Kenai Peninsula, their original destination, only to discover that good unclaimed land there was hard to come by. Then they heard about the west bank of the Susitna: rich, available farmland, with a marvelous view—on clear days—of Mount McKinley and the Alaska Range. There was a hitch: there were no roads into the area and no bridges. In winter you could walk across the frozen river; in summer you could take a boat. But during the spring breakup and the autumn freeze-up the only way you could cross the Susitna was to hire Bush Pilot Don Sheldon to fly you from Talkeetna on the eastern bank over to Old Homesteader Shorty Bradley's pasture on the western side. The land-office man in Anchorage warned them, "That river is a real bear cat."

Nonetheless, the main group chose the Susitna. On the gray afternoon of April 29, they ignored the warnings of townspeople in Talkeetna that the spring breakup was imminent, and began to cross the mile-wide river. They pushed and pulled their overloaded house trailers across. At times the water above the ice reached their knees. But by late afternoon they had hauled their trailers ashore on the west bank.

They had filed for homesteads along an old mining road, about six miles from the river. All summer they chopped spruce and birch trees, pulled stumps, dug wells, fought off bears, baked bread and canned moose and porcupine meat. They planted a garden on a cleared acre of land lent by Shorty Bradley, who had trapped and hunted in the area off and on since 1939. Marino Sik cleared two acres and built a barn, and worked late into the cold

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American Scene

autumn nights to finish a log lean-to for his trailer. He was sick of trying to work communally, he said, telling the others, "You ask me for help, I'll give it to you. But it's between us, man to man."

By winter there were only 13 Fifty-Niners left on the Susitna, and what a winter they had. On Christmas Eve, Steve Pankiewicz's mare Ruby, a Percheron draft horse, fell 20 ft. into a well. All night long the men worked to dig the horse out of the frozen gravel, and by 4 a.m. they were finished. They earned Shorty's grudging admiration. "Those people did something nobody ever did before in this country," he allowed. "They got a horse in a well and got it out alive." Later that winter Bertha Donaldson fell ill and had to be evacuated by Bush Pilot Sheldon. Soon she was back, not knowing that her illness, Hodgkin's disease, would some day cause her to leave Alaska and would eventually take her life. In the early spring she wrote in her journal, "I've never seen such a March in my life. The only thing I heard yesterday was a robin. Sometimes I sit on a stump and listen to the silence."

Shorty always used to say, "We've got the land and the climate, and this is river bottom. This land will be worth something some day." He was right, of course, and to a degree that might have surprised him. Sometime in the mid-1960s, the Fifty-Niners learned that their homesteads lay smack in the middle of the proposed right-of-way of a new federal highway between Anchorage and Fairbanks. The Government subsequently bought their land cheap ($100 an acre for cleared land, $75 for uncleared) but in so doing it changed their lives. By the time the road reached their area in 1967, Shorty Bradley had been dead a year and buried beside his private airfield. "We had a terrible time digging the grave because of the time of year," Marino recalls.

When the Fifty-Niners arrived, there were only seven or eight people on the west side of the Susitna. Today the Siks figure there are about 1,500, stretched over a wide area, and there is a town, or rather a cluster of highway businesses, a post office, a police station, a school and four churches, known as Trapper Creek. "We thought of calling it Bradleyville," says Carol. "We thought of Little Michigan. But that idea was dropped right away. After all, this is Alaska, not Michigan. But most of us lived on Trapper Creek, so that's the name we settled on." Despite Shorty's prediction, very little of the land is currently under cultivation. A fitting symbol of the valley's present development is a sign half a mile down the road: DEVONSHIRE SUBDIVISION. TWO- TO FIVE-ACRE TRACTS. 10% DOWN.

After doing odd jobs at first, Marino Sik worked for the state highway department for twelve years. In 1971, with so much traffic passing their door every day, he and Carol started a highway business that included a grocery, Laundromat and

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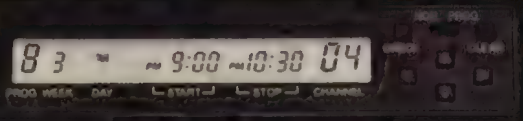

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American Scene

showers. They sold it in 1977, tired of working 18-hour days. A few months later, just as they were finishing their new three-bedroom house, they again got wanderlust. With their daughter and the two boys who had been born in Alaska, they moved to Las Vegas, where Marino ran a gas station. "We wanted to show our kids there was something more than just Trapper Creek," says Carol. They stayed three years, then moved back to the homestead. Today Marino is a mechanic, with as much highway work as he can handle, and he and Carol run a back-door videotape-rental business. Of their original 160 acres, the Siks still own 80, which they

The Siks at home in Trapper Creek today

think is worth around $5,000 an acre.

In a sense, the Siks are the only members of the original caravan still in the valley. Bob Watkins is there, but he flew from Detroit to Alaska in 1959 instead of making the long highway trip. Others drifted away, happy to sell their land for a good price. Would the Siks ever leave? "Oh, I don't know," says Carol. "Marino keeps complaining about the winters, but I don't know where we'd go."

When were the hardest times? "Probably that first winter," says Carol. "But actually, those were also some of the best times. We didn't have any money, but neither did our neighbors, and we had a lot of good times together." No, she says, she doesn't think any of the Fifty-Niners ever regretted the decision to move to Alaska. "Even those who had to leave, for one reason or another, thought of it as one of the highlights of their lives."

A visitor remarks that nobody seems to worry about bears any more. "That's true," says Marino. "They're not the problem they used to be. I went out the other night with a youngster who was visiting us and tried to find one. I couldn't do it, and finally I gave up and just showed him some tracks." —*By William E. Smith*

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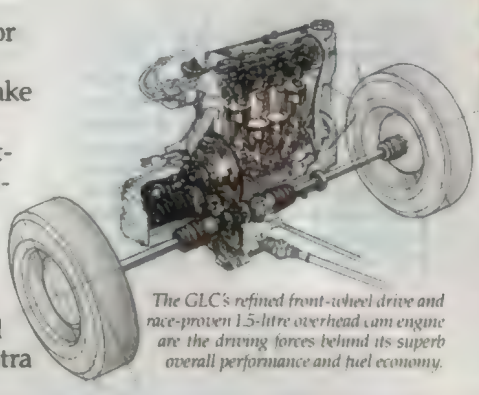

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TIME/NOVEMBER 12, 1984

To the Polls at Last

The long campaign was hard fought but maddeningly evasive

CAMPAIGN 84

At last, the endless and surreal campaign would come to rest upon a hard fact: the vote. It would be decided. Americans would arrive at the polls that matter, the ones that are actually wired to a consequence.

The presidential race, like some old tribal agitation, had been noising around the landscape for almost as long as anyone could remember, or so it seemed: through snowy primaries and caucuses, through the various carnages of Iowa (Glenn nearly gone) and New Hampshire (Hart a sudden phenomenon, the "Mondale juggernaut" confounded), through Super Tuesday and Farrakhan, through Jesse Jackson's "Hymietown" and San Francisco and Dallas and Louisville and Kansas City and on and on.

The campaign had come to seem a sort of fixture in the American mind, like a long-running TV series by Norman Lear. It became a buzz in the background, sharp clusters of words emerging now and then ("Where's the beef?" . . . "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!"), the candidates orating in sound bites as they looped through the media markets. The contest was a procession of internal defeats and victories (Mondale won the first debate, Reagan tied the second, and so on), and yet by definition it was all inconclusive, conjectural, a pageant of popular mood capable of changing like the weather. Theoretically capable, anyway. The pollsters monitored the isobars and issued a unanimous forecast: Mondale would be inundated.

But to the last, Mondale, with the weird serenity of the underdog, cherished a mystical, or perhaps merely desperate, optimism. Transpose the last two digits, he suggested: 1984 is really 1948. Mondale is Harry Truman, with a handsome, vindictive grin, flourishing the headline of the Chicago *Daily Tribune*. Conjuring doubts to keep the pundits honest. The great hyperkinetic exercise had come to its final stage, like the jitterbugging burst at the end of a '30s dance marathon.

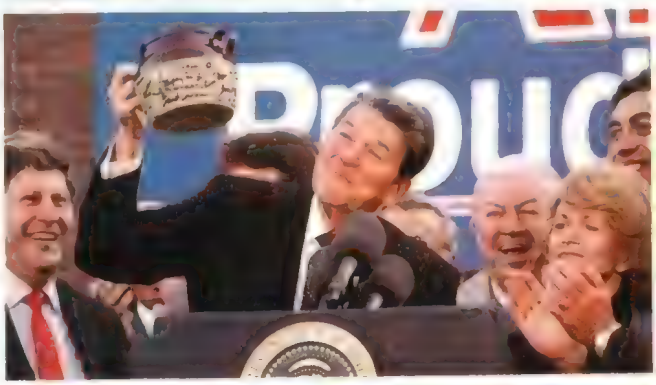
Whatever the outcome, most Americans greeted the end of the campaign with relief. It had been a strange presidential race, peculiarly disengaged, almost disembodied. Why? The candidates differed fundamentally on the issues, on how the country should be governed, on what America should be. Yet they did not fully confront each other. As the campaign dragged on, their views inched closer together. Reagan talked about his commitment to arms control, Mondale about his determination to keep America strong. They did what presidential candidates usually do: they took refuge in the political center, where most of the votes are.

Americans tend to cherish the idea that a presidential campaign should be a dramatic examination of the nation's values and goals. Some such differentiation did occur, especially at the two conventions. In San Francisco, New York Governor Mario Cuomo and Jesse Jackson elaborated the Mondale theme of Democratic inclusiveness and Government as the agent of progress. In Dallas, the Republicans ridiculed that as a negative, weakling vision. To them, the private sector is America's genius.

For the most part, though, the campaign was a fairly shallow personality contest. It had a maddeningly evasive

Reagan in Pennsylvania: last hurrah for a political war-horse

Stumping in Rochester, N.Y., and receiving a souvenir bean pot in Boston



quality about it. It was as if television news, with its gift for dramatic fragments of reality, made Dada arrangements of each day's history. The rush of images seemed to give the entire political process a ruinously short attention span. As the English poet George Meredith once prayed, "More brain, O Lord, more brain!"

Presiding over a nation prospering and at peace, Reagan polished his luminous vision of America: bright, optimistic, powerful, successful. He did not talk about what he would do with the next four years if re-elected. His campaign was blithe triumphalism. In his memoirs, Charles de Gaulle wrote, "I must, to serve [France], personify this great national ambition." In his very American way, Reagan had assumed a sort of Gaullist role for himself. "America is back," he would say.

What he meant was, in part, that America's manhood was back. By his account, the Administration of Jimmy Carter and, he always added, of Walter Mondale, had stood for weakness and ineffectuality, for letting foreigners like the Ayatullah kick us around and imprison our people. The theme of manhood ran deeply through the campaign. The U.S. had lost the long war in Viet Nam; the nation seemed smaller and diminished in the world: unmanned. Reagan restored a sense of what was good, what was virtuous, about being a man. A New York *Times*/CBS News poll showed that an astonishing 78% of American men view Reagan as a strong leader.

And so, in sometimes ludicrous ways, politicians were swaggering all over America in 1984. Walter Mondale, acutely aware of his "wimp" image, used the words tough or strength 25 times during the second debate. Reagan incessantly used sports metaphors: "Isn't it great to see America scoring touchdowns again?" When George Bush accused the Democratic ticket of saying that American Marines died "in shame" in Lebanon, Mondale denied it and said Bush didn't have "the manhood" to apologize. Bush, who merits consideration for the Ernest Hemingway Moveable Feast Invidious Braggadocio Trophy this year, replied, "I'll lay my record on any forum, whatever it is, on the manhood, up against his." After his debate with Geraldine Ferraro, Bush told a longshoreman, "Yeah, we tried to kick a little ass last night." That was rather cross-grained machismo, since it is not really the code of the locker room to brag about kicking a woman around.

But Bush's mouth was often in business for itself. He was notably rough on the English language in a campaign that as a whole must have brought down the IQ of the mother tongue by ten points. Bush said that the faces of America's Olympic athletes were filled with "optimism and determinism." One night in Atlanta, he wheeled on reporters and said, "You guys are just a pack. You come zooming in on something. Just take what I said, take it literally, take it figuratively, anywhere else. Put it down. Mark it down. Good, you got it. Elevate it. Elevate it. Elevate it. Elevate it."

In half a dozen odd ways, time itself became a player in the campaign: time as past, time as future, time as duration, time as age. Reagan's 73 years was a factor against him. The nastier comics referred to it as "the drool factor." His mind wandered, some said, and he got the facts wrong. In splendidly backhanded defense, Reagan supporters said it was not age: Reagan has always been sloppy with the facts. During the mid-'60s, Americans sometimes supported Lyndon Johnson's actions in Viet Nam by saying, "Well, the President has more information than we do, and so can more readily make these decisions." The implicit line of some of the Reagan defenders was the reverse: that the President has a mind unencumbered by facts—the sort of details, they mean, that used to bog Jimmy Carter down. Reagan can stand on the bridge of the ship of state, point the general direction, and let the subalterns worry about the navigation. In the second debate, Reagan scored with calculatedly offhanded brilliance when he said he was "not going to exploit, for political purposes, my opponent's youth and inexperience."

The question of which candidate represented the past and which the future always rattled around on the margins of the race. The Republicans fired away effectively at Mondale as the candidate of a now sclerotic New Deal mentality. So the younger man had the old ideas (supposedly). Reagan became the candidate of youth. A Yankelovich poll for TIME showed that 63% of Americans age 18 to 24 favored the President.

Yet there were endless switchbacks and crosscurrents of time. Reagan stood for the past in a different way. The Democrats said he represented the past, populated by such candlesnuffers as Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover. In the magic lantern of his own mythos, Reagan

In Louisville, above, and Spokane: growing crowds and enthusiasm

DIANA WALKER

Relentlessly optimistic, Mondale gives a thumbs-up sign in Buffalo

saw himself in a Norman Rockwell vision, an image of a clean and wholesome earlier America.

For all his sunburst cheer about the nation, however, Reagan's campaign brought up some darker American forces. He had met with right-wing Fundamentalists like the Rev. Jerry Falwell and the Rev. Jimmy Swaggart, and the glow of presidential approval reflected off them to the religious fringe, on what might be called the Christian certitudinarians, the ones with a hard light of fanaticism in their eyes. These are the people who know they are right. One always wishes to press a copy of the Sermon on the Mount into the hands of a militant Reaganite Christian. Reagan also identified himself with those Christians who believe that Armageddon, the fiery consumption of the earth, is imminent, and it unsettled some voters to think of a President with the nuclear button close at hand who suspects the Apocalypse is inevitable.

Reagan enjoyed certain immense advantages going into the battle. He was not required to fight for the nomination, for example. His campaign could use the long primary season and its federally subsidized budget for planning and organization. The G.O.P. recruited tens of thousands of volunteers to put together the flawlessly planned Reagan rallies.

Mondale, on the other hand, had to go into the trenches of the primaries and slug it out, state by state, in a field of eight candidates. It was, said one party official, a spectacle of eight Democrats standing in a circle and shooting at one another. The sight was not always edifying. They all got together for a curiously adolescent debate in Hanover, N.H., where John Glenn accused Mondale of spouting "the same vague gobbledygook of nothing," and Gary Hart zeroed in on Mondale's greatest weakness, his ties to Democratic interest groups—organized labor, Jews, teachers and so on. "Fritz," said Hart, "you cannot lead this country if you have promised everybody everything." The Reagan staff watched with broad grins.

The biggest question about Mondale and his party was whether they could any longer make the traditional constituent parts fit together to form a political majority. If they could not, Reagan's Republicans were dreaming of a realignment election that could change the American political landscape for a generation or more.

Mondale was known as the "man who dares to be cautious," or as Norwegian wood. He was the first to admit that he was stuck with himself. "What you see is what you get," he said. On bread-and-butter issues, Mondale did not stray much from the oldtime Democratic religion he had learned from Hubert Humphrey. He spoke a sweet and moving message about the values of America. In Cleveland, toward the end of the campaign, he explained his political vision: "We must strengthen, defend, preserve and comfort one another." Mondale paraphrased the words of John Winthrop as he led his flock of Pilgrims to New England in 1630: "We must bear one another's burdens. We must rejoice together, mourn together, labor and suffer together. We must be knit together by a bond of love."

But Mondale had difficulty dramatizing his themes. His early advertising spots focused on the deficit, but the issue would not catch on. It was too hypothetical. He raised the question of fairness. But in prosperous times, the middle class tends to focus its gaze upward, not downward. Mondale spoke about the poor and jobless, and Bush, in pitch with a widespread mood, called him "the Great Depressor." Mondale hammered at Reagan as the first President since Hoover not to have met with a Soviet leader. Then Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko came to call and somewhat stilled that talk. Reagan, who only 19 months before had lashed out at the "evil empire," had managed to neutralize the old anxiety that he is trigger-happy. In any case, the nation was at peace.

If both of the principals in the race were in different ways somewhat disengaged, two other figures, Jesse Jackson and Geraldine Ferraro, were passionately focused. They made history this year. Ferraro's value to Mondale as a vote getter may have been shadowed by questions about her family's finances. But the precedent that she set was historic. So was Jesse Jackson's. His campaign had its ugly side, but in running the first serious black challenge for the presidential nomination, he drew American blacks psychologically closer to full citizenship.

It is true that Walter Mondale and Ronald Reagan never entirely engaged during the race. But the long campaign did serve its purpose. In the arduous democratic process—entertainment and enlightenment and blood feud all mixed—the characters of the candidates unfolded. There was, God knows, plenty of time for the voters to make up their minds.

—By Lance Morrow

Bush presses the flesh in Illinois and admires a pumpkin on Long Island

The Vice President addressing a rally in Rock Island, Ill.

Going Out with a Flourish

Two troupers conclude what may be their final races

CAMPAIGN 84

For Ronald Reagan, the genial former actor who came to personify populist conservative appeal, it was the final week of his final campaign. As he coasted through a five-day, 15-city concluding tour, he touted the themes and exuded the comforting confidence that have served him so well on the political stage. For Walter Mondale, the protegé of Hubert Humphrey who has nourished the flame of Democratic liberalism, it was also likely to be, for those who believe the polls, his last week stumping for the nation's highest office. He, too, culminated his campaign by calling forth the core ideals of his career, displaying the tenacity and "Fighting Fritz" passion he seems to reserve for life-or-death political situations.

The President, though, was reluctant to wax nostalgic. Paying a last visit to his campaign headquarters on Capitol Hill, he joked about his work habits with the staffers and volunteers. "I know that some of you were up all night," he said. "And I can only tell you that if I could manage it, I would schedule a Cabinet meeting so that we could all go over and take a nap together." Some 2,000 White House and campaign workers gathered on the South Lawn to bid him farewell. To honor the occasion, most of Reagan's top aides accompanied him on the trip and posed for a photograph on the steps of Air Force One. Asked how he felt about his last tour, Reagan said, "You could have mixed emotions about that. There's one that says enough's enough."

Reagan's swing seemed aimed at the audacious goal of a 50-state sweep. Confident that his natural base in the West and the South was politically safe, he headed for Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Illinois. "We are going into the Democratic heartland to solidify a great victory," said Political Director Edward Rollins. Reagan devoted considerable energy in the final week to providing coattails for such needy House and Senate candidates as Roger Jepsen in Iowa and Charles Percy in Illinois. The President told a crowd in Media, Pa., "If a gypsy looked into a crystal ball and said, 'You can win this election with a lot of votes or win by just a few votes but get a sympathetic Congress,' I would choose the latter." With a cock of the head and flashing his folksy grin, Reagan added, "Help spread the word, get out the vote. And if you can, well, win those races for the Gipper."

Reagan also used the trip for a valedictory summation of his tried-and-true themes. He reminded audiences that "during these past four years, not one inch of territory has been lost to Communist aggression." He ticked off his accomplishments in cutting taxes and lowering inflation and interest rates. He claimed credit for creating 6 million new jobs. And he invariably concluded with an ode to youth and a paean to the American spirit: "We were born to a special place between these two great oceans with a unique mission to carry freedom's torch to a tired and disillusioned world. We have always been a light of hope, where all things are believed to be possible."

Mondale, meanwhile, visited 21 cities and made 22 speeches during the final whirlwind week. He was forced to expend valuable time fortifying core support in such Democratic strongholds as Chicago, New York City and, yes, even his home state of Minnesota. Like Reagan, he reached back to the battle-tested traditions of his own political experience, reveling most notably in the torchlight parade through downtown Chicago that has been an election-year custom for Democrats since 1948. Flanked by the leaders of the city's two feuding factions, Mayor Harold Washington and Alderman Edward Vrdolyak, Mondale basked in the protective glow of oldtime ward politics. Mondale's enthusiasm was matched by that of the 50,000 onlookers.

During a jampacked rally following the parade, Mondale recalled Harry Truman's march in a similar parade 36 years ago and how the paradigm of presidential underdogs had found sustenance in the crowds, if not in the polls. "There's something stirring," Mondale said. "The people are listening ... They're concerned. They're involved. They're ready to vote, and we're going to win this election." Brandishing a facsimile of the November 1948 Chicago *Daily Tribune* that carried the premature headline DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN, he mocked that paper's equivocating endorsement of Reagan this year by quoting the editorial's

Ferraro takes a question at a labor center in Racine, Wis.

Answering Phil Donahue, above; marked with a fan's lipstick in Philadelphia

long list of qualms about the President.*

Mondale and his running mate, Geraldine Ferraro, joined some of New York's most prominent Democratic politicians for another traditional party rally—held every election year since the turn of the century—in Manhattan's garment district. The crowd of 100,000 stretched for five blocks. It was the largest, most enthusiastic rally that the neighborhood had witnessed since John Kennedy's in 1960.

In the final week, Ferraro concentrated more on women. In a Los Angeles speech she said, "My candidacy is not just for me. It's for everyone. It's not just a symbol. It's a breakthrough. It's not just a statement. It's a bond between women all over America." Ferraro also appeared on Phil Donahue's morning talk show, a program regularly viewed by a predominantly female audience of some 7 million. The interview became tense when Donahue pressed the candidate on whether she had cried when confronted with newspaper reports of her family's financial and legal troubles. "Does it make any difference to anybody here whether I cried or not?" Ferraro asked. "There are certain things, Phil, that are personal."

Mondale aides say their candidate has been buoyed by the exuberance of his crowds and curiously liberated by his underdog status. And he has certainly been showing more personal emotion. During a speech at the University of Minnesota at Duluth last week, he started to tell one of his most affecting campaign stories. "My father died, and my mother raised the last three boys, and I was one of them," he said. "And she put every dime she had into her kids . . ." A group of Reagan supporters in the balcony moaned "Awwww" in mock sympathy. In the past, Mondale has reacted good-naturedly to hecklers. This time, however, he shot back, "Shut up, will ya." The audience roared its approval.

Despite his big lead, Reagan could not resist tossing some zingers at Mondale that particularly pleased his partisan crowds. A sample: "If my opponent's campaign were a Broadway show, it would be *Promises, Promises.*" But Mondale had his own parting shots. "When you open the door and hear them shout, 'Tricks or treats,'" he said at a rally on Halloween, "remember they are describing the Republican tax plan—treats for the very wealthy and the big corporations, and tricks for everyone else." Even if it had not been the most edifying of campaigns, the two candidates seemed determined to go out in style. ***—By Jacob V. Lamar Jr. Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Douglas Brew with the President***

*Among the other papers endorsing Reagan: the New York *Daily News*, the Miami *Herald*, the Chicago *Sun-Times*. Among those endorsing Mondale: the New York *Times*, the Washington *Post*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the Detroit *Free Press*.

The Presidency / Hugh Sidey

Whisper of the White Walls

The White House has a different look these November days. The piled-up paint of 150 years has been scraped off the giant columns and intricate carvings of the North Portico. The Seneca sandstone is a light tan with brown striations. The naked surface gives the mansion more depth and a shadowy European flavor. Whoever comes back down Pennsylvania Avenue next January after taking the oath of office as President will be the first newly installed Chief Executive to see the pristine stone since Andrew Jackson's time. Pray that Old Hickory's spirit still resides thereabouts, because the new President will need all the help he can get.

The North Portico was built in 1829-30 so that White House guests no longer had to bring a change of clothes after rainy-night arrivals. When it was finished, contractors immediately slapped on white paint to preserve that New World image of freshness. So it has ever been. And it will be again by next spring, when the sandstone has dried out enough by measure of the National Bureau of Standards to be ready to paint again.

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Revealing White House history

In an era in which the U.S. paid $780 for a screwdriver, Americans can take heart over one sweet deal made by their national Government. For $232,371.83, we got a house for the President that has lasted nearly 200 years and will look good for centuries more. For that we can thank George Washington, one tough whistle blower. He made sure the Aquia Creek sandstone used for the original mansion was the best. That stone came out of a friend's quarry in Virginia. Though Washington was in Philadelphia during much of the construction, he dropped in often enough to terrorize and entice Master Builder James Hoban into doing superb work. When Congress wanted to expropriate the building for the Supreme Court, Washington said no. When Congress wanted the House of Representatives in the structure, Washington put his foot down. So on a March day in 1797, when Washington came to gaze proudly on the largest house abuilding in America, the workmen and local residents gathered on the site to cheer and praise him.

About the time that the portico gets its new paint, Historian William Seale's definitive history of the White House will be published by the White House Historical Association. The two volumes are the result of ten years' work in which Seale gathered masses of new facts from old papers and invoices. These marvelous minutiae tell of events and people of power. Seale has even been watching the paint come off and cataloging the smudges and marks on the White House walls.

A decade ago, the chief White House usher, Rex Scouten, who keeps the White House running, was confronted with the discouraging fact that new White House paint would peel in sheets only months after application. The Bureau of Standards and the Duron Paint Co. advised stripping off the accumulation, in some places 50 layers deep. Four years ago, the east wall was cleaned and yielded its story for Seale. Scorch marks from the fire set in 1814 by the British rascal General Robert Ross were still visible. Lumpy mounds turned out to be exquisite carvings, done by skilled immigrant stonecarvers who had fled the turmoil in Europe. One good thing about all that slapdash painting: the sandstone was in excellent shape, ready for another 200 years.

Scouten and his experts found a new paint that could be washed instead of replenished. But the paint job will not be finally finished until 2004 because the process is so complicated and expensive. (The U.S. dollar has proved less sturdy than the sandstone: it has already cost the Federal Government more money—$283,000—to repaint the grand old mansion than to build the place.)

One other secret. The White House is not going to be pure white. Scouten wanted a paint that would dazzle the eye in the sun and yet glow with a mellow gold in the night lights. He found it among Duron's 1,000 shades. It is called Whisper.

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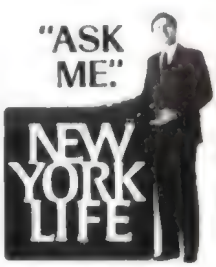

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Packaging the Presidency

How to coordinate campaigning and commercials

CAMPAIGN 84

Flick the television set on these past few weeks and what did you see? A cinemascopic shot of a bunting-bedecked stage set between sunny crowds and smiling skies. Then a closeup of Ronald Reagan, standing against a blue backdrop (always blue) and delivering in patented style (bob of the head, hint of a grin) a homey Americanism. Cut to the faces of his listeners, some aglow in admiration, others damp with tears. A band bursts into melody, balloons sail heavenward, and cheers erupt from a thousand throats.

Split-second timing that's working: an advanceman waits to cue balloons at Reagan rally

Quick. Was that scene a Reagan reelection ad or a network news clip? Probably both. Reagan's managers have done such a seamless job of presenting their candidate this year that viewers often had trouble telling the paid political announcements from the evening news. Unlike Walter Mondale's campaign, Reagan's appearances were as meticulously staged as his commercials. Unlike Mondale, Reagan moved away from the traditional political spots—direct, issue oriented, slightly jarring—and embraced the sleek, atmospheric slow-dissolve appeals usually reserved for selling Coke and Almost Home cookies. The marketing of the President, through both paid commercials and the "free media" provided on televised news clips, was so skillfully coordinated that it will almost surely change the standard for future national campaigns.

The strategy was overseen largely by White House Aide Michael Deaver, a former public relations executive who has loyally guarded Reagan's image since 1966. He and White House Chief of Staff James Baker decided last spring to stress broad themes over specific issues, to play up feelings of patriotism and prosperity rather than defend the details of Reagan's policies. The execution was left to Tuesday Team Inc., the cadre of Madison Avenue superstars recruited for the re-election account. Few of them had done political commercials before; their experience lay in dreaming up singing felines for Meow Mix cat food and tingly, tender ads for Pepsi-Cola. Disappointed with the mediocre political spots used in 1980, Deaver and Nancy Reagan this time insisted on high-gloss commercials. Their view: the ads should be of a quality befitting a President. The Tuesday Team was happy to oblige. "For the Madison Avenue guys, that's the way they do it every day," said Doug Watts, the campaign's director of communications. "Political ads have been sore thumbs that stick out from the other messages on TV, like a used-car ad in the middle of the travel ads." The producers used mostly 35-mm film (instead of inferior videotape), elaborate lighting, lush music (unheard of in political spots) and the latest cutting and dubbing techniques.

The first round of ads mirrored Reagan's optimism and capitalized on the country's economic health and blush of patriotism. In leafy Anytown, U.S.A. (filmed partly in Santa Rosa, Calif.), shots of blond moppets getting haircuts mingled with those of home-towners hoisting flags and school bands parading down sun-dappled streets. In the campaign's closing days, the commercials focused on Reagan, bathed in natural light and looking relaxed. His voice was soft, his pitch distinctly presidential.

Campaign stops were carefully staged to reinforce the TV images. At the start of a typical rally, tiny American flags were passed out, hundreds of balloons were pinned under nets waiting for the "go" signal, and a local band played patriotic tunes. If advancemen feared the turnout would be small, the platform for TV crews was moved closer to the main stage so that the evening news would depict a jammed crowd. When polls revealed surprising strength among the young, schedulers quickly planned more campus events. "It fits the theme," explained Deaver. "Optimism, youth, opportunity. All positive."

Mondale's media campaign, by contrast, seemed seldom in sync with what the candidate was seen doing on the evening news. Granted, the Democratic challenger had the unenviable task of attacking an admired incumbent. "We had to say things aren't as good as you think," said Senior Adviser Richard Leone. Nonetheless, the Mondale camp ran only about 20 different spots, about half the Reagan total, and spent less too (about $20 million, in contrast to Reagan's $25 million). The ads either focused on dry, nonvisual subjects like the deficit, or scattered their blasts, as in the commercial linking Reagan to the Rev. Jerry Falwell on half a dozen disparate issues. Unlike Reagan, with his "Leadership That's Working," Mondale had no slogan to give his campaign coherence. Said David Garth, a New York media maven: "I didn't know what the Mondale theme was . . . except 'Vote for Mondale-Ferraro.' "

The Democrat's aides defended their approach as the more realistic. "We aren't running a Hollywood feel-good campaign," said Mondale Consultant Judy Press Brenner to *Adweek*. Toward the end, the Mondale messages grew more effective, focusing on fairness, arms control and the future. The most gripping was a five-minute film intercutting shots of awed youngsters and nuclear missiles hurtling skyward, accompanied by Crosby Stills Nash & Young's evocative *Teach Your Children*. As other commercials depicted Mondale on the stump declaring, "It's time for America to move on," news clips showed him uttering the same words to the most clamorous crowds in his career.

Politicians like to tell the story about the campaign worker who urges his local party official to rent a sound truck before the election. After numerous pleas, the ward boss relents. Come Election Day, the party captures the White House, Congress and most of the country. At the victory celebrations, the lowly aide rushes up to his superior and says, "What'd I tell ya? It was the truck!" Likewise, the importance of advertising in a political campaign can be exaggerated. But what Reagan did this year was use two sound trucks for the price of one. —***By James Kelly. Reported by Douglas Brew and John E. Yang/Washington***

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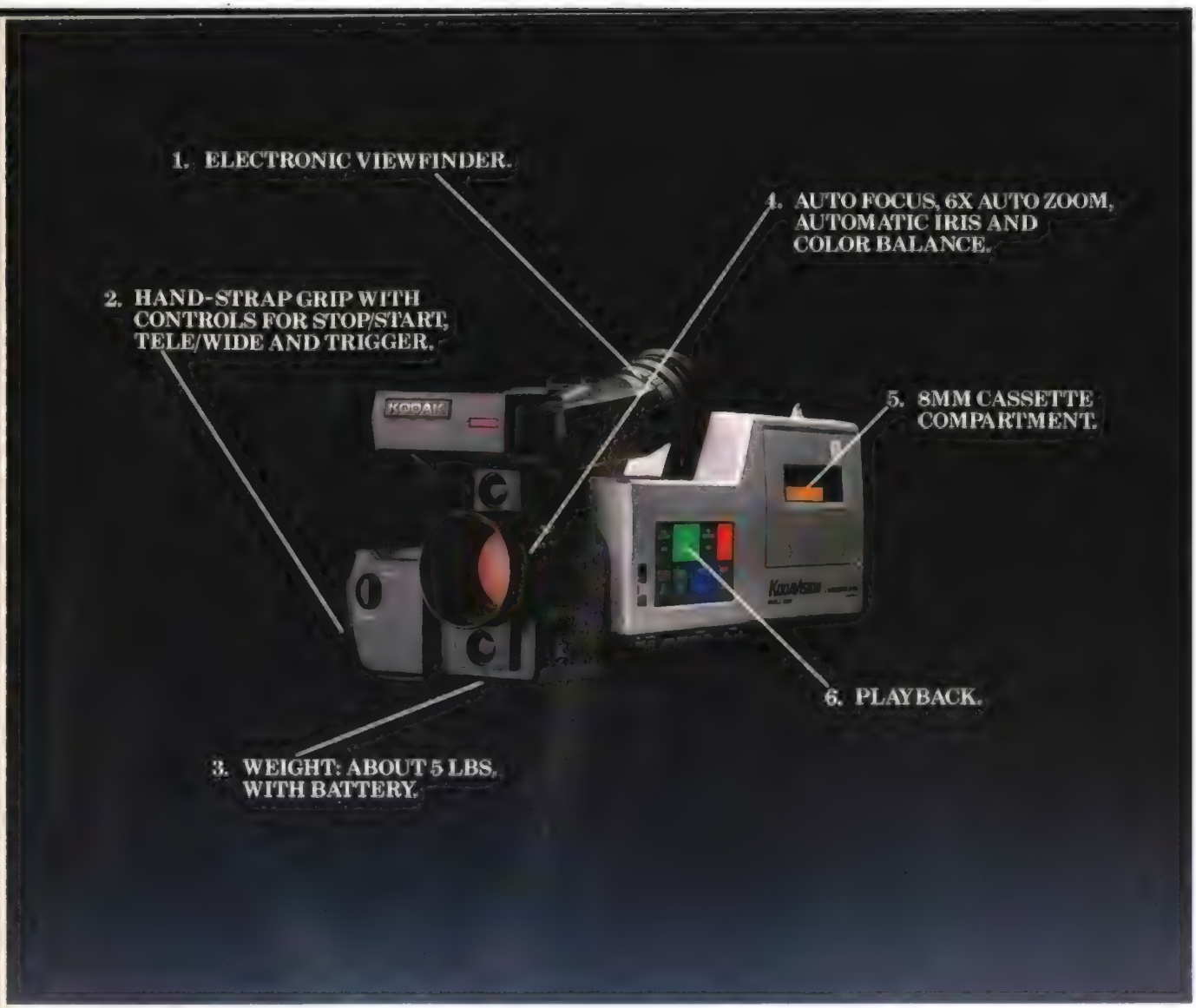

The new 8mm Kodavision Its features were des

Everything Kodak's learned about people and what makes them click has gone into our extraordinary new video system.

It's called the Kodavision series 2000 video system—with an extraordinary new camcorder adapted to you and the way you like to shoot. It's so remarkably light and portable, you can take it anywhere. And so uncomplicated, you'll want to.

How did Kodak do it? By pioneering a big breakthrough in home video with the new, smaller format 8mm video tape.

8MM. IT PUTS AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE BETWEEN YOU AND THE ENJOYMENT.

Want a video format with a brilliant future? Our 8mm video tape has the excellent quality of ½" tape, and more importantly, gives you all the picture sharpness, vivid color and sound clarity you've come to expect from Kodak. Yet a 30-, 60- or 90-minute cassette takes up no more room than a regular audio cassette. That's what allowed us to create a small, single-piece camera and recorder. With no separate recorder unit. No messy wires or cords.

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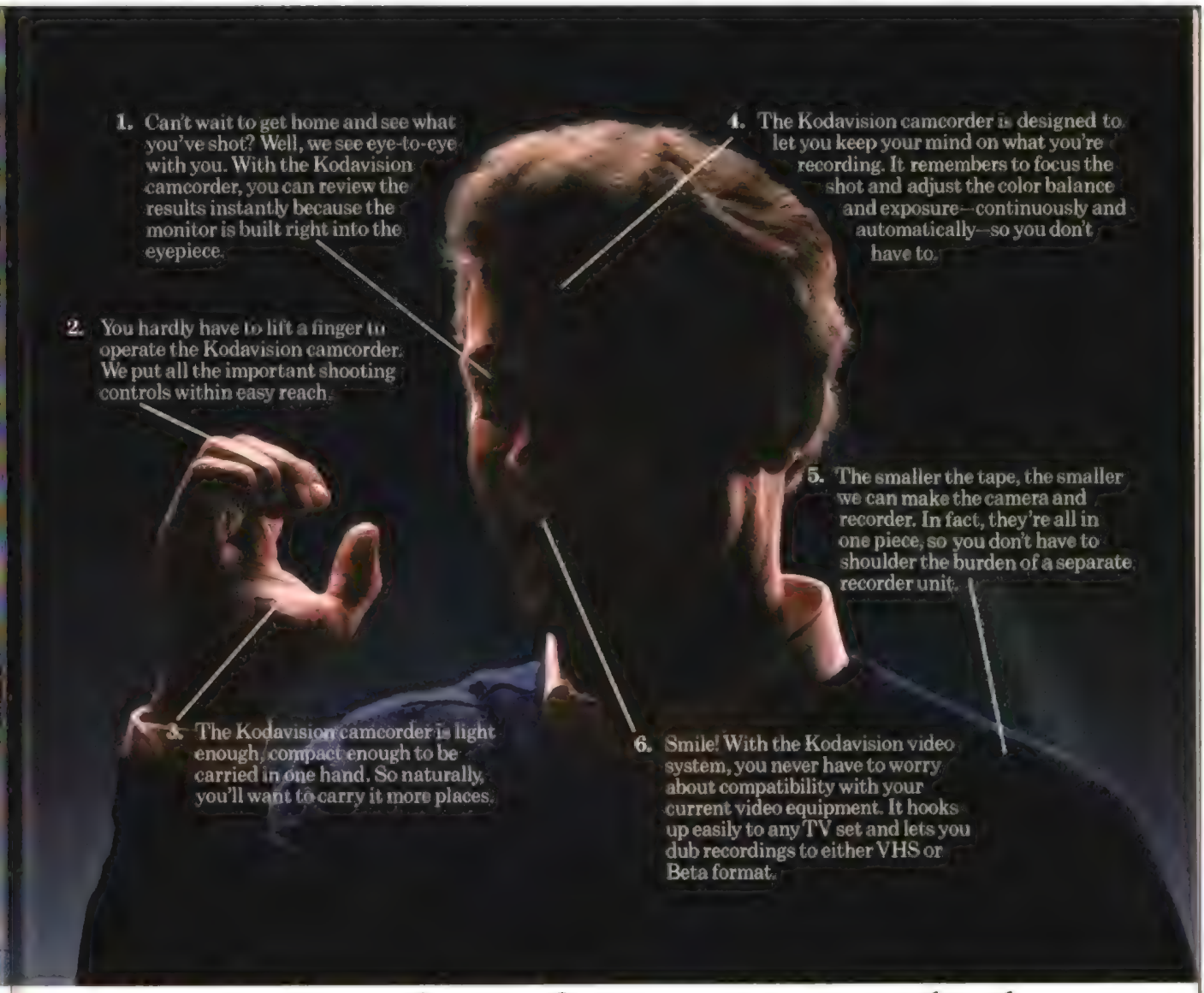
But don't think that just because it's not complicated, it's not sophisticated. The newest video



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technology provides beautiful pictures time after time. The latest Newvicon tube. A 6X power zoom lens. And a highly sensitive automatic iris and color balance that instantly know when to adjust themselves—even before you do.

Which means the Kodavision camcorder can go anywhere the great pictures are. From the dazzling brightness of a ski slope to the low light of a grade-school violin recital.

NOW, RELIVING THE MOMENTS IS AS EASY AS CREATING THEM.

Want a camera that lets you see what you've just shot? Then look into the Kodavision camcorder. Whether you're at home or away, you can review right in the camcorder because the electric viewfinder is also a miniature black-and-white monitor. Then replay your special moments on the nearest TV, using the Kodavision converter/charger.

Or use the Kodavision series 2000 cradle with tuner/timer as a fully functioning VCR.

However, if you do want to edit or transfer a tape, you can do so on any existing VCR. The Kodavision system is completely compatible with both VHS and Beta systems.

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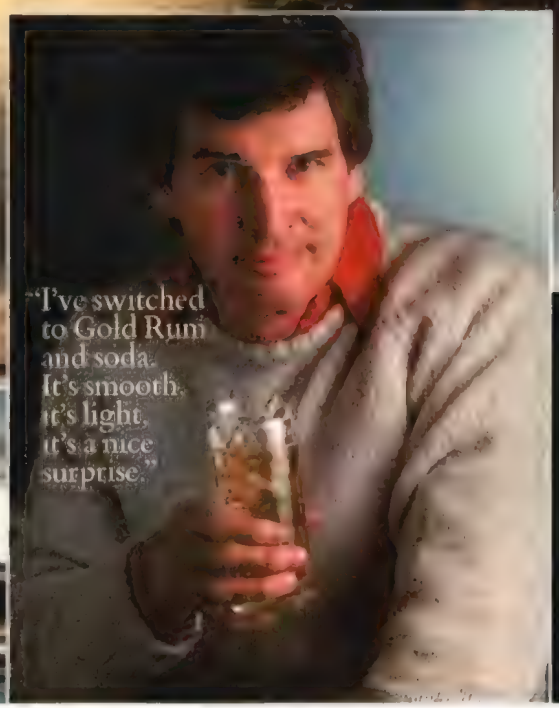
If you want truly enjoyable home video, you'll find the new Kodavision camcorder from Kodak matches what you're looking for.

Kodak

Gold Rum instead.
Instead of Canadian, Bourbon or Blends.
Surprise yourself.



People everywhere are switching to Puerto Rican gold rum. Because it has the lightness people prefer today. Because it's so mixable.

You'll find that gold rum makes an exceptionally smooth drink—on the rocks, with soda or ginger ale, or with your favorite mixer.

If you're still drinking Canadian, bourbon or blended whiskey, it's because you haven't tasted Puerto Rican gold rum.

THE GOLD RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Not by Issues Alone

Psychologists explore what makes voters decide

CAMPAIGN 84

One woman recently told a pollster, "I liked how decisive President Reagan was during that crisis. I forget which one." According to some political scientists and psychologists, comments like this are not just slip-ups among political innocents but glimpses into the process by which Americans elect their Presidents: facts, issues and party affiliation are becoming less important than voters' emotions. Observes Yale Psychologist Robert Abelson: "Feelings are three or four times as important as issues or party identification."

Since about 1979, political scientists have tried to zero in on the emotions they believe elect candidates. In general, two sets of feelings are analyzed. The first involves traits that voters ascribe to different candidates, such as integrity, leadership and empathy. The other is a cluster of feelings that are aroused in voters by the candidates, such as anger, uneasiness, hope and pride. Abelson believes there are four crucial emotions: if a candidate can push the hope and pride buttons and avoid touching the anger and fear buttons, he will probably win. "Politics is theater," he says. "We just don't know yet exactly where the public gets its impressions—from facial expressions, style of delivery, incidents that signify decisiveness." Indeed, some researchers have found that voters develop strong opinions about candidates simply by watching them on television without hearing what they are saying.

Abelson and Donald Kinder, of the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research, analyzed a national sample of more than 1,000 Americans who were polled from February to October in the 1980 National Election Study, sponsored by the institute's Center for Political Studies. Both experts concluded that emotions are among the best predictors of the vote, though Kinder is not sure that they take a back seat to issues. One finding: though competence counts heavily in general elections, voters' perceptions about a candidate's character are more important in primaries. Senator Edward Kennedy ultimately lost the Democratic nomination to Jimmy Carter, says Kinder, "because he was not regarded as a man of honor and decency. There were very similar intimations on the Republican side with John Connally."

One implication of the new research is that a presidential candidate will induce the right emotions if he acts decisively, regardless of what action he takes. Though the C.P.S. data for 1984 will not appear for months, preliminary readings indicate that Reagan helped himself considerably by ordering the invasion of Grenada and breaking the air-traffic controllers' strike. Reagan's score on leadership is so high, says one source who has seen some of the data, that it swamps all other factors. This made it difficult for Mondale to impress voters with his charges that the President makes mistakes and is ignorant of the facts. "The public knows Reagan isn't knowledgeable, and it doesn't care," said the source.

DRAWING BY CHARLES BARSOTTI © 1976 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"I'm voting my pocketbook again this year. How about you, Winstead?"

Abelson thinks Mondale's toughest challenge was to establish himself as a leader, not by arguing issues but by taking some decisive step to display leadership. "Any dramatic act would have helped," says Abelson. "It sounds silly, but he could have walked into a bar and picked a fight with a drunken lumberjack. If he had got mad at how his campaign was going and shook up his staff—any show of strength or decisiveness, even with a superficial relation to the issues, would have helped." Mondale also had trouble associating himself with hope and pride. According to the research, these are crucial factors in any presidential election and are not merely confined to an election involving a conservative President and an Olympic year.

In attempting to isolate the winning factors in politics, some psychologists and political scientists have begun to study the impact of smiles and frowns. A team of researchers at Dartmouth reports that facial expressions of candidates may be more important than any of the issues they discuss. Says Denis Sullivan, a political scientist who worked on the study: "The evidence is that people are very quick to make attributions of character from facial expressions on the basis of very little evidence." The researchers took tapes of television network news programs and spliced in about 20 seconds of President Reagan wearing three different expressions: angry-threatening, happy-reassuring and neutral. The programs were then screened for student volunteers. After the broadcasts, those exposed to the neutral images of Reagan during a news report on Central America were significantly more opposed to U.S. military intervention; the implication was that a President can squander public support for a military venture by keeping his face blank while discussing the issue. Neither happy nor angry Reagan expressions had greatly affected the viewers' previously held opinions on Central America.

Predictably enough, the study found that angry facial images tend to polarize political opinion and happy ones tend to unite. Angry images of Reagan tended to make his supporters, particularly women, more fervent. "Female supporters are most joyful and most proud in response to Reagan's anger," says Sullivan. In general, women in the study were more sensitive than men to facial expressions, though the researchers are not sure why. Sullivan thinks that the White House intuitively understands the power of the President's facial expressions. Says he: "They are right to exercise great control over his performances."

Another finding is that with angry expressions a candidate is unlikely to alienate his supporters, but with happy or neutral ones he reaches out to opponents and moderates. "The upshot of this," says Sullivan, "is that you should talk about the evil empire outside of prime time, and use prime time to say, 'We are really good guys and have good things in mind for you.' "

In recent weeks, both Reagan and Mondale have expressed concern that the incumbent's big lead in the opinion polls could skew the outcome on Election Day. Reagan was worried that complacency could keep his supporters at home; Mondale wondered whether talk of a landslide would discourage his backers from voting. But history suggests that turnout would not be greatly affected. When landslides were forecast in 1956 and 1964, people stubbornly trudged to the polls in great numbers anyway.

—By John Leo

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Get an extra 15% off during our evening discount period.

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Letter to Capitol Hill

CIA Director Casey defends his agency's controversial primer

After an 89-page CIA manual that instructed rebels in Nicaragua on terrorist tactics surfaced last month, the White House promised that any official involved in its development or approval would be dismissed. But in a letter to members of the House and Senate Intelligence committees that was made public last week, CIA Director William Casey insisted that the thrust of the manual had been misinterpreted, and he attempted to justify its overall purpose. "The emphasis is on education," Casey wrote, "not on turning a town into a battlefield."

The CIA manual violated the spirit of U.S. policy by advocating that the *contras* should "neutralize" local officials of the leftist Sandinista regime in Nicaragua. Casey, however, explained that the passage, along with one that advocated "shooting" informers, should be considered in context. "It is important to note," his letter read, "that these passages are in the context of occupying a community and dealing with a situation in which actual or potential resistance remains."

CANCELLARE—UPI

Casey: "The emphasis is on education"

President Reagan, campaigning Saturday at John Wayne's birthplace in Winterset, Iowa, took the Administration defense one step further. Said he: "I think you're going to find that it was all a great big scare and that there was nothing in that manual that had anything to do with assassinations or anything of that kind." A misunderstanding arose, he said, when the word remove was translated as "neutralize" in the Spanish version. Asked how a person is removed from office without violence, Reagan said, "You just say to the fellow that's sitting there in the office, 'You're not in the office any more.' "

Despite the disclaimers, the manual again raised questions about whether Washington's support for the *contras* was designed merely to put pressure on the Nicaraguan government to stop its support of the Salvadoran rebels, as the Administration claims, or to overthrow the Nicaraguan government, as critics charge. According to Casey, the CIA-supplied documents state that the aim of the *contras* "is the development of a democratic and pluralistic government in Nicaragua." Countered Republican Senator Charles Mathias Jr. of Maryland: "The policy implied is the overthrow of an established government."

The Intelligence committees of the Senate and House have been waiting for the CIA inspector general's internal investigation of the manual, which was ordered by Reagan Oct. 18. The White House announced last week that the agency's inquiry had been completed and sent to the President's Intelligence Oversight Board for review, but officials would not say when it might be submitted to Congress.

California Democrat Norman Mineta, a member of the House Intelligence Committee, complained that the CIA would not allow his group to question the man believed to be the author of the manual, who was described by the Administration as a "low-level" operative on contract to the CIA. "We know who he is, and the CIA knows where he is," said Mineta, who maintains that the agent is still employed by the CIA.

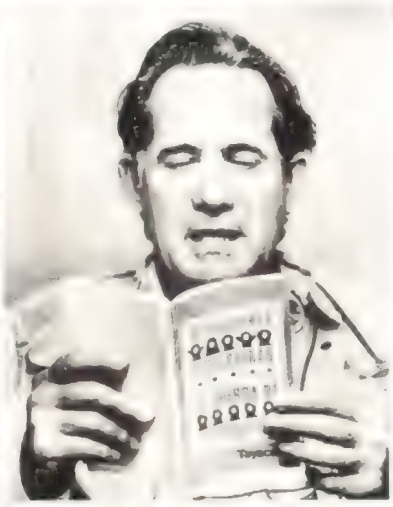
Republican Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming, one of the few Senators to have studied the manual in detail, came to the CIA's defense. He explained that the document had been drafted as part of a larger effort to curb indiscriminate killings among some rebel factions. Indeed, parts of the manual dwell on improving the *contras'* relationship with Nicaraguan peasants, stressing peaceful persuasion over violence.

Contra leaders admit their guerrillas had been guilty of abuses and atrocities. Edgar Chamorro, a *contra* director now living in Key Biscayne, Fla., says one rebel field commander, known as El Suicidio, led his troops on a rampage in the spring of 1983, murdering peasants and raping women. Chamorro said last week that *contra* leaders arrested El Suicidio and some of his men last year and executed them after a court-martial.

Chamorro, however, denied that the main purpose of the manual was to help the *contras* discipline themselves. He claims that he was recruited in 1982 by CIA agents who promised a new regime in Managua "within a year." A Harvard graduate and onetime Jesuit priest, Chamorro was selected by the CIA to act as his rebel group's chief spokesman and was paid a $2,000-a-month salary to help lobby Washington for support.

Chamorro, who is now at odds with other *contra* leaders still operating out of Honduras, complains bitterly that the CIA provided war-worn AK-47s and leaky wooden punts so ancient the *contras* nicknamed them the "Phoenician navy." Chamorro felt not only shortchanged but oppressively dominated by the American operatives. "Their insatiable appetite for control," he stated, "has almost brought this movement to the brink of disaster."

American operatives in the region were as susceptible to corruption as rebel officers, one *contra* leader told TIME last week. Some CIA agents were buying boots for the *contras* at $13 a pair and invoicing them at $26. When an Argentine officer involved in training the *contras* attempted to smuggle evidence of such markups out of Honduras, he was stopped at U.S. customs in Miami and the documents were removed from his baggage. More ominously, according to *contras* and State Department officials, two chief CIA operatives in Honduras were fired earlier this year after they were belatedly discovered to be Cuban agents. The counterspies, both Cuban Americans, had once worked for the CIA (one was in the team that tracked down Che Guevara in Bolivia). Two intelligence sources vehemently denied the charge and said that though there were changes in key operatives, the purpose was to install more experienced CIA employees.



Chamorro: "The brink of disaster"

Nevertheless, such revelations sharpened the dispute about Administration policy. Critics maintain that rifts over the *contras* have deepened within the intelligence community. "Some of the best people in the CIA stepped back and said it [the covert aid] is just not going to work," says a member of the Senate Intelligence Committee, Democrat Patrick Leahy of Vermont. Citing the agency's failure to halt the arms flow, reform the Sandinistas, or remove them from power, the Senator concluded: "You suddenly realize that we've got a multimillion-dollar covert action down there and every single objective is unattainable." —***By Alessandra Stanley. Reported by Martin Casey/Miami and Ross H. Munro/Washington***

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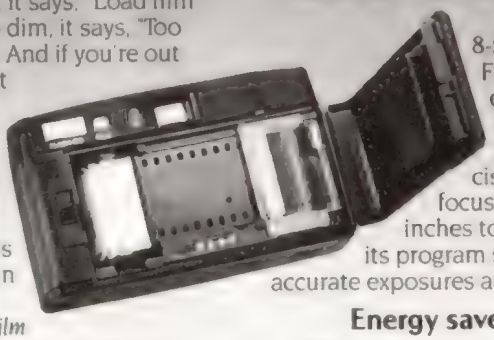
Infrared Auto Focus System



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American Notes

NORTH CAROLINA

Death of a Grandmother

Barfield last month

She was only one of three convicts put to death last week, and the 29th since the Supreme Court effectively reinstated the death penalty in 1976. But the case of Margie Velma Barfield, 52, was different, and not just because she was the first woman executed in the U.S. since 1962. Convicted six years ago of poisoning her fiancé, Barfield, once a private nurse, confessed to killing three other people: her mother and two patients. Nevertheless, she attracted a fervent following who believed her claims that she had acted under the influence of a variety of prescription drugs.

Barfield spent her last months crocheting dolls for two of her grandchildren, reading religious literature and talking to reporters, who dubbed her the Death Row Granny. Democratic Governor James Hunt, locked in a tight race to win Republican Jesse Helms' Senate seat, refused to grant clemency, and last week her final court appeal was rejected. At 2 a.m. on Friday, wearing pink pajamas, Barfield was executed by lethal injection at North Carolina Central Prison. She said, "I am sorry for all the hurt I have caused."

REFUGEES

Confined in the Land of the Free

Quelling a demand for liberty

Among the more than 125,000 Cuban refugees who poured into South Florida in the 1980 boatlift from the port of Mariel were a few thousand "excludable aliens," many of whom had criminal records in Cuba. Four years later, 1,500 of them still await resolution of their cases, a mass of increasingly desperate men locked in the granite cell blocks of the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. Last Thursday the Marielitos rioted, setting mattresses and clothing afire amid shouts of *"¡Libertad!"*

Four hours passed before 200 guards using tear gas regained control of the cell block. But the basic situation remains out of control. A U.S. district court ordered the release of some of the prisoners in 1981 pending immigration hearings, which forced the Immigration and Naturalization Service to review cases individually. As a result, 3,500 of the least dangerous were freed. A federal appeals court later ruled that as excludables, the Cubans had no constitutional right to be released. That ruling did not affect those already freed. Washington wants to deport those still held in Atlanta, but Cuban President Fidel Castro has so far refused to let them return to Cuba.

WOMEN

Narrowing the Wage Gap

The most striking symbol of women's struggle for pay equity is a pin that reads simply "59¢." It represents the longstanding average pay earned by women for every dollar earned by men. That is changing. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the figure is now 64¢. A report by the Rand Corp., an independent California think tank, says the change is due to women's improved education and experience, which are being compensated in the free market, "rather than legislation, Government commissions or political movements." The report also argues that one reason average women's wages have not risen more sharply is that a greater number of women are entering the job market in entry-level positions. Judy Goldsmith, president of the National Organization for Women, responds, "It is ridiculous to suggest that there is no connection between wage gains and anti-discrimination legislation." She adds: "The ultimate bottom line of the report—that we should be immensely gratified that women will be making 74¢ to a man's dollar by the year 2000—is nothing to rejoice about."

LEGISLATION

No Help Wanted

It was designed as both a conservation program and a job-training measure. Approved overwhelmingly by the House and Senate, the bill would have provided $225 million for an American Conservation Corps, patterned after the New Deal's Civilian Conservation Corps, to employ up to 37,000 teen-agers on federal property. Supporters said it would help reduce the nation's 18.8% teen-age unemployment rate. To President Reagan, however, the measure represented a "discredited approach to unemployment." In vetoing the bill last week, he stated, "America's unemployed youth would be better served by reducing federal spending so that more resources are available to the private sector."

One of the bill's sponsors, Democratic Congressman Augustus Hawkins of California, accused Reagan of insensitivity. Said he: "The President has demonstrated how unresponsive he is to the willingness and eagerness of jobless young people to perform useful work." Countered White House Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater: "The recovery has been creating more jobs in one month than this entire program would ever create."

DEFENSE

A Jeep by Any Other Name

Perhaps the only thing more faithful than the good old Army Jeep was its good old name, which seemed to capture the spunk of that sprightly warhorse. Now the Pentagon plans to change both with a sometimes klutzy replacement burdened by a certainly klutzy name: the High Mobility Multi-Purpose Wheeled Vehicle (HMMWV). The manufacturer, AM General Corp., calls it the Hummer. No way, says the Army: that rhymes with bummer. It prefers "the HummVee," hardly a name likely to catch on with the average grunt.

So far bummer might have the inside track. The vehicle, which comes with power steering and automatic transmission and can perform a wide variety of tasks, costs $27,000, nearly twice as much as a Jeep. But its radiator sometimes leaks, its tires are less sturdy than hoped, and it is too heavy (7,500 lbs.) to be transported by helicopter as easily as the Jeep. According to one study, "It achieved an average of only 367 mean miles between mission failures, *vs.* a requirement of 1,300." Translation: it breaks down too often. Company President Lawrence Hyde argues, "Everything cited by critics has been corrected and proved O.K. in current tests." But meanwhile the HMMWV acquired a bad name, which makes its nickname all the more important. Says Army Spokesman Colonel Craig McNab: "Chances are that troopers will come up with their own name anyway. And the troops always prove to be highly imaginative."

Portrait of a Hummer in repose

On the day before her murder, the Prime Minister concludes a speech during a brief visit to the state of Orissa: "If I die today . . ." SHEAMUS SMITH

COVER STORIES

Death in the Garden

Indira Gandhi's assassination sparks a fearful round of sectarian violence

Namaste, in Hindi, means "Greetings to you." It is the traditional Indian salutation, accompanied by a crossing of hands before the face, as if the speaker were offering a prayer.

At 9:08 last Wednesday morning, Indira Gandhi folded her hands in front of her face, looked at the two guards standing along the path to her office and said, "*Namaste.*" It was to be her last word. Within hours India would be plunged into one of its worst paroxysms of sectarian violence since partition in 1947. As the death toll passed the 1,000 mark, the dominant question was whether the country's new leader, Indira's inexperienced son Rajiv, could, over the long term, sustain the integrity of the ambitious political patchwork that against all odds binds 746 million ethnically and religiously diverse people.

The tragedy began on a bright, lovely autumn morning, with a light breeze blowing through the towering tamarind and margosa trees in the sprawling compound at 1 Safdarjang Road in New Delhi, the Prime Minister's official residence. There are two bungalows within the compound, one containing offices and various public rooms, the other serving as the Prime Minister's private quarters, where she lived with her son Rajiv, her daughter-in-law Sonia and their two children, Rahul and Priyanka. Rajiv was off on a political trip to the state of West Bengal, preparing the ruling Congress (I) Party for national elections that are due to be held by mid-January 1985. As Mrs. Gandhi's sole surviving son, Rajiv, 40, was also the heir apparent to the House of Nehru and the leadership of India. But at 66, Indira Gandhi was in fine health and ebullient spirits as she prepared to seek a fifth term as Prime Minister of the world's most populous democracy.

She was in a buoyant mood as she opened the door of her private bungalow, came down the steps and walked onto the winding gravel path toward the larger building. Following discreetly two to three yards behind her were five security men. The Prime Minister was on her way to meet British Actor-Director Peter Ustinov, who was waiting with a television crew to conduct an hourlong interview. He had been with her for two days as she campaigned through the state of Orissa in eastern India, and she had enjoyed the actor's droll wit. "The one thing I find utterly boring," she had said, "are second-rate journalists. But when I meet one who is smart and well informed, I find I give a much better interview."

Standing at attention more than halfway along the path were two khaki-uniformed security men wearing the traditional beards and turbans that identified them as Sikhs. One of them, Beant Singh, was a favorite of Mrs. Gandhi's; she had known him for ten years. Only two months earlier, when Mrs. Gandhi was asked if she could trust Sikh guards in the wake of her controversial decision to have the Indian army root out Sikh extremists at the Golden Temple in Amritsar, the Sikhs' holiest shrine, she had glanced at Beant Singh and said, "When I have Sikhs like this around

The new leader, left, alongside his mother's flower-draped body: "Nothing would hurt [her] soul more than the occurrence of violence"

BALDEV—SYGMA

me, then I don't believe I have anything to fear." When the director of the country's central intelligence organization suggested to Mrs. Gandhi in July that Sikhs be removed from her security staff, she had refused. "How can we claim to be secular?" she had asked in a hastily scrawled note. Not far from Beant Singh stood Satwant Singh, 21, who had been assigned to Mrs. Gandhi's detail five months before.

The two men were no more than seven feet away as she greeted them. Beant Singh drew a .38 revolver and fired three shots into her abdomen. As she fell to the ground, Satwant Singh pumped all 30 rounds from his Sten automatic weapon into her crumpled body. At least seven bullets penetrated her abdomen, three her chest and one her heart. The Prime Minister was dead.

The two Sikhs then calmly dropped their guns. As other security guards seized them, Beant Singh said, "I've done what I had to do. You do what you want to do." They were then taken to a guardhouse, where Beant Singh suddenly lunged for the Sten gun of one of the loyal guards as Satwant Singh pulled a dagger from his turban. The guards shot them both. Beant Singh died almost instantly; Satwant Singh was critically wounded. Later he told doctors that he was a member of a conspiracy that included a high-ranking army officer, and that another of their targets was Rajiv Gandhi.

When she first heard the shots in the

After the outbreak of rioting, a policeman walks past burning shops in downtown New Delhi

"The backlash is terrible," a civil servant said. "It reminds me of the days of partition."

Soldiers patrol the debris-strewn streets of the capital to quell rioting

garden below, Rajiv's wife Sonia rushed frantically down a flight of stairs screaming, "Mummy! Oh, my God, Mummy!" Already, guards were starting to pick up Mrs. Gandhi's body, her orange sari soaking in blood. Led by her longtime personal assistant, R.K. Dhawan, they carried her to her white, Indian-made Ambassador car. Sonia cradled Mrs. Gandhi's head in her lap as the auto sped off to the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences hospital, a short distance away.

Ustinov and his crew, who had not been close enough to witness the shooting, rushed to the Prime Minister's bungalow. "It was a scene of confusion," he said. "The security men were still running around, shaken and unbelieving. One minute there was gunfire, and afterward the birds in the trees were singing. The security men kept us there for five hours, polite all the time, but they wanted to be sure we didn't have something on film that they could use as evidence. Sadly, we did not."

At the hospital, the Prime Minister's body was taken to the eighth-floor operating theater. There, despite the lack of any vital signs, a team of twelve doctors desperately tried to perform a miracle. After putting her on an artificial lung and a heart machine, they removed seven bullets; in the process, they gave her 88 bottles of type O Rh-negative blood. Cabinet ministers waited in the hospital conference room, some stunned and speechless, some weeping. "They could not believe she was dead," a young doctor said later. "They would not accept that she was gone." It was not until 1:45 p.m. that an Indian news service sent the bulletin: MRS. GANDHI IS DEAD.

It was typical of the proud, stubborn, courageous Indira Gandhi that she hated to wear a bulletproof vest and rarely agreed to do so. Certainly she was a fatalist. The night before her death, she had told a large, enthusiastic crowd in Orissa's capital city, Bhubaneswar, "I am not interested in a long life. I am not afraid of these things. I don't mind if my life goes in the service of this nation. If I die today, every drop of my blood will invigorate the nation."

For two days after her death, her body lay in state at the Teen Murti House, the great mansion that had been Jawaharlal Nehru's residence during his years in power, while hundreds of thousands of her countrymen came to pay their respects. Early Saturday afternoon, her body was carried seven miles in a gun carriage to the banks of the Yamuna River, an area where Mahatma Gandhi as well as her father and her younger son Sanjay had also been cremated. A million Indians had lined the streets to see the procession, and millions more watched on television as her body was placed on a flower-covered pyre of sandalwood and brick, and set afire by her son Rajiv.

World reaction quickly centered on two themes: shock and horror at the murder of a woman who had led her country for 16 of the past 18 years, and concern over whether her son was properly equipped for the job that so quickly became his. In Washington, President Reagan, who was awakened with news of the shooting soon after midnight, expressed his "shock, revulsion and grief over the brutal assassination." Secretary of State George Shultz was designated to lead the U.S. delegation to the funeral. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who spoke with Mrs. Gandhi regularly by telephone, declared, "India has been robbed of a leader of incomparable courage, vision and humanity. For my part, I shall feel greatly the loss of a wise colleague and a personal friend." Pope John Paul II said that her death provoked "universal horror and dismay." In Moscow, which has had consistently friendly relations with Mrs. Gandhi over the years, General Secretary Konstantin Chernenko praised her as "a fiery fighter for peace" and "a great friend of the Soviet Union." U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Arthur Hartman was sitting in Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's office when the news of Mrs. Gandhi's death arrived. Hartman remarked that the two superpowers should do what they could to keep the situation in India calm, and Gromyko agreed. Within hours, however, the Soviet news agency TASS would imply that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency was implicated in the assassination, a charge that Ronald Reagan later dismissed as "a cheap shot."

Like the father of modern India, Mahatma Gandhi, who was not related to her, Indira Gandhi died in a tranquil New Delhi garden, a victim of her country's turbulent politics. Mahatma Gandhi was killed in 1948 by a Hindu fanatic enraged by concessions made to the Muslims and by the partition of India and Pakistan. Mrs. Gandhi's murderers were Sikhs, whose religious community of 15 million represents only about 2% of India's population but holds a disproportionately important place in the country's life. For the past two years, a Sikh rebellion has been smoldering in Punjab, their homeland on the Pakistani border. Last June, after failing to quell the Sikh agitation for greater autonomy and put an end to an extremist movement calling for an

A Sikh family in front of their dwelling after a rampaging mob attacked the property

"I want to see Sikh blood in the streets," said an angry Hindu.

independent Sikh nation. Mrs. Gandhi had sent the army into Punjab and into the most sacred of all Sikh shrines, the Golden Temple, which Sikh fanatics had turned into a sort of holy fortress. At least 600 people, including radical Leader Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale, 37, were killed in the ensuing battle. Mrs. Gandhi's move was a bold step, and she probably paid for it with her life.

Last week, even as India went into mourning, Sikh communities both in Punjab and overseas made the mistake of rejoicing openly at Mrs. Gandhi's demise. The Sikhs were understandably angry over the storming of the Golden Temple and the continuing presence of troops in Punjab, though it is not easy to see how the central government might otherwise have dealt with an insurrection that was getting out of hand. But in the incendiary atmosphere that followed the assassination last week, the Sikh leaders should have known that such talk could have dangerous consequences.

As news of the Prime Minister's death began to spread through New Delhi, there were screams, weeping and tearing of hair, but mostly the kind of stoic acceptance that Indians tend to show in times of sorrow and pain. "She's gone," they told one another, rarely using her name, because in India, "she" meant Indira. All around Connaught Place, the capital's commercial center, there was the sound of steel shutters slamming down as shop after shop closed for twelve days of mourning. By late afternoon, New Delhi had become a ghostly city of empty streets. Flags were lowered to half-staff. On television, prayers were offered by priests and holy men representing India's main religions and sects. Patrols were quietly posted around the darkened Sikh temples to protect them from attack. From Amritsar, the five Sikh high priests at the Golden Temple expressed their "shock" and "deep grief" over the assassination. In the hours that followed, the calm gave way to fights and rioting between Sikhs and Hindus all across India.

Rajiv Gandhi had been driving toward the last meeting of his campaign tour in West Bengal when a police Jeep intercepted his Mercedes to deliver a message: "There's been an accident in the house. Return immediately to Delhi." Instantly, Rajiv told his aides to rush to the nearest airport. At 12:30 p.m., while Rajiv waited for a helicopter to take him to Calcutta, he switched on his transistor radio to hear the BBC relay the news that his mother was in critical condition. Some of the Congressmen in his party burst into tears, but Rajiv told them, "Don't worry. She's tough."

Scarcely five hours after the assassination, Rajiv Gandhi arrived from Calcutta aboard a special airliner that had been sent to fetch him. Only then did he learn that his mother was dead. The security protecting him as he stepped down from the aircraft was unprecedented in the country's history. Sharpshooters were positioned all along the route to the hospital. He was greeted there by sobbing Cabinet ministers, but he remained outwardly cool. Only recently he had said that he did not expect to take over his mother's role for "a long, long while." He had added, "I am happy to stand in her shadow and help to get her re-elected to another term, and still another after that." Suddenly, however, all his reckonings had changed. That evening, less than twelve hours after Indira's death, the elders of the Congress (I) Party chose Rajiv Gandhi as their new leader. As under the British parliamentary system, he thereby automatically became India's seventh Prime Minister. He is the third member of the House of Nehru, which has run India for 33 of its 37 years of independence, to hold that office.

Mrs. Gandhi's dynastic ambitions for her son were thus fulfilled with astonishing ease. President Zail Singh, a Sikh, swore in Rajiv as the head of a small, five-member Cabinet with the full support of the Congress (I) Party. Mrs. Gandhi had been grooming Rajiv for leadership ever since the death four years ago of her younger son Sanjay. At that time, Rajiv, who had been a pilot for Indian Airlines, the country's domestic carrier, reluctantly took on the task of becoming his mother's heir apparent. Even before he returned to New Delhi, party leaders, including Finance Minister Pranab Mukherjee and Home Minister P.V. Narasimha Rao, had signed a formal resolution endorsing his candidacy for the Prime Minister's job. All wanted to avoid an open fight among the party's various factions, which include Rajiv's followers as well as those of his late brother. In the interest of party harmony, Rajiv's quick victory became inevitable.

On the evening he was sworn in as Prime Minister, Rajiv Gandhi called on his countrymen to exercise "maximum restraint," and that night they appeared to be following his advice. But by Thursday night, fires of vengeance were burning everywhere. While police looked the other way, vigilante bands attacked Sikhs, burned their beards, destroyed their homes or shops, then moved on to look for more. "You know how I feel," said a Hindu armed with an iron stave on a Delhi street. "I want to kill Sikhs. I want to see Sikh blood on the streets." Whole blocks of Sikh dwellings were gutted. In

INDIRA'S LAST WALK

one slum area of the capital, a Hindu mob was reported to have slaughtered 94 Sikhs with knives and iron bars. Said a civil servant: "The backlash is terrible. It reminds me of the days of partition." Indeed, the trains arriving in Delhi last week with the battered bodies of murdered Sikhs were reminiscent of the "trains of death" that rolled through Punjab in those fearful times. Finally, the government canceled train service between Delhi and the north after learning that 56 bodies had been found aboard trains arriving in the capital. Hundreds of frightened Sikhs took refuge in the Delhi railway terminal, unable to take trains home and afraid even to leave the building. By week's end the nationwide death toll had passed 1,000.

If Rajiv's first challenge was the aftershock of his mother's murder, the second was the need to avoid a sudden flare-up between India and Pakistan. In recent weeks Mrs. Gandhi had said repeatedly that she feared an attack by Pakistan, supplied with U.S. arms. She also accused Pakistan of supporting Sikh extremists with arms, money and training. Only a few days before her death, Indian paramilitary forces had arrested inside Punjab what they claimed was a Sikh "hit team" charged with assassinating Mrs. Gandhi. According to the Indians, the terrorists were armed with automatic weapons, silencers, money and passports provided by the Pakistani intelligence service. Pakistan had dismissed the charges as "flagrantly absurd."

As a first step toward dealing with the situation, Rajiv Gandhi talked with Pakistan's President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq Thursday evening. At the news of Mrs. Gandhi's death, Zia had expressed his "horror" and declared a period of national mourning. On the telephone, Zia told the new Prime Minister: "Pakistan is offering its every assurance that we are not only bereaved but we have no intention or design to make your role as Prime Minister difficult. We want peace. Here and now I assure you that Pakistan's hand is open and offered in friendship and good will." Rajiv replied, "Mr. President, my profound thanks, and my genuine heartfelt assurances that India wishes to resume talks with your country for a solid, lasting, peaceful relationship between our two countries, which share so much in common." Later they agreed that Zia should make a brief trip to New Delhi on the weekend.

But for Rajiv Gandhi the immediate crisis is at home. After spending his life in the shadow of his grandfather, his mother and even his late brother, he is suddenly responsible for holding his tormented country together. He spoke with uncharacteristic force after he was sworn in, as he told the nation, "Nothing would hurt the soul of our beloved Indira Gandhi more than the occurrence of violence in any part of the country. It is of prime importance at this moment that every step we take be in the correct direction." But already he must have known that even as the storming of the Golden Temple had produced a wave of Sikh anger that had led to the assassination, so the murder of his mother would precipitate a terrible reaction in Hindu India.

By all accounts, Rajiv was one member of the house of Nehru who never lusted for political power. Born in 1944, he was Indira's first son. After attending the well-known Doon School in the hills to the north of New Delhi, Rajiv studied mechanical engineering at Trinity College, Cambridge. Back in India, he became a commercial pilot and joined Indian Airlines, where he flew Boeing 737s and other aircraft for 14 years.

Mrs. Gandhi visiting Golden Temple 2½ weeks after army assault

An immediate priority for Rajiv: reconciliation with the Sikhs.

Flying was his great love, and during those years he was spared the need to train for high political office because of the ambition of his younger brother Sanjay. Arrogant and impatient, Sanjay had an undeniable knack for getting things done; he started an automobile factory, though the plant never got much beyond the prototype stage. He helped run the country during the 1975-77 state of emergency, which his mother had declared in order to control civil unrest and to strengthen her own political position, but was blamed for some of the emergency's worst excesses. Nevertheless, from about 1975 Indira was clearly grooming Sanjay as her successor. Neither mother nor son ever said explicitly that only a Nehru was capable of ruling India, but both obviously believed, with their Brahman sense of entitlement, that a Nehru could simply do it better.

Although Rajiv and Sanjay and their families lived together under their mother's roof, there was occasional friction between the two dissimilar brothers. Once, when a Western friend asked Rajiv why he did not simply move elsewhere, he seemed startled and replied, "I could never have done that to Mummy." Later on, after Mrs. Gandhi was returned to office from her post-emergency defeat, Rajiv is said to have taken a dim view of the oldtime politicians who were again fawning over his mother and his brother. "All the old gang is back," he once remarked with a touch of irony.

When the reckless Sanjay died in the crash of his stunt plane on a hot summer day four years ago, Rajiv became the crown prince. He quit his pilot's job, entered politics, and soon won his brother's parliamentary seat. Named a general secretary of the Congress (I) Party in February 1983, he made a reputation for himself as a quiet-spoken reformer determined to bring new life and leadership to a largely corrupt and ineffectual machine, leading some Indians to refer to him as Mr. Clean. Equally important, he served as trustworthy counsel to his lonely and relatively isolated mother.

Gradually Rajiv became the most powerful of the party's seven general secretaries, making crucial decisions on his own. He fired the chief ministers of states and local party leaders whom he considered incompetent. He organized a mass campaign to build up a party cadre for the coming parliamentary elections. Sometimes Rajiv's efforts misfired. Many Indians believe he was responsible for the central government's efforts to strengthen its control over the southern state of Andhra Pradesh by getting rid of Chief Minister N.T. Rama Rao, who belonged to an opposition party. But Rama Rao turned out to be stronger than the Congress (I) realized, and the state governor, a Gandhi loyalist, was forced to reinstate him. Whether Rajiv also counseled his mother to order the assault on the Golden Temple last June is not known, but it is considered unlikely that she would have taken such a step without his approval.

Even after four years in politics, Rajiv remains uncomfortable before large, unruly crowds. He disdains the sycophancy of public life in India. When told that he was to ride in a gilded chariot to a party conference in Calcutta last December, he

All in the Family

What's in a name? Magic, it seems, if the name is Gandhi or Nehru, and the place is India. An unofficial royal family that President Reagan aptly compared to the Adams family in the U.S. and that Indians liken to the Mogul emperors and maharajahs of ages past, the House of Nehru has reigned over independent India in one almost unbroken dynastic line, passing the scepter down from one generation to the next. By now the system of one-family rule has become so firmly entrenched that the newsmagazine *India Today* calls India "a democratic monarchy."

Independence itself was won in part through the work of Motilal Nehru, an early and active backer of the concept. He begat Jawaharlal, who served for 17 years as the first Prime Minister of independent India. Jawaharlal begat Indira, who ruled for 16 of the 20 years of the post-Nehru era and, through her marriage, became the namesake, though not a relation, of the country's spiritual conscience, Mahatma Gandhi. Indira, known to many in the nation as *Amma* (mother), begat Rajiv and then Sanjay. When the prodigal younger son and heir apparent died in a plane crash in 1980, his brother Rajiv, almost inevitably, took his place. "Indira believed that the House of Nehru was what India needed," said a Western diplomat last week. "In that she was imperious but, believe it or not, that's what Indians wanted."

India's founding father with his only child in 1955

Motilal Nehru, the father of one of the founding fathers of modern India, was a prosperous and prominent lawyer. In the early '20s, however, Motilal shed his princely habits and anglophile tastes to become a leader in the Congress Party, which was lobbying for Indian independence. In 1929 Motilal passed the mantle to his only son, and together they joined Gandhi's crusade for social justice. By 1947, when the country finally won independence, Gandhi had hand-picked his superstar pupil, Jawaharlal, to become the nation's first Prime Minister.

With his patrician good looks and air of thoughtful intensity, his blend of Western rationalism and passionate nationalism, Nehru was an ideal—and idealistic—leader of the new India. He was cosmopolitan, commanding, charismatic. His interest in civil rights had been quickened by his friend and mentor Gandhi, his intellectual theories refined at Harrow and Cambridge. As Prime Minister, he ambitiously embarked upon a path of democratic socialism, hoping to bring industry, literacy and, above all, modernity to an India that was in many areas poverty stricken and backward. Abroad, as his own Foreign Minister, he pursued a policy of fierce anticolonialism. In 1960 he became a founding member of the nonaligned movement; his sister Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit served as an early president of the U.N. General Assembly.

Through three successive elections Nehru coasted to one handy victory after another. By 1958, however, the revered Panditji, then 69 and riding the crest of his popularity, wanted to step down. The cries of outrage were so overwhelming that he agreed to continue. Although the widowed Prime Minister retained his shy daughter Indira as one of his most trusted companions and made her president of the Congress Party, he continued to regard a monarchical succession as "undemocratic and undesirable."

Yet when Nehru's successor Lal Shastri died in 1966, after only 19 months in power, Indira was chosen as Prime Minister. Though self-effacing and inexperienced, she commanded the affectionate support of the country simply by virtue of being the only child of its beloved father figure. While silencing skeptics by sweeping through two straight election victories, Indira kept her own counsel and chose to live in a house she shared with her two sons, their wives and three grandchildren.

Gradually, the younger of those sons, Sanjay, began edging onto center stage. By 1975 he was dispensing orders in his mother's name, popping up on posters next to his mother and initiating a series of unpopular schemes. These included his notorious program of forced sterilization, whereby those who submitted to vasectomies were rewarded with tinny transistor radios.

More than that, the self-styled crown prince agitated for a system of conservative dictatorship far removed from the intellectual socialism of his elders. Associated with a group of young toughs and regarded in some quarters as a lawless power broker, Sanjay hung around his doting mother like a dark and menacing shadow. As Indian Essayist Ved Mehta wrote in *A Family Affair*, "Rightly or wrongly, Sanjay was seen as representing the ruthless side of his mother."

Less than six months after taking a seat in Parliament in 1980, Sanjay took up a plane that he was unqualified to fly, attempted a daredevil stunt too low and crashed to his death. Feared, and sometimes vilified, in life, Sanjay was lionized in a death that the Minister of Agriculture called "the biggest tragedy of this century for the people of India." Yet hardly had Sanjay been cremated (at the same site as his grandfather) than attention turned to his brother Rajiv, who now seemed, if only by default, next in line for the prime ministership. Until then, Indira's elder son had been a shy, soft-spoken Indian Airlines pilot with no political interests or ambitions. Undeterred, 300 members of Parliament, all from Indira's party, sent a petition urging him to take Sanjay's place. The more Rajiv refused, the more he was accused of wielding power behind the scenes. Ultimately, he could no longer withstand the pressure and, in June 1981, stood for a by-election in Uttar Pradesh and won his brother's seat in Parliament as well as Sanjay's place on the executive committee of the party's youth wing.

But the war of succession was by no means over. Into the political arena stepped Sanjay's rebellious Sikh widow Maneka, a onetime model who had won Sanjay's hand when she was only 18. Maneka's strongest political credentials seemed to consist of her illustrious name and her acquired lineage. But after Indira expelled her from the house they had long shared because of her political activities, the family firm began to dissolve into a family feud. Maneka set up her own party, known as the National Sanjay Platform, and her camp began talking of Maneka's son by Sanjay, Feroze Veruna, as a future candidate for Prime Minister. The boy is, to be sure, only five years old, but he enjoys what may be the most powerful political qualifications in India: the name of Gandhi and the ancestry of Nehru.

—*By Pico Iyer*

refused and went by automobile instead. On a trip to his parliamentary constituency in Uttar Pradesh, Rajiv winced as old women fell to the ground at his feet and ragged, barefoot young men chanted, "You are the hope of India—Rajiv, Rajiv, Rajiv!"

He is also uneasy about talk of his role in a Nehru dynasty. "I don't see it like that at all," he once said. "There's a very big challenge before us today: how to get India into the 20th century." He speaks of the need to eliminate the vestiges of colonialism and the country's age-old social inequities. "We must get the poor and the weak of India out of their rut, out of the morass they are stuck in," he said recently. Most political experts see him as a pragmatist, like his late brother, who favors a somewhat larger place for private enterprise within socialist India than did his mother.

RICK WILKING—U P I

As Rajiv (with cap) and other family members watch, an attendant pours oil on the funeral pyre

A shy young woman, she became a world figure who could still communicate with her people.

Not long ago, Rajiv was asked whether he missed the life of a pilot. "I sometimes get into the cockpit all alone and close the door," he replied. "Even if I cannot fly, at least I can temporarily shut myself off from the outside world." Can such a man long rule a nation so vast and complex? The question was being asked last week by India's friends and enemies alike. Referring to the murder of Mrs. Gandhi, a British Cabinet member said flatly, "It is a great tragedy that could lead to the breakup of the Indian nation." At the moment the separatist pressure is coming from Punjab; at other times it has been centered in Assam to the northeast, in Jammu and Kashmir to the north, and elsewhere.

If Rajiv can preserve the country's unity and prevent undue bloodshed over the next year, his future as Indira's successor will probably be assured. If he fails, and the union begins to crumble, the likeliest eventuality would be a military takeover. Since independence, India's generals have prided themselves on their respect for democracy in the British tradition, looking askance at their politicized counterparts in Pakistan. But if the alternative were to be the disintegration of the republic, they would probably not hesitate to act.

That prospect, however, may be remote. In its 37 years of independence, India has become largely self-sufficient in food production, made great strides toward industrialization, and generally retained the strength of its democratic institutions. Under Indira Gandhi it became the sixth nation to explode a nuclear device and one of the first to launch its own space satellite. Yet India has at the same time remained a nation mired in the bullock-cart age, whose exploding population is expected to reach the billion mark by the end of the century.

As the current chairman of the nonaligned movement, which her father helped found in the early '60s, Mrs. Gandhi was trying to overcome its Cuban and pro-Soviet dominance and restore it to its original position as a group of nations committed to neither the West nor the Soviet bloc. Nonetheless, Mrs. Gandhi's India was a little too friendly to the Soviet Union for Washington's taste. She signed a friendship treaty with Moscow and became a regular buyer of Soviet arms, while the U.S. lined up behind Pakistan. New Delhi was annoyed by Washington's opposition to India's nuclear program, and relations hit an alltime low when the Nixon Administration openly "tilted" toward Islamabad during the 1971 Indo-Pakistani war. Following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, which Mrs. Gandhi refused to condemn outright, the U.S. began to supply Pakistan with heavy arms aid. Some U.S. officials predicted last week that relations between the two countries, already on the mend, might improve under Rajiv. And so they may. But they will still be restricted by the fact that the U.S. is committed to providing Pakistan with $3.5 billion in American arms.

Pakistan does not pose the threat to India's security that it did before the 1971 war. But war jitters still break out sporadically. Furthermore, the Pakistanis are reportedly well along on their efforts to produce their own nuclear weapon. Echoing his mother's anger, Rajiv Gandhi said a few weeks ago that he expected war between India and Pakistan before the end of the year. He could do much to avert the threat of such a war by allowing a resumption of the talks with Pakistan that India called off in July.

Still, Rajiv's most immediate priority is to negotiate some sort of truce with the Sikh community and to end the bloodshed that is ravaging the country. Mrs. Gandhi contributed to the rise of Sikh extremism by refusing to compromise with the moderate faction of the Akali Dal, the Sikh political party, thereby enabling the fanatical Sant Bhindranwale to rise in the esteem of Sikh militants. Rajiv will have to find a way to seek a reconciliation at a time when emotions are inflamed on every side. One step toward solving this and other conflicts would be to permit a greater degree of autonomy for India's states and territories.

Rajiv has one sure advantage: he begins with the sympathy of the Indian people. Indira Gandhi, who had been a shy young woman, was never really trained to succeed her powerful parent, any more than Rajiv was. But in time she became a world figure who could still communicate with her people. One journalist who accompanied her on a trip a few years ago remembers how Mrs. Gandhi, when she visited a group of Harijan (untouchable) women who had been raped by men of a higher caste, sat down on the ground and listened to their stories. But she could be caustic and ruthless in dealing with party politicians. She once declared, "Some people say my father was like the banyan tree, that nothing could grow in his shadow. Nothing could be further from the truth. He was like the sun. He allowed everything to grow, including—let us be honest—the weeds." Even before succeeding his mother, Rajiv had set out to uproot some of these weeds, or their progeny.

Five days before her death, Indira Gandhi was talking with a foreign visitor about the problems of her country. She did not mention the Sikh problem by name, but she spoke of the need for India to "transcend its demons" and fight off the fanaticism on every side. On Saturday afternoon, her own demons vanquished at last, she was cremated and thereby freed, according to Hindu belief, to proceed with the inevitable process of reincarnation. —***By William E. Smith. Reported by Dean Brelis and K.K. Sharma/New Delhi, with other bureaus***

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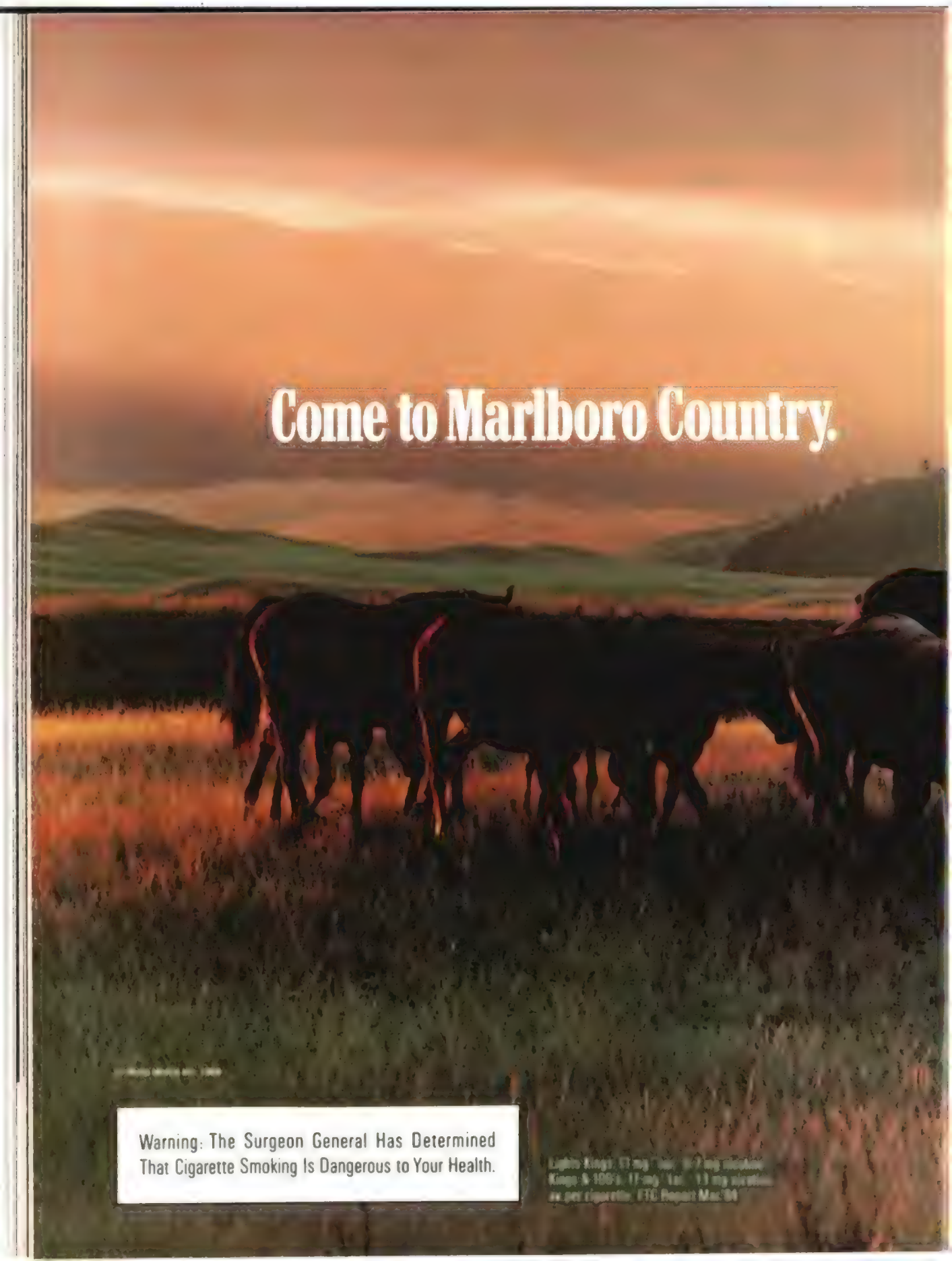
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The Lions of Punjab

Strong and close-knit, the Sikhs fight to preserve their identity

He cuts a strikingly distinctive figure. Generally tall and strapping, he sports a thick beard and, over his uncut hair, a turban wrapped of 15 ft. of elegantly coiled and pleated cloth. He takes as one of his names "Singh" (lion). He does not smoke or chew tobacco, and he eats the meat only of an animal that has been slain with one decisive stroke. In accordance with his religion, he at all times wears the five Ks: *kes* (long hair); *kach* (short trousers); *kara* (a steel bracelet on his right wrist); *kangha* (a comb); and *kirpan* (a curved dagger). Holding tenaciously to a creed of activism that decrees, "With your hands carve out your destiny," he tends to be a hard-working farmer, a go-getting businessman or a fearless warrior. He has been described, with poetic license perhaps, as "the Texan of India."

He is a Sikh, a member of a casteless religion that combines elements of Hinduism and Islam but scorns both the caste system of the Hindus and the historic expansionism of the Muslims in favor of monotheism, unembarrassed materialism and, where necessary, militarism. Though the 15 million Sikhs represent only about 2% of India's polyglot population, their influence is considerable. They account for 15% of the nation's army and an almost equally high proportion of its civil servants. Their efficient farming in Punjab, India's richest state, has helped make the country virtually self-sufficient in food production. Moreover, the President of India, Zail Singh, is a Sikh. Above all, perhaps, the Sikhs are fortified and distinguished by a binding sense of community, at home and abroad, and a mighty determination to protect their rights.

Together with their language and literature, the Sikhs cherish their religious customs and institutions. A newcomer is initiated by being anointed with sweet water that has been stirred in an iron bowl with a double-edged dagger. Sikhs pray together on equal footing in *gurdwaras*, or temples, through which reverberate chanted verses from the sacred book known as the *Granth Sahib*. The holiest of holies is the Golden Temple at Amritsar, some 250 miles northwest of Delhi, the shrine that was stormed by government troops five months ago. Rejecting all idols as false, the Sikh (the name means disciple) draws his inspiration from ten religious teachers, or gurus.

Ironically, the first of those teachers, and the founder of a faith now known for its warlike strength, was a gentle sage who preached a code of pacifism. Declaring "There is no Hindu, there is no Muslim," Guru Nanak forged a path between the two warring religions, drawing followers from both, when he created Sikhism in Punjab at the end of the 15th century. Two centuries later, however, Guru Nanak's teaching of religious tolerance was radically redirected by the tenth and last of the Sikh gurus, a skilled horseman and dauntless fighter named Gobind Singh. With his people being persecuted by Mogul warlords, Gobind formed a fierce fraternity of "warriors of God" known as the *Khalsa* (Pure).

As the Sikhs cleaved to Gobind's martial principles, the tales of their valor and ferocity became legion. They routed the Afghans at the Battle of Attock in 1813, and in 1849 they delivered a stinging defeat to the British at the Battle of Chillianwala. After they were forced to succumb to superior British firepower six weeks later, the Sikhs became among the sturdiest and trustiest men of the British army: during the great Indian Mutiny of 1857, the raj was kept alive by their support. After the British slaughtered nearly 400 civilians, many of them Sikhs, at Amritsar in 1919, the warriors changed allegiances and joined the crusade to bring down the raj. Sikh soldiers and policemen have, to this day, loyally protected their Hindu compatriots all over India.

With partition and independence in 1947, India went to the Hindus and Pakistan to the Muslims; the Sikhs were left in the middle. The Sikhs' home state of Punjab was cut to a third of its former size, and many Sikhs, finding themselves landless, became urban teachers, doctors and engineers. By now the vast majority of Sikhs are the very picture of middle-class respectability. Yet a small band of extremists has continued agitating, with ever more fervor, for a separate Sikh state that would be called Khalistan.

Their cause has enjoyed increasingly vigorous support in recent months from Sikhs abroad. "We may not be in India," said Amarjit Singh Dhillon, general secretary of the Supreme Council of Sikhs, in London last week. "But we are to the fighters in the homeland what the provisional Sinn Fein is to the Irish Republican Army here." In all, there are about 250,000 Sikhs in the U.S., 80,000 of them in New York and as many as 60,000 more in Northern California. Some 400,000 live in Britain.

When they first emigrated, many Sikhs tried to blend into their new homes by shedding their turbans and shaving their beards. But as they have grown more rooted and confident, they have proved characteristically resolute in defense of their customs. In 1969 Sikh bus crews in Britain defied, and defeated, a local transport committee that prohibited the wearing of turbans by employees. Then, mounting their own mobile version of civil disobedience, Sikh motorcyclists flouted British law by wearing their turbans in place of the required helmets. Just last year, after a private school refused admission to a 13-year-old Sikh boy whose father insisted he wear a turban, the three judicial peers who constitute Britain's highest court of appeal unanimously found the school guilty of racial discrimination. The Sikhs, they declared, were not just a religious community but an ethnic group. A group, moreover, that has never been shy about stressing its differences from the world around it. As one Sikh historian writes, "Where there is one Sikh, there is one Sikh. Where there are two Sikhs, there is an assembly of saints. Where there are five Sikhs, there is God."

Group portrait: Sikh officers strike a typical pose during the days of the raj

For centuries the tales of their valor and ferocity in battle have been legion.

—*By Pico Iyer. Reported by Dean Brelis/New Delhi and James Shepherd/London*

Sad, Lonely, but Never Afraid

Indira Gandhi: 1917-1984

An interviewer once asked Indira Gandhi if it was true, as he had heard from one of her aunts, that she had been the family pet. "Would you say," he pressed on, "you were a spoiled child?" Gandhi's crisp answer: "No." There was a long pause, and then she added, "On the contrary, I felt rather deprived of everything." After another pause, Gandhi began talking about when she was three and all her English dolls and dresses had to be destroyed because Indian nationalists were boycotting foreign goods. "My first memory was of burning foreign cloth and imported articles in the courtyard of the house. The whole family did it."

The next year, hardly aware of what was happening, she perched on her grandfather's knee as he and her father were sentenced to prison for opposing British rule in India. Her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, was to spend years in prison while his only child grew into a shy, frail adolescent. He wrote her a long series of laboriously educational prison letters, now widely read in Indian schools, that covered the whole history of the world. "They were the only companionship I had with my father," she later recalled.

It is difficult to assess the enigmatic and contradictory personality of the woman who ruled India for most of two decades, but the roots must lie somewhere in those years of loneliness. Daughter of a champion of democracy, she made herself at one point a virtual dictator. She could be warm and charming but also arrogant and ruthless. She always had a look of sadness. "I like being Prime Minister, yes, but . . . I am not ambitious," she once said. And on another occasion: "I could have become an interior decorator. I could even have become a dancer."

When Indira Priyadarshini (the second name means Dear to Behold) was born on Nov. 19, 1917, in Allahabad in the northern state of Uttar Pradesh, the Nehru family servants gathered around to pay homage to the master's elaborately swaddled infant, and one of them misguidedly congratulated Nehru on the birth of a son. Perhaps he did wish for a political heir; if so, it had to be Indira, for there were to be no other children.

As a little girl, Indira liked to climb on a table and, as she recalled, "deliver thunderous speeches to the servants." Once the foreign-made toys had been destroyed, she arranged her Indian-made dolls in Indian circumstances, some as demonstrators marching for independence, some as British police clubbing them on the heads.

Her mother Kamala was a demure and subservient woman who had been found for Nehru by his father; it was an arranged marriage, and the acquired bride was greatly scorned by Nehru's Westernized female relatives. While the men were in prison, Kamala developed tuberculosis, so she was sent to Switzerland to convalesce. Indira went with her, to two bleak years at a school near Geneva; then, after Kamala's death, she went on to Somerville, a women's college at Oxford. One relief from her loneliness was a penniless but galvanizing Indian student in London, Feroze Gandhi.

At her desk in New Delhi two months before her death

"I like being Prime Minister, yes, but I am not ambitious."

Feroze had been studying in Allahabad some years earlier when the sickly Kamala collapsed while marching in an anti-British demonstration outside his college. He took her home, became slightly infatuated with her and lingered around the house as a friend of the family's. He hardly noticed Indira, who was five years younger than he. But after the two had returned home to India from blitzed and threatened London, Indira announced in 1941 that they wanted to get married. Nehru was dismayed; he needed Indira to run his household. Feroze had no money, no job. "Nobody wanted that marriage, nobody," Indira said later, but she was adamant. Nehru himself wove a pink cotton sari for her to wear as her wedding dress. In 1944, Rajiv was born, and two years after that, Sanjay.

Nehru never ceased to make demands on Indira, and his daughter never stopped acceding to them. She repeatedly left Feroze's home to preside over social functions for her father. When Nehru became independent India's first Prime Minister in 1947, Indira moved back into his house with her two sons and became his official host. That was in effect the end of her five-year marriage, though she never divorced Feroze. He won a seat in Parliament in 1952, occasionally made bitter sarcasms about Nehru and died of a heart attack in 1960.

As "the nation's daughter," Indira accompanied Nehru everywhere, to Washington three times, to Peking and Moscow. Usually she walked a few steps behind her illustrious father, always deferential, ready to be of use. Nehru trusted her and confided in her, but even as she neared 40 she had no political status, made few speeches, offered little advice. She knew everyone, but no one took her very seriously.

In 1955 the Congress Party asked her to serve on the 21-member administrative working committee. She did well, organizing charities, making speeches for social-welfare causes and traveling widely on party business. But those efforts would hardly have made her president of the party within four years. Her elevation was partly an honor to Nehru, then at the height of his power, and partly the result of a complex intrigue. Younger officials in the party hoped to use Gandhi as a well-liked figurehead with which to challenge the old-line bosses who traditionally dominated Indian politics.

Gandhi proved a surprisingly forceful administrator of the party bureaucracy. She weeded out a number of time servers, promoted younger officials, negotiated agreements among rival factions; she also played a key part in ousting a Communist state government in Kerala. But after a year she quit, saying that she had to devote all her energies to her father.

Now past 70, and more than a decade in office, Nehru was becoming increasingly disillusioned and crotchety. Sometimes he snapped at Indira, too, saying "Don't talk nonsense" or telling her to keep quiet. She unfailingly did as he ordered. One night in January 1964, Nehru finished a speech, then suffered a stroke and collapsed in Indira's arms. For more than four months, she not only nursed

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him but aided him in running the country from his sickbed. When Nehru died of another stroke that May, a dry-eyed Indira supervised every detail of the tumultuous funeral and flew in the plane that scattered his ashes across the countryside.

Then she collapsed in tears. Almost every time someone spoke to her, she would start crying. Nehru's successor, Lal Bahadur Shastri, wanted her to serve as Foreign Minister, but she wanted no public office at all. Only after ten days of Shastri's pleading did she agree to serve as Minister of Information and Broadcasting, a minor post. After less than two years in office, Shastri suddenly died, and the Congress Party bosses could not agree on a successor. They turned to Mrs. Gandhi as someone who could serve while the struggle for power went on.

And so, at the age of nearly 50, and with very little official experience, Indira Gandhi almost accidentally became the leader of India's millions. She seemed to have no clear idea of what to do. The economy lurched into a major recession, bad weather brought threats of famine, and a general election the following year sharply reduced the Congress Party's majority. "The Prime Minister has no program, no world view, no grand design," one of her aides later commented. Mrs. Gandhi corroborated that analysis, in a way, when she said, "I have a housewife's mentality when I go about my job. If I see something dirty or untidy, I have to clean it up."

Yet to the astonishment of her original supporters, Mrs. Gandhi turned out to be a fighter. In 1967 she proposed a controversial ten-point program that included nationalizing the commercial banks and cutting off the government's $6 million annual subsidies to a variety of maharajahs and princelings. When conservative opponents rallied around her chief rival, Deputy Prime Minister Morarji Desai, she dismissed him from her Cabinet. When the party chiefs, angered by her leftward turn, expelled her for "grave acts of undiscipline," she went to the Parliament and won a vote of confidence. When she called a surprise election in 1971, she triumphantly captured more than two-thirds of the seats. And when civil war

THE NEW YORK TIMES

Visiting with Mahatma Gandhi, 1935

broke out between the two regions of neighboring Pakistan, she sent in troops to help transform East Pakistan into the new nation of Bangladesh.

Mrs. Gandhi was at the peak of her power, but she was still unable to deal with the huge problems of governing India. The costs of the 1971 war, which had brought millions of refugees pouring into India, helped send the economy into another spin. The badly divided Congress Party was widely accused of graft and incompetence. Mrs. Gandhi's main interest was in claiming the role of a great power. She detonated India's first atom bomb in 1974 and reached out for Soviet aid and weaponry to re-equip India's armed forces.

Then came the great crisis and the great fall. In 1975 a court in Allahabad convicted Mrs. Gandhi of having violated the electoral law by misusing government property in her last campaign. The court not only canceled her election to Parliament but barred her from holding office for six years. Her opponents in Parliament immediately claimed that the ruling meant she must resign as Prime Minister, but Mrs. Gandhi instead declared a state of emergency. The police rounded up and jailed opposition politicians, union leaders, student demonstrators—some 50,000 people in all. Civil liberties were suspended, the press censored. Even her old rival Desai, by then 79, who had claimed that "Mrs. Gandhi is worse than Hitler or Stalin," was hauled off to prison. Some believed she acted under the malign influence of her younger son Sanjay, but she defied all critics. "In India, democracy has given too much license to people," she said. "Sometimes bitter medicine has to be administered to a patient to cure him."

Mrs. Gandhi surprised everyone by calling elections early in 1977. She apparently believed that the people would once again rally behind her. To her consternation, the vote went overwhelmingly against her. Desai emerged from prison to become the new Prime Minister. Mrs. Gandhi was arrested on a charge of corruption, then released, then rearrested the following year and released again.

Mrs. Gandhi's opponents soon fell to quarreling with one another, and when the nation once again voted, in January 1980, it swept her right back into power. Having freely given up her office before being re-elected, Mrs. Gandhi to a certain extent had healed the injuries that she had inflicted on Indian politics and on her own reputation. By now she had become a national heroine. "Indira *zindabad* [Long live Indira]!" the crowds would shout wherever she went. Millions knew her simply as Madam, or Madamji, or *Amma* (Mother), or even just She.

Inevitably, perhaps, Mrs. Gandhi attracted more violent emotions. "Once a man poked a gun at me," she said not long before her death. "Another time, in Delhi, someone threw a knife at me. And then, of course, there are always the stones, the bricks, the bottles." When she was speaking to a crowd in Orissa in 1967, a stone smashed her in the face, breaking her nose and cutting her lip. She pulled her sari over her face to cover the blood, but refused to leave the podium. "I am frequently attacked," she said. "But I'm not afraid." That was the kind of woman who died last week: not afraid, only surprised at the men who shot her as she was greeting them in her garden. —*By Otto Friedrich*

As Nehru's companion with the Nixons in Washington, 1956

As Prime Minister with Leonid Brezhnev in India, 1980

"What a Life I Have Made!"

Unpublished letters reveal an unsettled, unhappy Indira

Dorothy Norman, a New York–based writer and photographer, first met Indira Gandhi, then 31, when she accompanied her father, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, to the U.S. in 1949. The two women instantly struck up a friendship that they were to sustain over 35 years in India, the U.S. and while traveling together through Europe. In her book of memoirs, Encounters, *to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Norman recalls her impressions of the Prime Minister's lonely and often sickly daughter and includes several affectionate, heartfelt letters that Indira wrote her during the '50s. Excerpts from those letters:*

Oct. 13, 1950

I am full of ideas but I haven't the driving force and energy to execute them. One has to fight so much for every little thing. I was born bone lazy, so I have developed a system of dividing things into most important, important, less important, and I fight only for the first, sometimes if I am very fit and energetic for the second as well.

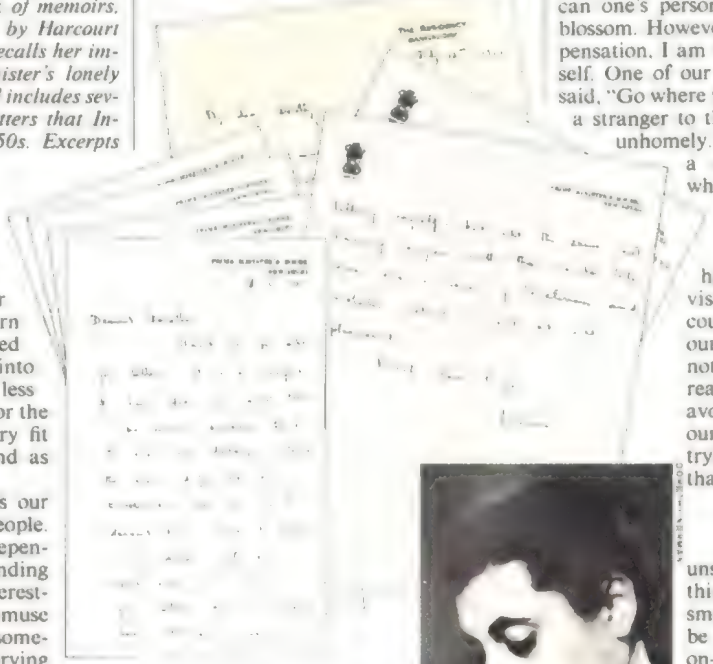
What complicates life is our entanglement with other people. There is so much inter-dependence and so little understanding . . . I do wish I were more interested in people as such. They amuse me and they irritate me and sometimes I find myself observing them as if I were not of the same species at all. Isn't that an awful thought?

July 12, 1951

On the whole it is a frustrating life. Long ago when I was a student in England, I went to [Economist] Harold Laski for advice about my studies. He said, "Young woman, if you want to amount to something you had better start on your own life right now—if you tag along with your father you won't be able to do anything else." But there doesn't seem to be any choice, in the sense that I *felt* my father's loneliness so intensely, and I felt also that whatever I amounted to, or whatever satisfaction I got from my own work, would not, from a wide perspective, be so useful as my "tagging" along, smoothing the corners and dealing with many details, small but necessary, which in my absence he has to tackle himself with consequent loss of patience and temper! . . . I am fortunate in having just enough humor to tide me over the worst situations and enough love of nature to find beauty and delight in the most unexpected places. And there are so many other things—people and books, music and pictures and, above all else, my own children and the fascination of watching them grow and develop into two such very different persons.

May 31, 1955

What a life I have made for myself!



Often I seem to be standing outside myself, watching and wondering if it's all worth the trouble. One acts the way one is made and it is only once in a lifetime that opportunity comes our way. I cannot say whether I have made good use of it or not.

It's certainly true that I have grown enormously since you saw me last. I am confident of myself but still humble enough to feel acutely embarrassed when all kinds of VIPs come for advice and even help in their projects, as is increasingly happening. I still haven't got used to being on the Working Committee of the A.I.C.C. [All India Congress Committee]! . . . Can you imagine me being an "elder statesman"?

My duties and responsibilities have also grown enormously. I have my finger in so many pies that it would take too long even to list them. And if you remember me and what a perfect tyrant of a conscience I have got, you will understand that this does *not* mean merely lending my name to some association or attendance at committee meetings. It means hard work, planning, organizing, directing, scouting for new helpers, humoring the old and so on, in several fields—political, social welfare and cultural . . .

I have been and am deeply unhappy in my domestic life. Now, the hurt and the unpleasantness don't seem to matter so much. I am sorry, though, to have missed the most wonderful thing in life, having a complete and perfect relationship with another human being: for only thus, I feel, can one's personality fully develop and blossom. However, and perhaps as compensation, I am more at peace with myself. One of our 17th century poets has said, "Go where thou wilt . . . if thy soul is a stranger to thee, this whole world is unhomely." I think I have come to a stage where home is wherever I go.

Feb. 23, 1956

All those of us who have the opportunity of visiting the Communist countries are very clear in our minds that we should not follow that path and we realize that we can only avoid this by strengthening our own organization and trying to prove to the people that ours is the better way.

April 17, 1958

I myself am feeling very unsettled—is it age, do you think? Ever since I was a small girl, there seemed to be some force driving me on—as if there were a debt to pay. But suddenly the debt seems to be paid—anyhow I get a tremendous urge to leave everything and retire to a far far place high in the mountains!

As a young woman, by Norman

Nov. 5, 1959

All sections in India, with the solitary exception of the Communists, feel that I have done a good job [as Congress Party President] and there is tremendous pressure on me to continue for another term. It has been tough work—sometimes exhausting, but always a worthwhile experience. I have gained tremendously in self-confidence. But I do not wish to continue for many reasons. The routine part of the work takes too much time and is too confining. I have felt like a bird in a too-small cage. Also I feel that I have now established myself and will be able to do quite a lot even from outside, besides being free to take up any particular project—there are some which are urgent. ■

POLAND

A Nation Mourns a Martyred Priest

Justice is promised, but the regime is implicated

A cloud of thick gray smoke and the pungent scent of burning wax wafted above the jumble of gravestones in Warsaw's Powazki Cemetery last Thursday. It was All Saints' Day, and thousands of Poles had crowded into the historic burial ground to light candles in memory of the dead. This year the solemn tradition had a special poignancy. The photograph of a frail, youthful man in clerical collar had been nailed to a tree near an unmarked plot that has become the unofficial monument to those who died in the months following the imposition of martial law in December 1981. The inscription beneath the picture read KILLED BY SECURITY FORCES. For the mourners who added their candles to countless others flickering under the makeshift memorial, no other identification was necessary.

When Father Jerzy Popieluszko, 37, was abducted on a lonely stretch of road outside the city of Torun on Oct. 19, many Poles refused to believe that the popular priest could have been the victim of gangland-style violence. During the grimmest hours of military rule, Popieluszko's eloquence and passionate dedication had offered hope to many Poles that the spirit of Solidarity, the banned trade-union movement, would somehow survive. But each passing day brought new revelations of involvement by the secret police in a plot to silence Popieluszko. Hope for the priest's safe return soon gave way to the suspicion that hard-line factions in the regime were trying to cover up the truth about the disappearance. The awful reality broke on Tuesday, when police frogmen found the priest's body in a reservoir on the Vistula River, 85 miles northwest of Warsaw.

Within minutes of the official announcement of Popieluszko's death, thousands of Poles massed in front of the twin-towered church of St. Stanislaw Kostka, the parish in northern Warsaw where the priest had worked during the last four years of his life. Inside the church, Father Feliks Polejewski announced at the end of Mass that "Father Jerzy is among the blessed today." For a moment, all emotion seemed to drain from the congregation, which had kept up a determined vigil for eleven days. Then came the sobs, as the crowd haltingly began to sing a patriotic anthem. Reciting the Lord's Prayer, Father Polejewski gently emphasized the words, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Three times he repeated the words "we forgive." Said the priest: "He did not die because he thought of himself but because he thought of others. He died for love and for the truth."

Flower-decked portrait of Popieluszko

Defiant parishioners at Warsaw's St. Stanislaw Kostka Church flash the victory sign

During the grimmest hours, his eloquence and passionate dedication offered hope.

Fearing that the tragic news might spark street demonstrations and clashes with police, church leaders and Solidarity activists appealed for calm. During his weekly audience at the Vatican, Pope John Paul II urged his countrymen not to disturb "the great moral eloquence of this death." Former Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa asked Poles to observe "the silence of mourning." Said he: "They wanted to kill, and they killed not only a man, not only a Pole, not only a priest. They wanted to kill the hope that it is possible in Poland to avoid violence in political life."

On Saturday, 400,000 mourners gathered for an open-air funeral Mass in front of St. Stanislaw Kostka Church, all but enveloping the building and spilling down the neighboring streets. For the first time since the military crackdown, Walesa addressed an enormous crowd. At the very mention of his name, Poles began to cheer and flash the V-for-victory sign. "We swear that we will never forget his death," Walesa declared. "A Poland that has such priests has not lost and shall never be lost."

As bells tolled, Popieluszko's plain wooden coffin was carried into the churchyard and lowered into a brick-lined grave. Someone had removed the heart-shaped bouquet with the letter S (for Solidarity) set in white against a background of red carnations, which had adorned the casket. But after the funeral, thousands of Poles marched toward the city center carrying Solidarity banners. Riot police deployed along the way appeared to be under orders to keep their distance; there were no reports of violence to mar the day of mourning.

The authorities had wanted Popieluszko to be buried in his native village of Okopy, a hamlet 20 miles from the Soviet border, but they yielded to the church's request for a Warsaw funeral. In a further concession, the regime allowed a church-appointed doctor and lawyer to observe the autopsy. Government officials insisted that there would be no plea bargaining with the secret-police captain and two lieutenants who were arrested soon after the priest disappeared. They will be tried for kidnaping and murder, a charge that carries a possible death sentence. At week's end the official investigation had reached even higher into the Interior Ministry, which controls the secret police: two colonels were arrested and a general was suspended.

Despite the government's measures to defuse tension, there was widespread suspicion of high-level complicity in the tragedy. Even when Popieluszko was a young seminary student serving a mandatory term in the military, he had spent time in the stockade for conducting prayer services. The priest was so dedicated in

carrying out his duties at his first Warsaw parish, the historic Church of St. Anne, that his superiors feared for his health and transferred him to what they thought would be a less demanding post. But as soon as Popieluszko arrived at the parish of St. Stanislaw Kostka, he took on the job of chaplain to the huge Huta Warszawa steelworks, winning over hard-drinking mill hands with his friendly, unassuming manner. In the pulpit, Popieluszko became an eloquent defender of Solidarity, and after the military crackdown his monthly "Mass for the fatherland" became a rallying point for the opposition.

His grieving parents in the village of Okopy

Popieluszko's name figured prominently on a list of 69 priests that the regime accused of crossing the line from the church into politics. When police claimed to have discovered explosives and anti-Communist literature in Popieluszko's apartment, the priest declared that the officers knew exactly where to look because they had planted the evidence. The authorities did not press charges against Popieluszko but continued the campaign by other means. Under the pseudonym Jan Rem, Government Press Spokesman Jerzy Urban wrote a scathing article in the weekly *Tu i Teraz* calling Popieluszko a "modern-day Rasputin." The priest, he said, held "hate sessions" in his church.

There was widespread speculation that the kidnaping and murder had been carefully planned by hard-liners to discredit Jaruzelski and his Interior Minister, General Czeslaw Kiszczak. For many Poles the pieces of the puzzle seemed to fit together too neatly. Secret Police Captain Grzegorz Piotrowski, the apparent ringleader of the kidnapers, was identified last week as an officer in the Interior Ministry section that monitors the activities of religious groups in Poland. His two lieutenants were recognized almost immediately by Popieluszko's driver, who had noticed the secret policemen following him before the kidnaping. Piotrowski and his conspirators apparently believed they could pull off the crime without risk, and they hinted under interrogation that they did not expect to be tried.

In a press conference describing the police investigation, Urban suggested that there had been an antigovernment plot, but he refused to provide any evidence. According to one theory, the secret-police officers schemed to kidnap Popieluszko in an effort to create a crisis and forestall a rumored plan by Jaruzelski to purge hard-liners.

The Popieluszko murder is only one in a series of unexplained acts of violence during the past three years. According to the New York City–based U.S. Helsinki Watch Committee, about 55 Poles, many of them former Solidarity activists or supporters, have died under mysterious circumstances since martial law was imposed. In the city of Wroclaw last week, a group of workers and intellectuals announced the creation of a committee to monitor human rights abuses. Members said they had taken the unusual step because "the police forces have slipped out of social control and even out of the control of the authorities."

Popieluszko's abductors may have arrogantly assumed that the fragmented opposition would be too weak to forcefully respond to his death. Instead, the tragedy had provided the nation with a new symbol of courage. In their shock and grief, many Poles recalled some of the last words spoken by their martyred priest: "A Christian's duty is to stand by the truth, even if truth carries with it a high price," Popieluszko had told parishioners from the city of Bydgoszcz who had gathered to recite the rosary. "Please God, let us retain our dignity throughout each day of our lives."

—*By John Kohan.*
Reported by John Moody/Warsaw

Memories of Father Jerzy

Boston Bureau Chief Richard Hornik covered Poland for TIME *during the Solidarity era and under martial law. Still vivid in his mind is the memory of a priest he knew. His report:*

He shyly introduced himself as Father Jerzy and asked if he could be of help. I had been wandering around the ground floor of the rectory of St. Stanislaw Kostka in Warsaw attempting to interview recipients of Western aid distributed by the Catholic Church. Jerzy Popieluszko, painfully frail and thin, introduced me to his parishioners, calming their fears about talking to a Western journalist. It was only a few months after the imposition of martial law, and the national spirit that had soared during the heyday of Solidarity had been crushed by Polish soldiers and police.

But Father Jerzy was not cowed, and he gladly explained how his aid center distributed medical supplies. It was clear from his shabby cassock and waxen complexion that he, unlike some of his colleagues at other Polish churches, rarely availed himself of the fruits of Western aid. In a room upstairs was a large map of Poland showing the location of every political detention center in the country. This quiet, unassuming priest had become a message center for the Solidarity underground, keeping activists in touch with one another. He was a valued source, for he knew better than most what was going on in the splintered organization. He lived in constant fear of being arrested and never slept well. Although he operated openly, he did take some minor precautions, such as keeping underground literature in a bag hanging outside his bedroom window. Eventually he found it necessary to seek the protection of some of the brawnier steelworkers to whom he had ministered.

With a Solidarity poster of a Polish saint

Although he was to become known for his monthly sermons denouncing Poland's Communist rulers, he never declared hatred for his opponents. He was not a firebrand but a deeply religious man who simply followed the dictates of his conscience. And for that he was murdered.

HONDURAS

Foiling a Coup

The FBI springs a trap

The conspirators had met with the assassin two dozen times over the past two months. They had paid him $100,000, plus $20,000 in expense fees, and promised him $200,000 more after the deed was done. His mission: kill Roberto Suazo Córdova, 57, President of Honduras, before mid-November. During the civil chaos that would presumably follow the assassination, the plotters intended to seize control of the Central American state. There was one catch: unknown to them, the hired assassin was working for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The bureau sprang its trap last week, arresting eight of the nine conspirators in Miami. The ninth surrendered to authorities at week's end in Santiago, Chile. The ringleader of the operation was Gerard Latchinian, 46, who is said to have been one of the wealthiest men in Honduras. He is known among the Honduran military as "the ambassador of death," a nickname he acquired as one of the region's major arms dealers.

The co-conspirators include Latchinian's brother Jerome, 48; Faiz Sikaffy, 48, a Honduran businessman who claims that the Suazo government has frozen $7.7 million of his assets; Manuel Binker, 48, a Cuban exile who operates auto-body shops in Miami; José Zimmerman, a Vero Beach, Fla., pilot; and Major General José Bueso Rosa, a Honduran military attaché in Santiago.

At a press conference after the arrests, FBI Spokesman Joseph Corliss said the bureau learned of the plot in July from an unnamed "cooperating witness." The informant introduced FBI Special Agent Eduardo M. Sanchez to the plotters, who hired him as the assassin. In addition to a $300,000 fee and 22 lbs. of cocaine, the conspirators promised Sanchez weapons, night-vision equipment, explosives, tanks, airplanes and miscellaneous military ordnance for the proposed coup. The agent was instructed to hire four other hitmen to help carry out the assassination.

President Suazo under heavy guard

There was just one catch.

The plotters hoped to finance the operation with the proceeds from an illegal 763-lb. shipment of cocaine flown last week from Colombia to a remote landing strip in southern Florida. The FBI seized the cocaine (wholesale value: $10.3 million) four days before the arrests. According to bureau sources, two other recent Florida drug hauls were also related to the Suazo plot.

The motive for seeking to overthrow Suazo remains in doubt, but law-enforcement sources speculate that the conspirators wanted to reinstate General Gustavo Alvarez Martinez, who was deposed last spring as armed forces commander and *de facto* leader of the country by the current regime. Bueso Rosa, the former Honduran Army Chief of Staff, was demoted and sent to Chile after Alvarez's deposal. The two men are known to be close friends, but Alvarez, who now lives in exile in Tampa, denied knowledge of the conspiracy.

In the meantime the FBI, suffering from a spate of bad publicity—the acquittal of Auto Magnate John De Lorean on drug-trafficking charges, revelations that the bureau had been slow to detect alleged espionage by one of its counterintelligence officers—was elated by the Honduran coup busting. "We want to make it clear that the full resources of the FBI will be devoted to preventing terrorist acts like those disclosed today," said Director William Webster. At his family farm 50 miles outside Tegucigalpa, the Honduran capital, President Suazo was being guarded by 800 Honduran soldiers. ■

ITALY

Secret Film

New details of the papal plot

Revelations continue to emerge about the thesis that the 1981 shooting of Pope John Paul II was the result of a conspiracy. The most spectacular assertion in a secret, 1,243-page report submitted to Italian authorities last week by Judge Ilario Martella was that a second would-be assassin, besides Turkish Terrorist Mehmet Ali Agca, fired at the Pontiff in St. Peter's Square. According to Martella, the second gunman was Oral Celik, 25, a Turk described as Agca's closest friend, who has not been seen since the day of the shooting. Agca told Martella that Celik was with him in the square that day, but his testimony is considered inconclusive. Now Martella is said to have a heretofore secret film that—along with medical reports, ballistic evidence and eyewitness accounts—lends further credence to the two-gunman theory.

According to Agca's testimony, he fired "two or three shots in rapid succession" as John Paul came into pistol range in the square. Martella argues that Agca fired only twice, and that it was Celik who got off the third shot heard by witnesses and recorded on the film. Nonetheless, only one pistol, one bullet and one spent cartridge were ever recovered.

Man identified as Celik fleeing the square

Film of two shots; many heard three.

The film in Martella's possession was shot by a Vatican camera crew and for unknown reasons was not shown at Agca's July 1981 trial. According to Martella's report, the footage clearly shows the explosion of two shots coming from Agca's gun, and the film's sound track contains two reports from his 9-mm Browning automatic pistol. Martella says that as many as 20 witnesses reported they heard three shots. In addition, he cites a previously undisclosed portion of Agca's confession in which he recalls that "if I found myself unable to fire off at least five pistol shots, Celik also should have fired."

The Martella document adds another layer of complexity to the Bulgarian connection. In the report's summary, the judge ordered three Bulgarians and five Turks to be tried for the conspiracy. Among them is Zhelio Vassilev, a former official of the Bulgarian embassy in Rome, who is currently in Sofia and thus beyond the reach of Italian law. Martella relates that according to Agca, Vassilev urged at a May 10, 1981, meeting of the conspirators that the shooting be carried out as soon as possible. According to Agca, Vassilev emphasized urgency because "French and Rumanian secret services . . . had come to know about the possibility of [the assassination], and that the news had probably been given to them by some Bulgarian who played a double-cross." Martella reports that "many confirmations" for such intriguing possibilities were found during the investigation.

Martella's case for a conspiracy trial, which is expected to begin some time next year, repeatedly suggests that prosecutors follow up on his findings. Only a fraction of the evidence gathered by Martella during nearly three years of investigation has been made public so far. ■

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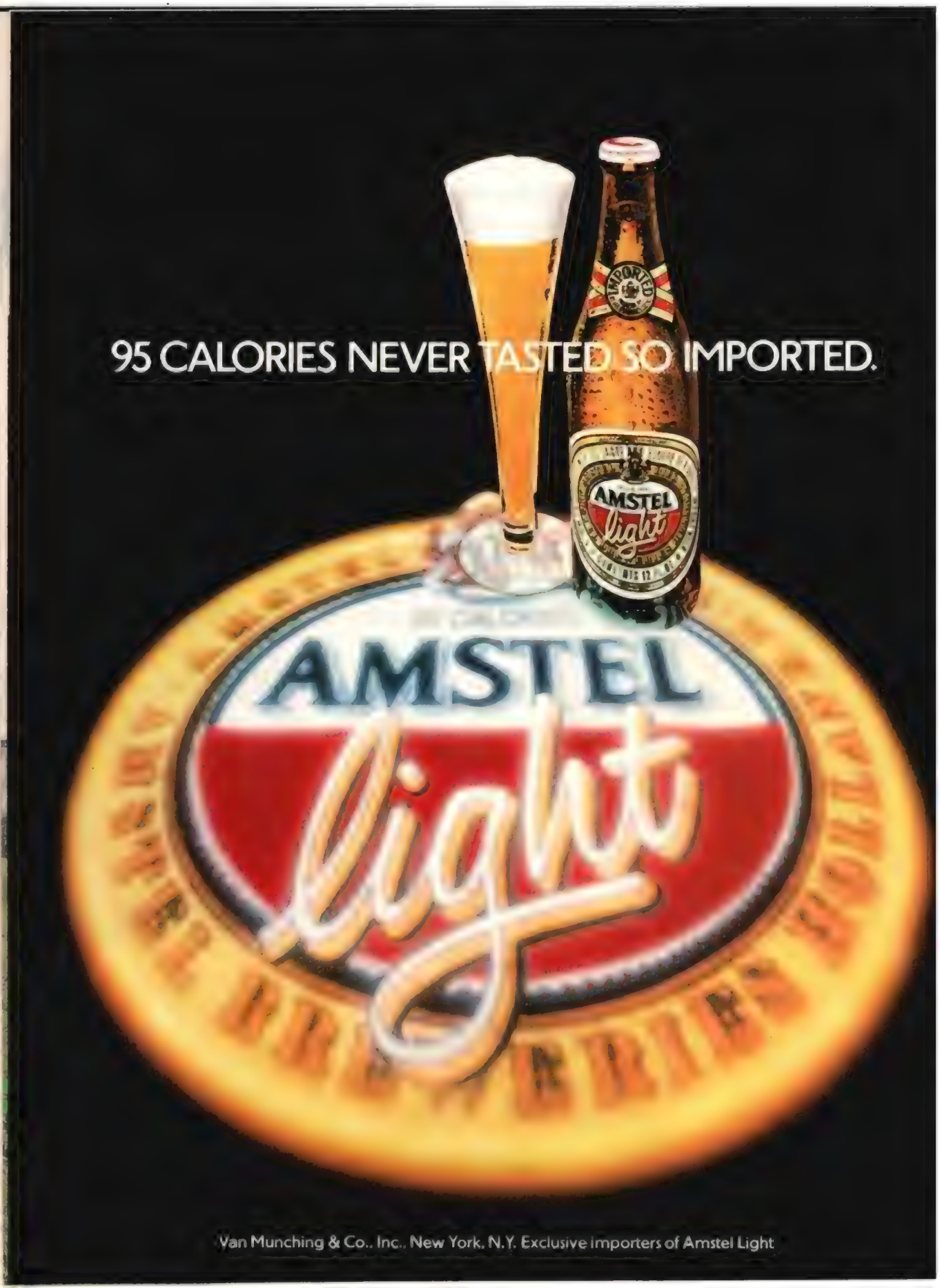
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JAY D. RUBIN—SIPA

Ambassador Lewis and Assistant Secretary Murphy meet with Peres, right, in Jerusalem

ISRAEL

Pullout Signs

Hope for southern Lebanon

"There is no such thing as a good solution to the Lebanon question. The most we can wish for is to make the best of a bad job." Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin offered that bleak but accurate observation last week amid small, conflicting signs that the eventual withdrawal of 22,000 Israeli troops from southern Lebanon may be growing closer. At the United Nations, it was announced that Israeli and Lebanese military delegations will hold their first meeting this week to discuss the pullout. In Jerusalem, the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, Richard Murphy, met with Prime Minister Shimon Peres and other leaders (though Murphy sidestepped an Israeli request for the U.S. to act as a mediator in the withdrawal effort). In Damascus, the Syrian capital, there were official expressions of approval at the prospect of a Lebanese-Israeli meeting but continued rejection of two key Israeli demands: that Syria promise not to move into the vacuum created by an Israeli withdrawal, and that Damascus guarantee Israel's northern border against Palestinian guerrilla infiltration.

The most significant development was a growing sense in Israel that its forces must be withdrawn from Lebanon quickly. After its first formal Cabinet debate on the issue, Peres' Unity government last week declared that Israel was committed to getting out of southern Lebanon as soon as possible. The Cabinet did not set a date, but instead endorsed a two-part withdrawal strategy involving negotiations with the so far intransigent Syrians and with the Lebanese military on security arrangements for the area.

Peres has suggested that the negotiating process and eventual withdrawal might take as long as a year. That may not be soon enough for the Israeli public, which is growing ever more weary of the 29-month occupation. Pressure of a different kind is coming from the U.S. The Peres government clearly expects the Reagan Administration to help Israel out of its economic crisis. But at the same time, the Administration is determined to maintain a neutral role in the southern Lebanon negotiations unless, as State Department Spokesman Alan Romberg puts it, all parties to the dispute "adopt practical, problem-solving approaches."

In that vein, this week's Lebanese-Israeli military talks, to be held at U.N. headquarters in the southern Lebanese town of Naqoura, must be considered a small step forward. At the meeting the Israelis are expected to reiterate their insistence on a post-withdrawal role for the 5,200 U.N. peacekeeping troops in southern Lebanon, along with whatever units of the Lebanese Army can successfully patrol the area. In addition, Israel will insist on a substantive security role for the Israeli-backed, 2,100-man South Lebanon Army (SLA) commanded by General Antoine Lahd. The Lebanese are said to be ready with a compromise offer: the integration of about 600 members of the SLA into a newly formed Lebanese force that would serve alongside the U.N. contingent. The Israelis have not indicated whether they would accept such a deal.

Amid the small signs of accommodation, there was one clanging note of discord last week. Speaking at a Tel Aviv University symposium commemorating the sixth anniversary of the Camp David accords, U.S. Ambassador to Israel Samuel Lewis criticized his bosses' efforts in the Middle East. Commenting on the Reagan Administration's September 1982 peace plan, Lewis called the timing of the proposal "abysmal, the tactics of presentation worse, and the outcome, so far, nil."

Officials in Washington were outraged at Lewis' remarks. Secretary of State George Shultz was described as "chewing the carpet." The State Department noted lamely that Lewis, a highly regarded career diplomat, did not "criticize the substance" of the Reagan plan. Lewis emphasized that the remarks were "personal musings" and an embassy spokesman said that the Ambassador "remained firmly committed" to the Reagan proposal. ■

ETHIOPIA

Finally, Relief

TV film triggers a flood of aid

For more than two years the horror has been creeping across the African continent: a devastating drought that has left in its wake some 35 million starving men, women and children. In Ethiopia alone, where at least 6 million people are destitute, this year's death toll may soon reach 900,000. Despite warnings from relief agencies like the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) that the globe is facing the greatest human disaster in recent history, the response has been widespread indifference.

Last week that apathy vanished. The catalyst was dramatic television footage, shot by a BBC team and aired in the U.S. by NBC, that showed grim scenes of emaciated children and rows of corpses laid out on the cracked Ethiopian plain. Within hours, contributions from individual American citizens began pouring in to such relief agencies as Catholic Relief Services, Oxfam America and Grassroots International. All have been issuing warnings of the impending disaster in Africa for years. The U.S. Government added $10 million to the $35 million already allotted for food aid to the beleaguered country, doubling last year's total U.S. aid to Ethiopia.

As concern mounted, the trickle of international aid became a flood. The Soviet Union, which has largely ignored the disaster developing inside its Communist ally, announced that it was sending 400 to 500 trucks, 16 planes and 24 helicopters to distribute foodstuffs. The European Community granted nearly $42 million in emergency aid to Ethiopia, Mauritania, Niger, Mali and Chad for this year. The

Starving father and child in Ethiopia

The trickle of aid has become a flood

U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome approved $415.8 million in emergency aid to Ethiopia, Kenya, Rwanda and Lesotho. And Australia added $3.5 million in extra food aid to the $9 million already pledged to African countries. Said UNICEF's representative in Addis Ababa: "We have been asking for help since early 1983. It seems you have to have thousands of corpses before people will sit up and take notice."

But the spectacle of human beings with bones as thin and brittle as dead twigs produced controversy as well as compassion. The Rev. Charles Elliott, a British relief official who until last month was the director of Christian Aid, claimed that the U.S. and Britain had withheld assistance with the intention of destabilizing Ethiopia's Marxist government. M. Peter McPherson, U.S. administrator of the Agency for International Development, denied such charges and instead blamed the Soviet Union for its "callous indifference" to the plight of its African ally. The Soviets, said McPherson, have provided Ethiopia with some $3 billion worth of weapons but only 10,000 tons of rice—a food that Ethiopians normally do not eat. McPherson also lambasted Ethiopian President Mengistu Haile Mariam for spending more than $100 million two months ago to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the coup that brought his government to power. Mengistu, he claimed, was "not especially interested" in feeding his starving millions.

McPherson's remarks did not appease some Administration critics, who believe that even the increased U.S. aid package is too small for a country with large stores of surplus grain. Said House Speaker Tip O'Neill: "Something is very, very wrong. We turn on the news and we see African children starving to death, and we get no explanation whatever of why we Americans are allowing this to happen."

Late last week U.S. and British planes jammed with food and medical supplies began arriving in Ethiopia. Until this month, shipments had remained stalled in port in Assab, and tons of grain were reported to be rotting on the dockside. The few trucks and vans available to distribute supplies are in disrepair, and spare parts are scarce. There are only about 6,000 trucks in the entire country, and only a few hundred have been diverted from military use.

The cause of Ethiopia's agony has been a series of disastrous harvests caused by the prolonged drought. The harvest of teff, the grain crop that provides the main source of food for Ethiopians, was very poor last winter, according to a U.N. senior official in Rome, and the secondary crop that came in last spring was "a virtual failure." Said the official: "The tragedy in Ethiopia demands not only an immediate response but a sustained response." —*By Jamie Murphy. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington and Maryanne Vollers/Nairobi*

SOVIET UNION

Svetlana Returns to Her "Prison"

Stalin's daughter goes home to the country she once vilified

Seventeen years ago, Joseph Stalin's daughter Svetlana Alliluyeva took a taxi in New Delhi to the U.S. embassy, where she asked American officials for asylum. The Soviets had allowed her to visit India in order to take home the ashes of her common-law husband, who had died of a respiratory disease. After asylum was granted, she flew to New York, where she greeted reporters at the airport with "Hello there, everybody." She explained her electrifying defection by declaring that in the U.S. she would seek "the self-expression that has been denied me so long in Russia."

Last week word came that Svetlana, now 58, had ended her long flirtation with the West and returned to the Soviet Union. On Oct. 23, utterly unnoticed by the world, she and her American-born daughter Olga Peters, 13, boarded an Aeroflot flight in London bound for Moscow. Once she was back in her homeland, the Soviet press agency TASS announced that the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet had granted Svetlana's request that her citizenship be restored and that Soviet citizenship be granted to Olga. Both had been American citizens.

Svetlana and her daughter Olga, 1977

Moving from "one cage to another."

Though Kremlin leaders no doubt welcomed the return of the dictator's daughter as a propaganda victory, there would be no dancing in Red Square. Since her 1967 defection, Svetlana had frequently denounced the Soviet regime in books and interviews. She called the Bolshevik revolution a tragedy for Russia and characterized Stalin as "a moral and spiritual monster." Repudiating her Soviet citizenship, she ritually burned her passport. Her worst nightmare, she declared, was of returning to the Soviet Union. "When I now see Moscow in my dreams, I wake up in horror," she wrote. "It's as if one were dreaming of a prison from which one had escaped." She vowed, "I shall never return to that prison." For their part, the Soviets branded her a "morally unstable person" who had betrayed her country and abandoned her two children. She was stripped of her Soviet citizenship in 1969.

Friends of Svetlana's expressed surprise and concern at her redefection. She had moved from Princeton, N.J., to Cambridge, England, two years ago, had placed Olga in a boarding school and bought an apartment in the university town. Said her former Cambridge landlord, Professor Donald Denman: "I cannot believe she has asked for Russian citizenship or is requiring her daughter to give up her American citizenship." Olga, a bright and popular girl who speaks no Russian, was unhappy in Britain. "She was pining for the U.S.," said Denman. "I don't know how she will manage in Russia."

Writer Malcolm Muggeridge, who worked with Svetlana on a BBC film about her life, called her return hazardous. She has taken "a very big chance" and will be "quite defenseless," he said. "I feel deeply sorry for her." Most shocked was Svetlana's former husband and Olga's father, U.S. Architect William Wesley Peters, 72, whom she married in Scottsdale, Ariz., in 1970 and divorced in 1973. He is extremely worried about Olga's future. "Her mother was lonely and distraught. She may have left for the U.S.S.R. impulsively, or possibly under constraint," he said.

Still, there had long been signs of distress in Svetlana's life. Given to bouts of depression and heavy drinking, she had become increasingly reclusive and angry at the world. She told interviewers that she regarded the U.S. and the Soviet Union as equal menaces to world peace. In the U.S., she said, she felt she had moved "from one cage to another." She complained that she had not met the "kind of intellectual, highly educated people" who had been her friends in Moscow. Worst of all she was tortured by longing for the children she had left behind, Joseph, now 38, and Yekaterina, 32.

Last March she told a British journalist, "I don't believe in regretting my fate, but it is sometimes very hard. I have not seen my son and daughter for 17 years, and I have a grandson and granddaughter whom I have never seen." Svetlana's telling final cry: "Sometimes it's an almost superhuman effort not to drop everything and to run and get a ticket to go and see them. Sometimes I don't care what the regime is. I just want to see my grandchildren." —*By Patricia Blake. Reported by Bonnie Angelo and Mary Cronin/London*

World Notes

SOUTHERN AFRICA

Opening the Door to a Deal

A major obstacle to winning independence for Namibia, the 318,000-sq.-mi. territory that remains under South African control in defiance of international resolutions, has been the continuing presence of 27,000 Cuban troops in neighboring Angola. The topic came up again last week when Chester Crocker, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, met with South Africa's Foreign Minister Roelof F. ("Pik") Botha in the Cape Verde Islands. Crocker reportedly relayed an offer from Angolan President José Eduardo dos Santos to cut substantially the number of Cuban troops in Angola if South Africa agrees to withdraw its remaining forces from the country and to comply with U.N. Security Council Resolution 435, which is designed to achieve Namibia's independence.

No one expects a breakthrough soon, but the offer was the first indication that Angola would consider reducing the Cuban force as part of a regional peace package. Meanwhile, South African diplomats said they will meet with Angolan officials this week to discuss the pullout of some 2,000 South African soldiers who are still in Angola. Said Crocker: "We consider these recent developments to be positive and view the door to an overall regional settlement to be open."

CHILE

Explosive Epidemic

Journalist in Santiago

Chile's President Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, 68, was opening an international trade fair in suburban Santiago when less than 600 feet away a bomb ripped up a lengthy section of railroad track. No one was injured in the blast, which was one of at least 19 in the capital and four other Chilean cities last week. That explosive epidemic capped a new political offensive by opponents of the eleven-year-old Pinochet regime.

The centerpiece of the protest was a one-day general strike that left downtown Santiago virtually deserted. More than 150,000 workers took part in the action, which was not endorsed by Chile's democratic opposition parties. In dozens of Santiago neighborhoods, riot police attacked demonstrators who had erected barricades of burning automobile tires. At least eight people died, and some 400 were arrested. Later, four riot police were killed when a bomb blew up a bus on which they were traveling. The regime remained unbending. Before the protest began, a government spokesman announced that 140 "delinquents and petty criminals," whom the opposition described as grass-roots activists, had been sent into domestic exile. Pinochet reiterated his intention to remain in power until 1989 and threatened to declare a state of siege "if the situation requires."

NICARAGUA

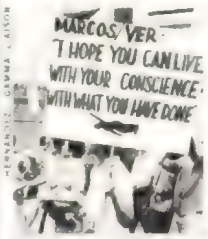
Gestures of Civility

For the first time since the Marxist-led Sandinista government came to power in 1979, prisoners were exchanged with one of the three major guerrilla groups that oppose the regime. In a village on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast, Misurasata, an armed resistance movement of Miskito Indians, freed two Sandinistas and their bodyguard, who had been captured by the Miskitos in September. The next day, the Sandinistas released three Miskitos held as subversives. Said Brooklyn Rivera, a Misurasata leader who helped arrange the exchange: "The Sandinistas have learned that we are not counterrevolutionaries. Rather, we are Indians fighting for the just rights of our people, for land rights and autonomy."

Meanwhile, the 10,000-member Nicaraguan Democratic Force, largest of the anti-Sandinista groups, reportedly declared a twelve-hour cease-fire for Nicaragua's Nov. 4 election. The move was described as a gesture of sympathy for Nicaraguan voters. "Our highest concern is to defend the civilian population," said Frank Arana, an F.D.N. spokesman. "We know that out of terror, many will be required to cast ballots in the electoral farce."

THE PHILIPPINES

Military Maneuvers



Protesters in Manila

The week after General Fabian Ver, armed forces Chief of Staff, was named by the majority of an investigating commission as a conspirator in the Aug. 21, 1983, assassination of Opposition Leader Benigno Aquino, there were signs of a split in the military over the allegation. A pro-government Manila newspaper carried a full-page advertisement signed by 68 of the 83 general officers in the 200,000-man Philippine armed forces expressing "unwavering loyalty and support to General Ver." Conspicuously absent was the name of General Fidel Ramos, the acting Chief of Staff. Some of the officers whose names were listed complained privately that they had not signed the statement.

Meanwhile, opposition members of the National Assembly objected to the government's plan to have the case against Ver, and 25 others named by the investigating board, tried in a tribunal that normally deals with graft and corruption offenses. The legislators called instead for the creation of a special court of retired justices and independent citizens. Said Assemblywoman Eva Kalaw: "The murder of Senator Aquino is not simply a case of graft. It is a high crime."

BRITAIN

"Mr. Smith" Goes to Paris

The reservation had been made for "Mr. Smith," but when the passenger arrived at the Manchester airport for the early-morning flight to Paris, he was recognized as Arthur Scargill, Marxist leader of the British mineworkers union. Scargill, the London *Sunday Times* reported, had been on his way to a secret meeting with a Libyan official described by French intelligence as a liaison between the regime of Colonel Muammar Gaddafi and international terrorists. A mineworkers' executive later went to Tripoli and met with Gaddafi.

Scargill insisted that the purpose of his Paris trip was merely to consult with French unionists and denied that the mineworkers were seeking money from Gaddafi to support their 35-week strike against Britain's nationalized coal industry. Nonetheless Scargill's Libyan connection, revealed seven months after a British policewoman was killed by shots fired from Libya's London embassy, sparked a public outcry. "It is dreadful that this union would approach a terrorist country for help," said Ted MacKay, head of the mineworkers' North Wales branch. Declared Labor Party Leader Neil Kinnock, who has supported the strike: "By any measure of political, civil, trade union or human rights, the Gaddafi regime is vile."


Scargill

Yankee Doodle Dandy

Gentleman Steve Cauthen rides to the top again, in England

He takes tea with earls as easily as he takes the lead down the stretch. When he doffs his racing silks, he often dons a fine tweed jacket (courtesy of his Savile Row tailor) or a cashmere sweater and, yes, an ascot on occasion. If he is not on the track, he might be found on a golf course or perhaps riding to hounds with the local gentry. His manners are impeccable, complemented by a bearing that is slightly distant. His accent is what practiced observers of the Anglo-American scene have always called, with a touch of condescension, mid-Atlantic: neither here nor there.

For an encore in 1978, Cauthen, with a little help from a horse named Affirmed, went on to become the youngest rider ever to win the Triple Crown. Some wondered aloud whether his nerve and savvy, his seeming oneness with the animal he rode, would make him the greatest jockey in the world.

Then something went awry. He took a bad spill at Saratoga that fractured his knee. When he returned to the Santa Anita track in California during the winter of 1979, his fairy tale turned to nightmare: a seemingly endless 110-race losing streak. Other riders murmured that he was tentative, for a jockey the kiss of death. The once-upon-a-time darling was lustily booed. Recalls Cauthen, with typical stoicism: "I was a bit shocked about the way people reacted to what was happening to me." At his lowest point, he accepted a lucrative offer from the wealthy English horse owner Robert Sangster to race for him during the English flat season. Why not, Cauthen mused. "I felt I was a bit burned out. I'd never visited England and I thought, I'm young and this is the time to try it if I'm ever going to."

Living up to his advance billing was not easy. "They seemed to think I could win on a donkey," he recalls. Although he did win his first race, his performance soon fell behind the pace of his publicity. There were rumors of a "Get the Kid" campaign by established jockeys. Moreover, Cauthen had to become accustomed to the English racing scene, which is, by some standards, a bit eccentric. "In America all of the race courses are flat, left-handed, about a mile around and usually dirt," notes Cauthen. In England, "they are just where they laid them out 200 years ago. If there was a hump or a bump there, it just went with it." Some tracks go uphill, some down, others have odd turns or unusually long straightaways. During his first year, like a golfer studying a new course, he trudged around every track, memorizing each idiosyncrasy.

For all that effort, New Boy Cauthen just did not have the horsepower. In England, where each jockey is primarily affiliated with a trainer, a rider is only as good as his trainer's stable. For two years, Cauthen's stable was afflicted with an equine virus. During his first year, he won 52 races; during his second, 61. Respectable, but nothing to write the folks back home about. "It wasn't that I lacked ability when I first came," says Cauthen carefully. "I lacked experience. But I stuck it out, and it's paid off for me. I think most people felt that after the first year I'd bugger back off to America with my tail between my legs."

Last year Cauthen, who at 5 ft. 5 in. is four inches taller than when he left, rode 102 winners and was voted jockey of the year by a racing magazine. In the Newmarket Champion Stakes, he steered his way through 18 horses to go from last to first in the final two furlongs. "As near to being a masterpiece as is possible in race riding," said Racing Writer Brough Scott. A computer chart showed that a horse had a better chance of winning with Cauthen aboard than with any other jockey, including the legendary Lester Piggott. Piggott, 49, is Britain's Willie Shoemaker, a gritty, no-nonsense veteran who has won eleven jockey championships. His terse appraisal after his first match-up against Cauthen: "I wouldn't let him mow my lawn." The stony-faced Piggott

JONES—DUOMO

The new British champ: uncatchable after 128 victories

MASON—SIPA SPEC. ALL FEATURES

Pausing along a country lane in his village of Lambourn

later relented slightly: "He's good, but not that good." As for Gentleman Steve, he is as ever respectful of his elders. "Piggott is one of the greatest jockeys who has ever lived," he says. "We learn from him every day." Cauthen will also take from him next season, when he replaces Piggott as the No. 1 jockey for Henry Cecil's 150-horse Newmarket stable, arguably the country's best.

The new champion, whose ancestors left England for America, feels less like an expatriate than a transplanted native son. "A born-again Englishman," approves the *Times*. The pace of life, like the slower tracks, suits him. In America, he says, "everything is slightly more hyped up. Instead of running on six cylinders, they are running on eight." Earlier talk that he was overdoing the high life has subsided. "I've given up the champagne," he says of one of his two loves, "but not the sweets." In England he can ride at 117-118 lbs., a pound or two more than he would have to maintain in the U.S. Cauthen revels in the traditions, the variety and the genteel, countrified atmosphere of British racing. And all of England seems to reciprocate his anglophilia. From the tabloid *Daily Star*: "Gentle Steve, with his calm good manners, has done more for American-British relations than any politician."

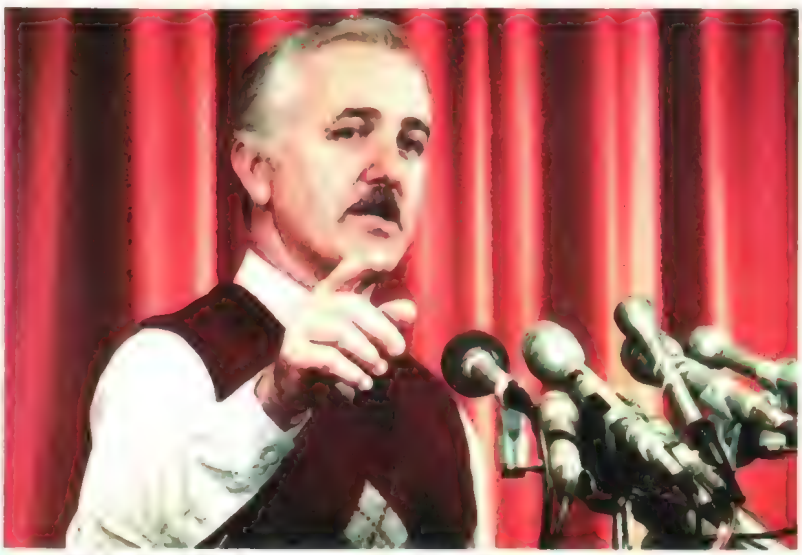
The Kid no more, Cauthen seems better able to savor his success. "The title means a lot to me," he says. "I appreciated the Triple Crown then, but I didn't understand it nearly as well, didn't understand what it took to do it. Now, having had to really work for it, I appreciate it that much more." He has long had the fluid mechanics of a great rider, and his wondrous hands and natural affinity for horses helped to set him apart. Now he is adding the sophistication that makes a grand master in the galloping chess match of flat racing. "Being able to look ahead in the race and see what's going to happen before it happens," as Cauthen puts it. Says his father, a former blacksmith who remains close to his son, "He's grown up from a boy into a young man and adapted to the environment very well."

He has adapted and been adopted, but does that mean Cauthen will never come home? "I'm very happy in England, and this is really where I think my career lies," he answers. It would be nice to win the British Triple Crown; no one has ever doubled in Triples. But perhaps his American chewing tobacco suggests divided loyalties. He keeps it in an English snuff tin, an unconscious metaphor for his life abroad. For the Yank at Ascot is still a dyed-in-the-wool Kentuckian under the Harris Tweed. "Sometimes I'm sitting alone and something reminds me of home. A sound or a smell and suddenly my mind's back in Kentucky." He discloses this in a track restaurant as high tea is being served. Steve Cauthen likes the ceremony and all, but orders a pot of coffee for himself. —*By Richard Stengel. Reported by John Wright/London*

Baby Fae Stuns the World

A baboon-heart transplant inspires both awe and anger

Except for the gauze-covered wound stretching almost the length of her torso, the tiny, dark-haired baby girl might have been just any infant. Lying in her crib with a pacifier close at hand, she gave a couple of gaping yawns. She delicately stretched her scrawny arms in weariness. And mostly she slept. But last week, as television viewers got their first glimpse of the newborn known only as Baby Fae, it was her visibly heaving chest that stole the show. There was no mistaking the pulsations of life and no forgetting that the power source was the freshly implanted heart of a young baboon.



Loma Linda Surgeon Bailey faces a barrage of questions from the press

One week after the historic transplant operation at Loma Linda University Medical Center in Southern California, the first infant—though not the first person—to receive a simian heart was reported to be doing remarkably well. "All vital signs are still good, and there's no sign of rejection," said Hospital Spokeswoman Patti Gentry, noting that Baby Fae was "just gulping down her formula." Outside the hospital, there was wonder and excitement over this latest medical marvel, but the enthusiasm was dampened somewhat by controversy. Antivivisectionists around the country and abroad protested what they called "ghoulish tinkering" with human and animal life. "This is medical sensationalism at the expense of Baby Fae, her family and the baboon," charged Lucy Shelton of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. The group was one of several that demonstrated outside the Loma Linda hospital last week.

The medical community, though normally receptive to technical innovation, was sharply divided. "There has never been a successful cross-species transplant," declared University of Minnesota Surgeon John Najarian, one of the country's leading pediatric-transplant specialists. "To try it now is merely to prolong the dying process. I think Baby Fae is going to reject her heart." Others defended the experiment. "It's very easy to sit back and be negative when a new treatment is announced," said Dr. John Collins, chief of cardiac surgery at Boston's Brigham and Women's Hospital. "If we all were afraid to attempt the untried, we would have no new treatments."

Little is known about the 5-lb. object of all this controversy or how she came to be the subject of so dramatic an experiment. Loma Linda officials have refused to reveal the child's real name, the identity of her parents or even her exact age. They did say that she was about two weeks old at the time of surgery and had been born three weeks premature. Baby Fae was referred to Loma Linda by a pediatrician in Barstow, Calif. The 546-bed facility is one of more than 60 U.S. hospitals operated by the Seventh-day Adventist Church and has a fine reputation in pediatric heart surgery. Fae was suffering from hypoplastic left-heart syndrome, a fatal condition said to affect one in 12,000 newborns. In children with this defect, the left side of the heart, including its main pumping chamber, the left ventricle, and the aorta, is seriously underdeveloped. In Fae's case, doctors said, the left side of the organ was virtually nonexistent.

Dr. Leonard Bailey, 41, the pediatric cardiac surgeon who treated Fae, over the years had seen dozens of infants with this defect die, generally within two weeks of birth. While a transplant from a human donor could theoretically be used to help such babies, Bailey was discouraged by the drastic shortage of infant hearts. Seven years ago he began investigating the possibility of using hearts from other species, or xenografts. He performed more than 150 transplants in sheep, goats and baboons, many of them between species. Last December, after what Bailey called "months of agonizing," the Loma Linda institutional review board gave him preliminary approval to implant a baboon heart in a human infant. The final go-ahead came just two days before Baby Fae's surgery. "There is evidence that the chimpanzee, orangutan or gorilla may be a better donor," Bailey noted last week, "but they are either an endangered species or don't procreate well in captivity."

Baby Fae, who had no defects other than her hypoplastic heart, was the first infant to come to Bailey's attention who met the criteria for his experiment. As in the case of the late Barney Clark, who in 1982 became the world's first recipient of a permanent artificial heart, an elaborate consent form had been prepared. Fae's parents signed the form once, then thought over their decision for 20 hours before signing it the required second time. According to the hospital, the couple were well informed of the risks and the alternatives.

Meanwhile, Sandra Nehlsen-Cannarella, a transplantation immunologist brought in from New York City's Montefiore Medical Center, conducted five days of laboratory tests to determine which of six baboons at Loma Linda most closely matched Baby Fae's tissue type. However, before the tests were complete, the infant's heart suddenly deteriorated and her lungs filled with fluid. The dying child was swiftly transferred to a respirator and given drugs to keep her blood circulating. The measures were able to sustain her long enough for a baboon donor to be chosen and surgery to begin.

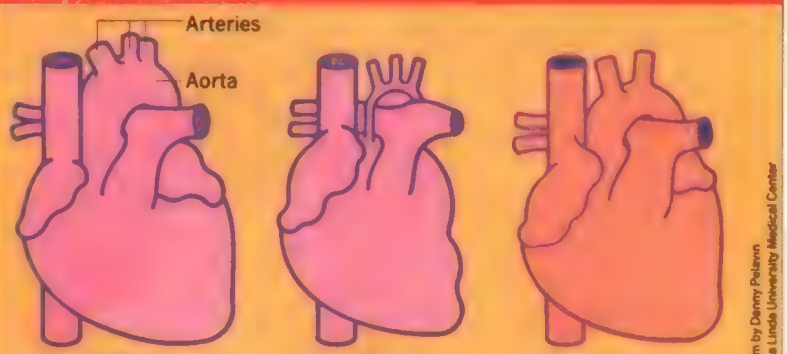
Following what is now standard practice in heart transplants, Bailey transferred his tiny patient to a heart-lung machine, using it to gradually lower her body temperature from 98.6° F to about 68° F. The lower temperature slowed the baby's metabolism, allowing her other organs to better tolerate a reduced blood flow. One hour and 45 minutes into the operation, Bailey descended three floors to the basement, where the hospital maintains a colony of 29 primates. There, he removed the walnut-size heart of a seven-month-old female baboon, the animal that had proved to be the best match for Baby Fae, and placed the organ in a cold

saline "slush." Elapsed time: 15 minutes.

Back in the operating room, Bailey removed Fae's defective heart and replaced it with the heart from the baboon. Because baboons have only two major arteries leaving the aortic arch, as opposed to the three in humans *(see diagram)*, two of the baby's vessels were first joined together before being connected to one of the two arterial openings in the baboon's aorta. When the delicate plumbing job was completed, doctors slowly raised the infant's temperature and weaned her from the heart-lung machine. At 11:35 a.m. on Oct. 26, four hours and five minutes after Baby Fae had first entered surgery, her new heart began to beat spontaneously. "There was absolute awe," recalls Nehlsen-Cannarella. "I don't think there was a dry eye in the room."

Baby Fae was not the first person to receive the heart of an ape. In 1964, when heart transplants were a new idea, University of Mississippi Surgeon James Hardy replaced the heart of a 68-year-old man with that of a chimpanzee, but the patient died within a few hours. In 1977 Christiaan Barnard, the South African pioneer of heart transplants, made two attempts to use simian hearts: in a 26-year-old woman, who survived for only six hours, and in a 59-year-old man, who died four days after surgery. In each case, Barnard "piggybacked" the animal organ onto the patient's own heart to act as a supplementary pump. He decided to abandon the technique because of the poor results and the risks of becoming "emotionally attached" to donor chimpanzees, which, he says "are very much like humans." Barnard is nonetheless enthusiastic about the Baby Fae case and has no qualms about the use of baboons, which, he says, are shot on sight by South African farmers, who consider them a nuisance. Perhaps the strangest example of simian-human surgery was tried in 1975 by Cardiologist Magdi Yacoub in England. In an effort to sustain the life of a one-year-old boy during extensive surgery, Yacoub connected the child's circulatory system to the heart of a living baboon. Both the boy and the animal died during the procedure.

HEART TO HEART



In general, the obstacle to using animal organs is that the human body quickly rejects foreign tissue. What gave Leonard Bailey hope of better results was the advent of the wonder-drug cyclosporine. Developed by Sandoz Ltd. in Switzerland, cyclosporine inhibits organ rejection by partly suppressing the immune system. It is considered safer than earlier drugs used for this purpose because it is less likely to destroy the body's ability to fight infection. Since its first use in the U.S. in 1979 it has revolutionized transplant surgery, raising the one-year survival rate of heart recipients from 65% in the 1970s to 80%. Bailey believed that by focusing on the treatment of newborns, whose immune systems are not yet fully developed, he could further reduce the risks of rejection. Says he: "A newborn is a gracious host."

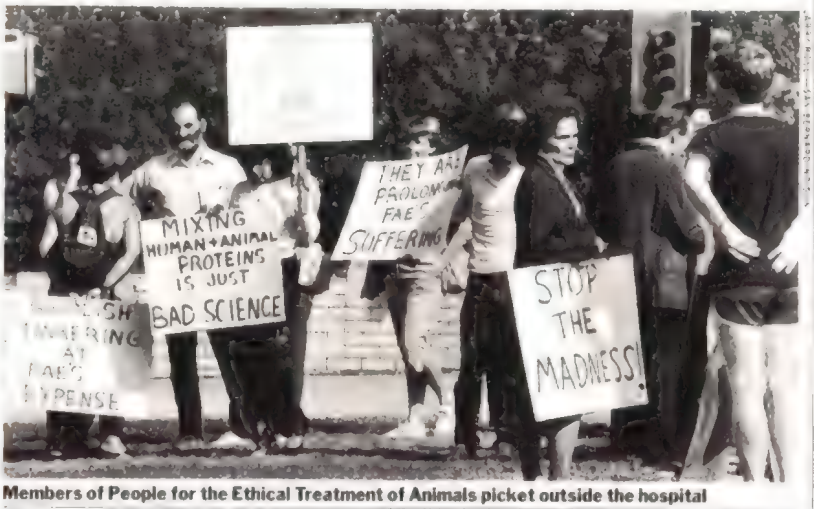
Yet even as Baby Fae seemed to be demonstrating Bailey's point, critics charged that xenografts are still too uncertain and that other treatments should have been considered. Dr. Moneim Fadali, a cardiovascular surgeon at the University of California, Los Angeles, was one of several physicians to suggest that the decision to use an animal organ may have been "a

Oblivious to the controversy she has generated, the recovering infant demonstrates a hearty appetite and no signs of organ rejection

matter of bravado" and that a human heart "would have offered the child a better chance of survival." Loma Linda Surgeon David Hinshaw explained that he and his colleagues believed that the hope of finding a compatible human heart in time to save the dying Fae was "almost nonexistent." Indeed, infant hearts are so seldom available that transplants into very young children are rarely attempted.

Ironically, the heart of a two-month-old infant was available the day of Fae's operation. Transplant coordinators from the Regional Organ Procurement Agency at UCLA called Loma Linda hospital to offer the infant's kidneys (the heart was not formed by the left ventricle. Norwood says that of 100 infants he has treated, 40 have survived; the oldest is now four. But, he admits, the procedure "is not a trivial business and if one intends to have serious impact on this disease, numerous alternatives have to be explored."

As the week wore on and the questions continued, Bailey retreated into silence, and other doctors were delegated to meet the press. "He is totally absorbed in nursing this child," explained Surgeon Hinshaw. "He is not a publicity seeker, and he is very sensitive about this." The pressure on Bailey and his colleagues drew understanding from another surgeon who knows



Members of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals picket outside the hospital

"Medical sensationalism at the expense of Baby Fae, her family and the baboon."

discussed because Loma Linda does not have a human-heart-transplant program). When word of the potential human donor became public last week, Loma Linda officials explained that the call from the procurement agency had come after the baboon heart was implanted, that the heart of a two-month-old might have been too big for Fae, and that it would have taken too long to complete compatibility testing. Eventually hospital officials admitted that they simply had not considered the possibility of a human donor.

That admission raised the larger question of whether Baby Fae's parents had been properly advised of possible alternatives to the baboon heart. "If they didn't even look for potential life-saving alternatives, what does this mean in terms of the 'informed consent' of the parents?" asked Michael Giannelli, science adviser for the Fund for Animals. According to Minnesota Surgeon Najarian, Baby Fae's doctors should have recommended a form of corrective surgery for hypoplastic heart developed by Dr. William Norwood, chief of cardiac surgery at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. Norwood's procedure, which is practiced at only a few U.S. hospitals, involves a rerouting of blood through the heart so that the right ventricle takes over the pumping function normally performed by the left ventricle. Norwood says that of 100 infants he has treated, 40 have survived; the oldest is now four. But, he admits, the procedure "is not a trivial business and if one intends to have serious impact on this disease, numerous alternatives have to be explored."

As the week wore on and the questions continued, Bailey retreated into silence, and other doctors were delegated to meet the press. "He is totally absorbed in nursing this child," explained Surgeon Hinshaw. "He is not a publicity seeker, and he is very sensitive about this." The pressure on Bailey and his colleagues drew understanding from another surgeon who knows what it is like to have microphones continually thrust at his face. "I really have sympathy with what they're going through," said Dr. William DeVries, who had been Barney Clark's surgeon.

For his part, Bailey found it hard to understand why people would question a procedure that was saving the life of a dying infant. "If you had the opportunity to see this baby and her mother together, and see this baby in the best shape she's ever been, you would see the propriety of what we are doing," he said.

The surgeon from Takoma Park, Md., has devoted his career to trying to help victims of hypoplastic heart. A Seventh-day Adventist, he was educated at Loma Linda University Medical School, the only Adventist medical college in the world. Bailey had first considered using xenografts during his residency at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, where, he admits, the idea "drew snickers." When he tried to develop the procedure at Loma Linda, he found it difficult to get his research papers published and impossible to get funding. "I felt rather lonely," he reflected last week. "People didn't understand the importance of this: they weren't watching babies die." Ultimately a research fund was set up by 20 physicians at Loma Linda, who contributed part of their salary each month. In seven years they raised more than $1 million.

While some religious groups find the idea of animal-to-human transplants repugnant, it is not inconsistent with Seventh-day Adventist teachings, says Dr. Jack Provonsha, a minister of the church as well as a doctor at Loma Linda. The church has always placed a strong emphasis on health. This, he explains, is part of the belief that "our redemptive concern for man's need should include not only his spiritual life but his physical life as well." Because Adventists see man as "the ultimate level of our value concerns," says Provonsha, "then the sacrifice of an animal for the sake of the life of a baby is acceptable, even though we value animal life as well."

By week's end Baby Fae's remarkable progress was making many critics of the experiment think again. Loma Linda doctors expressed relief that their tiny patient had so far avoided "hyperacute rejection," a reaction to foreign tissue that often occurs immediately after a transplant. However, Hinshaw cautioned that the seventh to tenth days after a transplant are a peak period for rejection. Should the child begin to show signs of rejecting the baboon heart, said Hinshaw, a second transplant would be considered. In this event, a human heart was said to be the team's first choice and another baboon organ would be the second.

Even if Fae does not reject her new heart, she might ultimately need a replacement. Though Dr. Bailey's animal research suggests that a xenograft adjusts to the needs of its new host, no one really knows what to expect. Also unknown is the long-term effect of cyclosporine, which Fae may have to take for the rest of her life. The drug has been found to cause liver and kidney damage and to increase the risk of certain cancers.

Loma Linda hospital has given Bailey permission to try five baboon-to-human transplants, but doctors say they have no immediate plans for other patients. Last week they were referring parents to Dr. Norwood at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. Already some optimists are envisioning a day when the transplanting of simian hearts will be as acceptable in human medicine as the use of heart valves from pigs and bovine insulin. "Maybe one of these days we can start farming baboons for this purpose," suggests Christiaan Barnard. Others believe that baboon hearts could be used as a temporary measure, to gain time for patients who are awaiting human donors.

As the possibilities unfolded, many wondered what life would be like for a human with the heart of a monkey. Asked whether Baby Fae would have trouble adjusting and perhaps be teased for being different, Loma Linda's Hinshaw replied, "Society may have to adjust to her." The heart, he added dryly, "is only a muscular pump. It is not the seat of the soul." ***—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Steven Holmes/Los Angeles, with other bureaus***

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE

NISSAN

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KENT
ULTRA LOW TAR
KENT
Golden Lights
KENT
KING SIZE
Ultra
Lights
Low tar

People

LaBoccetta: stamp of approval

Two years ago, when he was a second-grader at Our Lady of Perpetual Help parochial school in Queens, N.Y., **Danny LaBoccetta** was asked by his art teacher to draw something Christmassy for a national postage-stamp contest. LaBoccetta, now 9, obligingly produced a red-cheeked, smiling Santa and then forgot about it. But his Santa was chosen from 500,000 entries, and last week it appeared on a new 1984 Christmas stamp. "I feel real happy, it's an honor," says the lad who had to interrupt his Halloween to sign autographs. Success has not spoiled the young artist, but time has inevitably made him a little wiser. Asked about Santa's reaction to seeing his stamp arrive at the North Pole, LaBoccetta replied, "Why, I don't believe in Santa Claus any more."

■

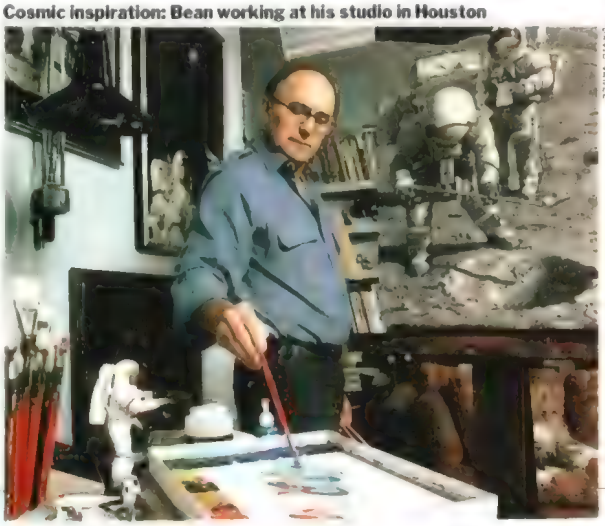
Perhaps the dispute over the war's monument at least will be put to rest. When Designer **Maya Ying Lin's** Viet Nam Memorial was unveiled in 1982, few denied the power of the low, somber black granite wall, now engraved with the names of 58,007 Americans dead or missing in the war. Nonetheless, many veterans felt that the wall was not uplifting, not heroic enough. So officials of the memorial fund risked the wrath of those who liked the wall as it was and asked **Frederick Hart,** 40, a

Visions of war: Hart's statue veiled in Washington and, inset, a model

Washington sculptor who had finished third in the initial competition, to design an added element. Last week his statue of seven-foot-tall bronze figures was set in place opposite the wall to await a formal unveiling on Nov. 9. Hart depicts three typical fighting men "gazing at a vision of war, its loss, its enormity . . . peering into our own eternity, perhaps even searching for their names on the wall." Those who have seen it believe that all sides will be more than satisfied.

She is "very, very bad" at drawing and says that "talent, unfortunately, is not hereditary." Nevertheless, **Sophie Renoir,** 20, a great-granddaughter of French Impressionist Painter **Pierre Auguste Renoir**, is determined to express herself. Her chosen medium is film acting (well, her great-uncle is Film Maker **Jean Renoir**), and her credits include *The Children Are Watching*, with French Heartthrob **Alain Delon** and a planned film this spring with **Burt Lancaster.** Renoir just visited New York City to pre-

Cosmic inspiration: Bean working at his studio in Houston



Renoir with family sculpture

view a limited edition of 318 bronzes (initial asking price: $15,000 each) that went on sale last week after being cast from great-granddad's newly found terra-cotta bas-relief *Woman with Tambourine III*. It is the final sculpture he is known to have done before his death in 1919. Renoir, who does not want to emulate the half-dressed woman posing in the bronzes, limits her movie roles to those that do not call for nudity. In France, she notes, wryly, "there aren't many films like that around."

■

He left his imprint on history in 1969 when he became the fourth man to set foot on the moon, and now former Astronaut **Alan Bean,** 52, is painting almost obsessively in an effort to capture the lunar landscape on canvas. In Houston this month Bean will launch his second one-man show with 15 of his $7,500 acrylic moonscapes. "Frederic Remington and Charles Russell painted the West as it was before it went away forever," he says. "That's kind of what I'm doing. The beginning of the space program will never come again." Bean, who retired as NASA's chief of astronaut operations and training three years ago, would like to make a return trip to space, but not as an astronaut. Says he: "I would love to go back as an artist." —*By Guy D. Garcia*

Jumping for Joy in the Pacific

TIME's *economists forecast swift growth in East Asia and Australia*

The Pacific Basin has become the place where America shops for everything from toys to machine tools. The U.S. this year will import goods worth an estimated $110 billion from East Asia and Australia. During the past 18 months, when the American economy staged a stronger recovery than expected, the powerhouse industries of the Pacific region shifted into overdrive. Singapore's exports to the U.S. rose 51% in the first eight months of this year, and Japan's jumped 46%. The flood of Asian products is a boon to American consumers, but it has stirred cries from U.S. companies and labor unions for protection from imports.

Against that backdrop, the TIME Pacific Board of Economists gathered in Tokyo for its third annual meeting to assess the region's economic performance and prospects. The board members reported that East Asia is enjoying its most spectacular growth since the go-go years of the 1970s. Japan, the area's industrial giant, is cruising at a 5% to 6% annual pace, while fast-rising South Korea, Singapore, Taiwan and Hong Kong are expanding at supercharged rates in the 7% to 10% range. Even China, which a decade ago was an economic backwater, is growing at a 9.5% clip.

The board predicted another strong, if slightly less stunning, performance in 1985. The TIME economists expect that most countries will grow at rates between 4.5% and 8% next year, while unemployment will stay in the 3% to 6% range.

The Pacific region is not without problems. Several less-developed nations, including Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand and the Philippines, have been hurt by a slump in the prices they receive for exports of raw materials such as sugar, copper, tin and oil. Observed Board Member Narongchai Akrasanee, a senior vice president of Thailand's Industrial Finance Corp.: "Commodity prices are really miserable." Even so, Indonesia, Malaysia and Thailand have managed to maintain respectable growth rates of 4% or more. The only serious trouble spot is the Philippines, where economic mismanagement by the regime of President Ferdinand Marcos and continuing political unrest in the wake of last year's assassination of Opposition Leader Benigno Aquino have plunged the country into a deep recession.

The TIME board recognized that Pacific prosperity is closely linked to the U.S. economic expansion. Growth in Western Europe and most other parts of the world is still sluggish. Said Lawrence Krause, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C.: "The U.S. economy is dominating world economic development again, just like it did in the 1950s and early 1960s."

Asian nations are nervous about whether the American recovery will be long lasting. U.S. growth was only 2.7% in the July-September period, down from 7.1% in the previous quarter. Some of TIME's economists expressed concern that the U.S. budget deficit, which will be at least $167 billion in 1985, might eventually drive up American interest rates and cause a recession. Narongchai noted that the combined gross national product of the Association of South East Asian Nations (ASEAN), which includes Singapore, the Philippines, Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand and Brunei, is only $200 billion. Said he: "All we produce in a year would barely be enough to pay for the misbehavior of the U.S. Government."

Krause admitted that the deficit is worrisome, but noted that U.S. inflation is still low and that American businesses have not built up excessive inventories as they usually do before a serious production slump. Said he: "The factors that normally cause recessions in the U.S. are just not present."

The Asian economists said that a sharp U.S. slowdown would be damaging to their nations but not devastating. To some extent, the Pacific economies can make up for a fall-off in exports by boosting production for domestic consumption. Said Edward Chen, director of the Center of Asian Studies at the University of Hong Kong: "When the U.S. does well, we do extremely well. But when it does not, we are still all right."

The adjective that board members often used to describe their economies was "resilient."

The outlook for key Pacific countries:

JAPAN. The major Western industrial nations can only dream about matching Japan's current set of economic statistics: 5.3% growth, 2.7% unemployment and 2.6% inflation. Bunroku Yoshino, president of the Institute for International

Forecasts by TIME's Boards of Economists

	% change in real G.N.P. year-end		% change in C.P.I. year-end	
	1984	1985	1984	1985
U.S.	6.4	3.5	4.1	5.0
Western Europe*	2.0	2.0	7.4	6.2
Australia	6.0	5.5	2.0	3.5
China	9.5	7.5	1.5	4.0–5.0
Indonesia	4.2	4.5	9.0	9.0–10.0
Japan	5.3	5.0	2.6	3.0
Philippines	–6.0	1.0	52.0	35.0

*Projection by Data Resources Inc. for Britain, France, Italy and W. Germany

SCHLATTER FOR TIME

Economic Studies in Tokyo, predicted that those rosy figures would remain virtually unchanged through next year.

Japan's export industries are so strong that the country is expected to pile up a $33 billion trade surplus in 1984. It is an embarrassment of riches that Japan does not know how to absorb. Said Yoshino: "We are not able to invest in our own economy all that we have earned."

The country's trading partners think that the Japanese should spend their surplus by sharply boosting imports. But Japan's demand for foreign goods continues to be sluggish, partly because its people are notoriously thrifty, saving about 15% of their personal income.

Much of that money flows overseas. This year alone, Japanese investors have salted away $25 billion in American bonds. Fortunately for the U.S., that cash is financing a large chunk of its budget deficit. Yoshino cited a light hearted suggestion by Chicago Economist David Hale that the U.S. and Japanese economies should get married. "After all," Yoshino said, "the Japanese propensity to save would help the American eagerness to spend and borrow."

SOUTH KOREA. Strangely, South Korea has been worried about growing too fast. In 1983 its economy expanded at a 9.5% pace, and the government of President Chun Doo Hwan became concerned that inflation, which was a modest 2.5% that year, might speed up. Officials remembered how a 29% inflation rate in 1980 helped produce a crippling recession.

To prevent a new price explosion, the South Korean government tightened the money supply and held public spending in 1984 to its 1983 levels. That turned out to be the right touch of restraint. Growth has cooled, but it is still a robust 7.8%. Meanwhile, inflation has stayed below 3%.

After managing the slowdown so successfully, the government now feels it has the latitude to increase spending next year by 10%. Board Member Suh Sang Mok, vice president of the Korea Development Institute, predicted that growth will hum along at a 7.3% pace in 1985 and that prices will rise only 2.5%. Said he: "I think our very low inflation rate is becoming more or less permanent."

CHINA. In the late 1970s the government began allowing peasants to sell excess produce on open markets and pocket the proceeds. Result: sales of agricultural products are up 53.5% since 1978. Last month China unveiled a plan to extend similar capitalist-style reforms to its long-depressed cities. State-owned enterprises will be allowed to keep part of their profits, and managers will have new freedom to set wage levels and hire and fire as they choose. Most important, the prices of many products will be allowed to fluctuate according to supply and demand. Until now, the cost of such basics as rice and vegetables has been kept artificially low by government subsidies.

Board Member Chen said that the reforms would be a boon to China's long-term prospects, but foresaw transitional difficulties. He predicted that China's growth rate would ease from 9.5% this year to 7.5% in 1985. The new flexible pricing system may cause inflation to rise from 1.5% to 5%. In addition, efforts by enterprises to trim their work forces and become more productive could raise unemployment. Though the official jobless rate is only 3%, Chen estimated that about 15% of the population is "underemployed" at part-time and make-work jobs.

Cargo galore in Hong Kong, which sold goods worth more than $5 billion to the U.S. in 1984

Sales sparkle at a Singapore shopping center

Working on a computer part in a Taiwan plant

HONG KONG. Business confidence in Hong Kong got a boost in September after Britain and China inked a new agreement on the colony's future. When Britain's lease on most of Hong Kong expires in 1997, China will take political control. But Peking promised not to interfere with Hong Kong's capitalist economy for 50 years after assuming sovereignty.

Surging exports of such consumer products as clothing, toys and watches have helped Hong Kong hit an 8.5% growth rate this year. Chen expects that pace to dip slightly to 6.5% in 1985, largely because of a slowdown in shipments to the U.S. Investment in new industrial plants and machinery is up 17% this year, but that has been offset by a continuing slump in commercial and residential construction. In the late 1970s and early 1980s, construction firms went on a speculative spree, and many of the luxury apartment and office buildings they put up are still not fully occupied.

TAIWAN. The thriving exporters of Taiwan are selling increasingly sophisticated products. Last year, for the first time, exports of electronics goods ($4.85 billion) surpassed shipments of textiles ($4.6 billion). The biggest surge has come in sales of computer accessories, including terminals, disk drives and printers. Spurred by an 18% increase in exports this year, Taiwan's overall growth rate is about 9%. In 1985, Chen predicted, the pace of expansion will be about 7%.

Taiwan is worried about becoming too dependent on the U.S. market. Americans have bought 49% of Taiwan's exports this year, up from 39% in 1983. The country's sales to Western Europe have been sluggish because the value of the Taiwan dollar, like the U.S. dollar, has risen sharply during the past year against European currencies. As a result, Tai-

wan's products have become more expensive for Europeans. In addition, slumping oil prices have hurt the buying power of Taiwan's customers in the Middle East.

ASEAN. Among the countries in the Association of South East Asian Nations, the standout is Singapore, which is expected to end the year with an 8.6% growth rate. Exports of garments and electrical machinery have been brisk, and the government has stimulated the construction industry through heavy spending on public housing and Singapore's new rapid transit system. Economist Narongchai forecast that growth will remain in the 8% range through 1985.

While Singapore shoots forward, the Philippines sinks. Bernardo Villegas, executive director of the Center for Research and Communication in Metro Manila and a guest economist at the TIME meeting, traced the Philippines' troubles back to 1983. Because of excessive government spending, the country was suffering from 10% inflation and a serious trade deficit. "The Philippines," said Villegas, "was like a patient in an intensive-care unit."

Then, on Aug. 21, 1983, came the Aquino assassination. "It was," Villegas observed, "as if a bunch of criminals entered the ICU and pulled the plug on the patient's life-support system." As Filipinos demonstrated in the streets, business confidence plummeted. The result: recession. Production is now falling at a 5% annual rate, and inflation is 45%. Said Villegas: "Suddenly, the Philippines is not sure whether it's in Asia or Latin America."

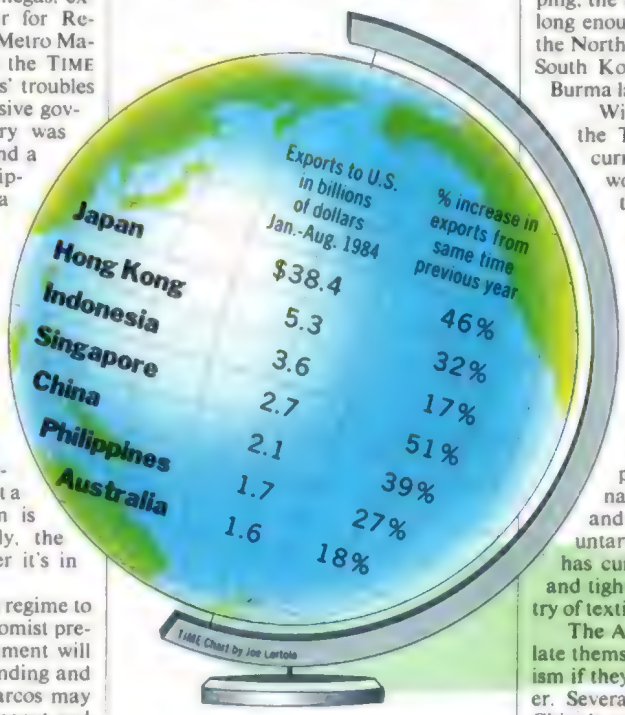
Villegas expects the Marcos regime to survive the uproar, but the economist predicted that a weakened government will be forced to restrain public spending and agree to economic reforms. Marcos may have to dismantle the sugar, coconut and grain monopolies headed by the President's cronies. If substantial reforms go through, Villegas predicted, the Philippines could climb back to a 1% growth rate by the end of next year.

Unlike the Philippines, Indonesia has enjoyed political calm, for the most part, during the 18-year tenure of President Suharto. But the archipelago faces economic challenges. Falling oil prices have cut Indonesia's earnings from its chief export, and the country's current account deficit will be about $4.2 billion this year. On the bright side, agricultural production is strong. Narongchai predicted that Indonesia will achieve 4.5% growth in 1985.

Malaysia is currently enjoying a 6% growth rate. It might be even better, said Narongchai, were it not for tensions between the country's major ethnic groups. Wealthy businessmen of Chinese descent are nervous about the government's long-range plans to keep giving the native Malays a bigger role in the economy. Moreover, the government intends to curb its spending because of a persistent budget deficit that now totals 12% of the gross national product. Partly for that reason, growth may slip next year to 4.5%.

In Thailand, expansion has also been constrained by conservative economic policies. The government has restricted the money supply and imposed import controls to combat a worrisome trade deficit that was almost $4 billion last year. Narongchai forecast that growth would hover at its current level of about 5.5% through 1985. Looking at the long term, he voiced concern that half of Thailand's population of 49 million is less than 20 years old. The influx of young people into the work force may aggravate unemployment, which now stands at 5.9%.

DESTINATION: U.S.A.



AUSTRALIA. In 1982 and early 1983 the Australian economy was virtually stagnant. But in the twelve-month period ending last June, production suddenly spurted by 10%, its best performance in 25 years. About a quarter-million jobs were created, and unemployment fell from 10% to 8.8%. Said Peter Drysdale, executive director of the Australia-Japan Research Center at the Australian National University in Canberra: "Australia is moving from a spectacular recovery into a period of solid and sustained growth."

Much of the credit for the turnaround goes to the Labor government of Prime Minister Bob Hawke, which took office in 1983 and seems certain to win a new term in the coming election on Dec. 1. Hawke's most important economic achievement so far has been to engineer an anti-inflation accord between labor and business. Unions agreed to curb their wage demands if companies would hold the line on prices. The pact helped slash inflation from an 11% rate only 18 months ago to its current level of 3.9%.

While the economic outlook in most Pacific countries is bright, the political climate is less certain. In many East Asian nations, businessmen face perplexing questions: What will happen in the Philippines if the ailing Marcos should die or be forced out of office? Will Deng Xiaoping, the 80-year-old Chinese leader, live long enough to solidify his reforms? Will the North Korean terrorists who killed 16 South Korean officials in a bombing in Burma last year strike again?

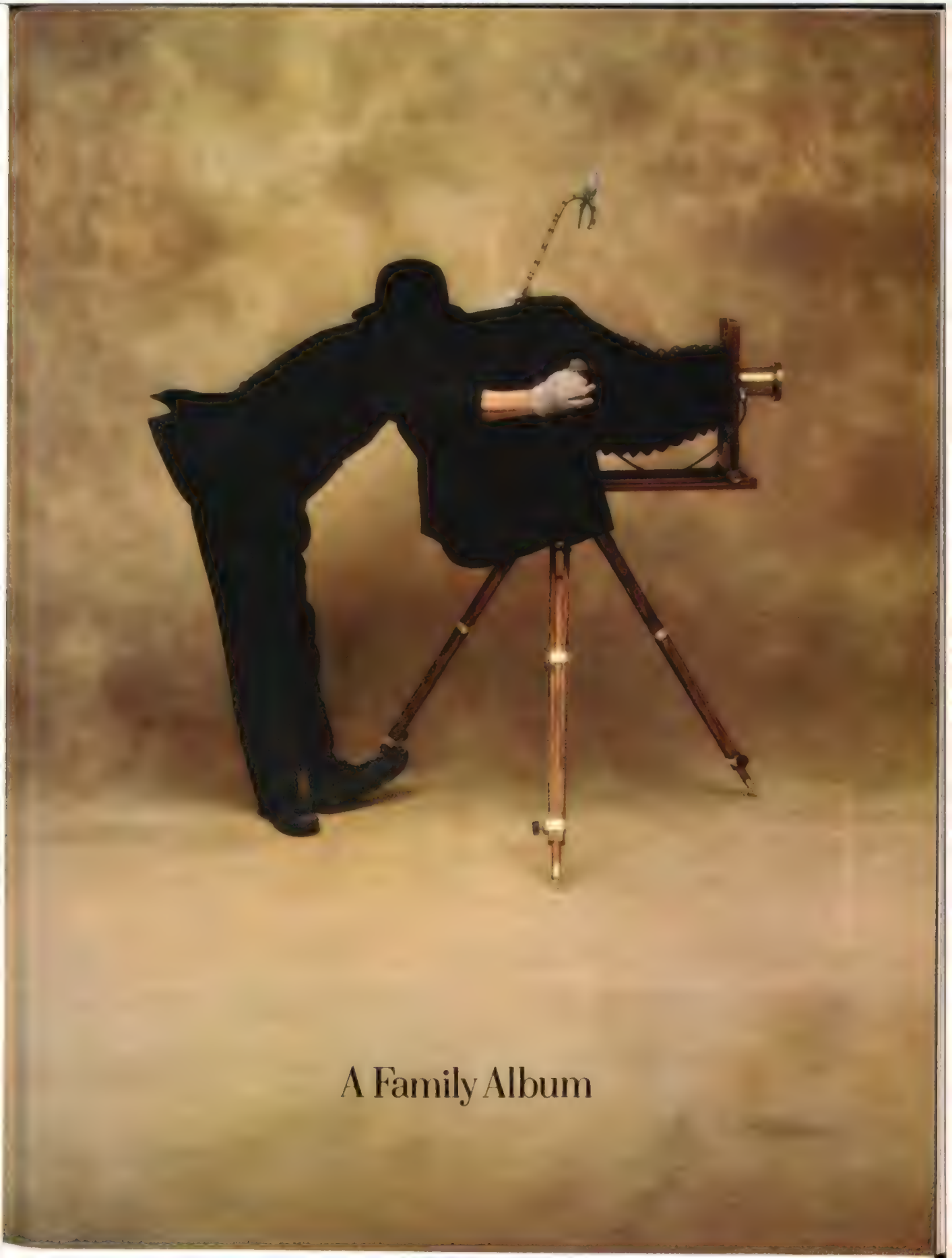
Without dismissing such concerns, the TIME economists said that the current prosperity in Pacific nations would smooth leadership transitions. Said Chen: "In many cases, if an economy does well, it helps stabilize the political situation." Agreed Villegas: "Compared with the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America, East Asia is a haven of political stability."

The most serious threat to Asian growth is what Yoshino called "the ugly problem of trade frictions." As their imports have mounted, Western nations have persuaded Japan and other countries to accept "voluntary" limits on exports. The U.S. has curbed imports of cars and steel and tightened rules that restrict the entry of textiles.

The Asian nations can partially insulate themselves from Western protectionism if they expand trade with one another. Several countries are excited about China's new eagerness to boost imports and forge economic alliances. Hong Kong's exports to China have risen 81% this year. "For the first time," said Chen, "China has become a very significant market for Hong Kong's products."

Many Asian countries insist that Japan should buy more from them. Thailand, in particular, is angry about last year's $1.5 billion trade deficit with the Japanese. Thousands of Thai demonstrators marched last month in downtown Bangkok to kick off a boycott of Japanese imports.

If the Pacific countries can work out their differences, the TIME economists agreed, the potential for future growth in the region is staggering. Drysdale pointed out that since 1960 the percentage of world economic output generated by East Asia has climbed from 8% to 17%. That figure is likely to keep on rising for many years to come. —*By Charles P. Alexander*



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Making Oil a Scarcer Commodity

To shore up sagging prices, OPEC aims to cut output

"OPEC never was a cartel, and it is less so now. I wish it were a cartel, because we would have much stronger enforcement of the rules."

Those words by Subroto, the Indonesian Oil Minister and the current president of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, show how the once mighty oil group has fallen. Only a few years ago, whenever OPEC met, the world anxiously waited in fear that the petroleum producers were about to raise oil prices again. But last week at an emergency meeting in Geneva, OPEC struggled to avoid slashing prices once more. Rather than reduce the cost of crude, the ministers adopted a plan to reduce temporarily their production ceiling from 17.5 million bbl. per day to 16 million bbl.

The latest OPEC crisis was set off three weeks ago, when Norway discounted its oil price by $1.50 per bbl., to $28.50, because it could not sell all it wanted to at the higher level. Britain quickly followed, and then Nigeria, an OPEC member, broke ranks with the cartel and lowered its price. OPEC members, fearful of a round of reductions, scrambled to halt the slide.

Sitting in plush green armchairs in the ballroom of Geneva's Inter-Continental Hotel, the ministers last week quickly agreed to cut production. But then they wrangled for 2½ days over how to divide up the cutback. That renewed oil industry doubts about OPEC's ability to live up to its decrees. During a cordial but "extremely frank" meeting, as one participant described it, ministers from Iran, Venezuela and Algeria lambasted their Nigerian colleague for helping to set off the crisis. Citing Nigeria's dire economic woes, Oil Minister Tam David-West rebuffed pressure to restore his country's petroleum price or to cut its production target "by even one barrel." Said he: "Oil is the life of Nigeria. The Nigerian heart must pump."

Saudi Arabia, OPEC's biggest producer, took the brunt of the group's 1.5 million bbl.-per-day cutback. The Saudis agreed to reduce their output limit by 647,000 bbl. a day, to 4.4 million bbl. More important, Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the Saudi Oil Minister, promised to trim production even further, if necessary, to hold the line on prices. Other OPEC members, except Nigeria and Iraq, grudgingly accepted reductions of about 9% each. Two non-OPEC oil producers, Egypt and Mexico, whose petroleum ministers attended some of last week's sessions as observers, promised to help the OPEC effort by making small, symbolic cutbacks of their own. Sheik Saad al-Abdullah al-Sabah, Kuwait's Prime Minister, praised the accord as a show of unity. Said he: "I have no doubt that by agreeing on this sensitive issue, OPEC members will restore the organization's strength and widely heard voice."

OPEC's decision initially had a mixed effect on world oil markets. Prices edged upward slightly in the futures market, where contracts are traded for delivery months in advance. But OPEC's pronouncement did not prevent several U.S. oil companies from lowering the price they would pay for crude by about $1 per bbl. The oil industry experts who were unimpressed by OPEC's fanfare claimed that the reduction was meaningless because the group is already producing only about 16 million bbl. per day, less than the production limits agreed to last week.

The oil ministers, however, contended that the new limits will put strong upward pressure on prices as early as mid-November, when winter demand for heating fuel is expected to push the need for OPEC crude to at least 18.5 million bbl. a day. Yamani boasted that the tactic could quickly mop up the global oversupply of crude. Said he: "We think the reaction will be felt in the market the minute buyers try to find a barrel and cannot get it easily." In the event that OPEC's strategy starts to cause shortages, said Yamani, the Saudis may produce more in order to meet demand.

The biggest threat to OPEC's strategy is the tendency of its members to cheat on their quotas, which renders ineffective any attempts to limit global supply. The group first imposed quotas in March 1983, along with OPEC's only price cut in history, a markdown of its benchmark Arab Light crude by $5 per bbl., to $29. Most members' output currently falls below their quotas, but that is largely because they cannot find enough buyers. As soon as winter demand for oil increases, OPEC members who have exceeded pumping limits in the past will be tempted to break the new one as well. Mani Said al-Oteiba of the United Arab Emirates, an Oil Minister who sometimes writes long poems about the OPEC meetings, last week warned of the problem. His verse: "Do not ask me to mention any name. You know all the secrets and whom to blame."

Though OPEC has no real way to enforce compliance, the current crisis may bring about honesty in the group. Said Indonesia's Subroto: "We will need much tighter supervision than before about members' living up to their commitments, because everything depends on that."

The OPEC ministers put off until December any decision about their thorniest problem, an imbalance in prices between the two major types of oil. Traditionally, refiners have paid a premium for light, low-sulfur crude, which is used primarily to produce gasoline. But because of improvements in refining technology, buyers now prefer the less expensive heavy oil. This has created a surplus of the lighter fuel produced by Britain, Norway and Nigeria. To boost sagging sales, those countries want OPEC to reduce the price of light oil in relation to heavy. Last week Mani Said al-Oteiba, whose country is a leading light crude producer, threatened to force the issue by slashing his country's price. Said he: "If there isn't a solution, I will solve it myself when I go back home." The Oil Minister later agreed to hold off on the discount.

World oil markets, rather than the promises made in Geneva, will determine whether last week's agreement will work. The ministers succeeded in their initial goal to prop up oil prices in short-term trading. Now they hope that their production cuts will lock in those gains when winter oil demand increases. OPEC is gambling that the market will turn its way. The next few weeks will show whether it wins that bet. —***By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Lawrence Malkin/Geneva***

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Dirty Money in the Spotlight

A proposal to get tough on banks that launder cash

Big-time crime in the U.S. must be able to count on one thing: converting its seamy gains into money that is easier to use than the stacks of $50s or $100s in which payoffs are often made. By a process known as laundering, criminals deposit money in American or foreign banks, then withdraw it and invest it in construction projects, real estate or corporations. There is a lot to launder. The underworld's haul is estimated at no less than $170 billion annually from drug trafficking, prostitution and illegal gambling. Last week a report by the President's Commission on Organized Crime presented recommendations that would make it harder to use legitimate financial institutions to hide profits from crime.

Agents in Florida show off drugs and the loot

In its 89-page report, the commission painted a grim picture of artful operators who slip by current provisions of the federal Bank Secrecy Act. They pour huge amounts of cash into banks almost with blithe abandon, then withdraw it practically at will. The present law, passed in 1970, calls for a bank to notify federal authorities whenever a deposit exceeds $10,000. The law, though, has often been ineffective, in part because of wrist-slapping fines of only $1,000 against banks that fail to report the large deposits.

In South Florida, the center of the American drug trade, depositors have been known to walk up to a teller's window with a few dollars less than $10,000 in cash. Couriers known as "Smurfs," referring to the cartoon characters, flit from bank to bank buying cashier's checks and money orders for just under the reporting limit. One of the most popular ways to launder money in Florida now is to buy real estate. An estimated $2.5 billion worth of property in that area is believed to have been bought with drug profits. Some of the laundering is much more subtle, and sophisticated. In Houston, a federal indictment last week claimed that officials of a small steel company accepted huge amounts of drug-begotten cash. They then issued checks that were entered on the company's books as tax-deductible "contract services" received.

The commission wants banks to be more careful about collecting too much loose cash. It seeks to make laundering a federal crime, with jail terms of up to ten years and fines of as much as $1 million for repeat violators. It calls upon the banks to police themselves, for example, by designating a bank officer to be accountable for completing federally required transaction reports instead of delegating the job to lower-level workers. Congress has already removed some technical obstacles to enforcement. In an anti-crime bill passed last month, Congress made it an offense merely to attempt to transport large amounts of cash if the Government has not been notified.

Civil libertarians and others are concerned that the stiffer laws favored by the commission might infringe upon a citizen's legitimate right to privacy in banking matters. Some critics in Congress charge that the commission's definition of laundering is too broad and could cast suspicion over large cash-banking transactions of all kinds. Arthur Brill, a commission staffer, dismisses those fears. He claims, "You have nothing to be concerned about if you're not taking shopping bags full of money to the counter."

Bankers and investment-house officials complain that they are being blamed unfairly. Contends Daniel Buser, a spokesman for the American Bankers Association: "To say blanketly that financial institutions are cooperating with organized crime is a tragic remark." John M. Walker Jr., the Treasury Department's chief for enforcement of the Bank Secrecy Act, claims most bankers are aware of money-laundering problems and are "looking for ways to cooperate."

The commission will have scored a victory, Brill says, if bank presidents tell their people, "We're not going to take any more of the Mob's money." That kind of attitude by the entire financial community could have a powerful effect. Says Judge Irving R. Kaufman of the U.S. Court of Appeals in New York City and the commission's chairman: "Without the ability to freely utilize its ill-gotten gains, the underworld will have been dealt a crippling blow. Money laundering is the lifeblood of organized crime." —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington, with other bureaus*

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Business Notes

EXECUTIVE SUITE

A Car Buff Takes the Wheel

Donald Petersen

In one of the most striking design shifts in modern automotive history, Ford Motor two years ago traded in its boxy styling for the rounded forms of its current new cars. The sleek redesign has been a hit in the showroom, and last week Ford named Donald Petersen, 58, who championed the new shapes, to succeed the retiring Philip Caldwell as chairman next Feb. 1. Executive Vice President Harold Poling, 59, will replace Petersen as president.

Petersen, an engineer by training and a member of Mensa, the high-IQ society, has spent much of his 35-year Ford career planning new autos. A dedicated car buff, he startled fellow executives two years ago by taking a performance-driving course from Grand Prix Driver Bob Bondurant. More than 100 of his colleagues have since followed that lead to improve their knowledge of car handling.

Corporate infighting and battles for succession have been common at Ford Motor. Henry Ford was forced to step down as head of the company at 82 after a bitter struggle, and Henry Ford II had trouble with several heirs apparent before he finally gave way to Caldwell in 1980. The Caldwell-to-Petersen move could be the first smooth transfer of power in Ford history.

NEW PRODUCTS

Heard Any Good Books Lately?

JAMES KEYSER

Taped shortcut

Students hopelessly behind in required reading for their classes have long relied on Cliffs Notes, synopses of great books ranging from Homer to Hemingway. In 80 to 100 pages, the notes neatly summarize dramatic highlights and offer concise literary analysis geared to the questions that might appear on exams. Now Cliffs is marketing the ultimate shortcut for harried students: 45-min. audio cassettes billed as "companions" to twelve such standard assignments as *Wuthering Heights* and the *Odyssey*. The tapes incorporate dramatizations of key scenes and brief lectures on their meaning.

Introduced in August, 200,000 copies have been sold in 2,000 bookstores for $7.95 each. Four more tapes will be added to the series this fall. Cliffs President Richard Spellman, who hopes that these miniclasses will appeal to adults as well as students, notes that basically the tapes are designed for people who do not have time to read. Stephen Colbert, manager of a Waldenbooks store in the Ford City Shopping Center in Chicago, calls the tapes a panic buy, particularly for procrastinating high school students whose parents drag them in. Says he: "It's Tuesday night and the kid needs to have it by tomorrow, and the parent always says, 'This is the last time you'll do this.' "

MILITARY PROCUREMENT

Sky-High Salaries

With the cost of U.S. warplanes climbing faster than an F-15 fighter, one defense expert has suggested that it would take the entire U.S. military budget to buy a single aircraft by the middle of the 21st century. Last week a Government study cited one possible reason for the runaway prices: lavish pay for the executives and employees of some major U.S. defense contractors.

Prepared by the General Accounting Office, the report found that salaries and bonuses of top executives at twelve large aerospace firms were 42% higher than the average in other industries. Pay for factory and clerical workers was 7% to 9% greater, while janitors at the aerospace firms made 18% more than their counterparts elsewhere.

The study cautioned, however, that the high pay scales are not necessarily to blame for rising aircraft costs. It noted that 10% more for wages "does not mean 10% too much." But Texas Democrat Jack Brooks, whose House Committee on Government Operations requested the report, had no such hesitation. "We are paying more for weapons systems than we should," he said, "in part because of bloated salaries and benefits."

WALL STREET

Trading Stock on Election Day

Since 1792, when 24 brokers met beneath a buttonwood tree at what is now 68 Wall Street to form the New York Stock Exchange, the Big Board has always closed on presidential election days. But 1984 is different. In an age of round-the-clock global securities markets, the stock exchange decided to stay open during this year's vote. Said Exchange Chairman John Phelan: "This is part of the exchange's ongoing efforts to provide increased opportunities for investors around the world to participate in the marketplace."

Not all investors, though, were happy with the change. Some Wall Streeters feared that rumors based on exit polls could stampede the market during trading and create wild price swings. Others worried lest speculators who follow the vote use their knowledge of the balloting to reap profits. Said William LeFevre, market strategist for Purcell, Graham & Co.: "The market should not open because there is too much room for abuse." Exchange officials discounted such concerns. "We deal with rumors day in and day out here," said a spokesman, "and I don't think there will be any more or any less on Election Day."

TECHNOLOGY

Up, Up and Around

The newest way to rise

Timid escalator riders who look twice before taking their first step will soon have something new to worry about. After years of trying, Mitsubishi Electric has developed a moving staircase that carries passengers not just up or down in a straight line but through a graceful, sweeping arc. The first two circular escalators will be installed next March in a shopping mall in Tsukuba, Japan. Cost: $325,000. A pair of conventional models, by contrast, costs $100,000.

The idea of a circular escalator seems simple enough, but the design problems were daunting. The challenge was to lift passengers up and around without tilting them, throwing them against a rail or squeezing them off the tread as it narrows while going around the turn. Complicating the problem were some basic laws of physics that say the two handrails must move at different speeds to match the motion of the twisting stairs. Still, the results look surprisingly conventional: a conglomeration of chains and sprockets and comblike metal plates ingeniously designed, machined and arrayed. The finished escalators will move 6,300 people an hour, provided they can first be persuaded to step on board.

Law

Art Silenced or Preserved?

Vanessa Redgrave charges blacklisting by the B.S.O.

Thomas Morris, general manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a dedicated man of music who has scant interest in more mundane subjects like politics. He reads newspapers "as little as possible," he says, and "I don't pay much attention to television." So no one was more surprised than Morris at the furor that ensued in March 1982 after British Actress Vanessa Redgrave was hired to narrate the B.S.O.'s planned production of the opera-oratorio *Oedipus Rex*. Redgrave, as anyone who does read the newspapers should know, is a Trotskyite and ardent supporter of the Palestine Liberation Organization, and her selection immediately inspired an outcry. Faced with protests from musicians, threats of violent disruption, and possible withdrawal of funds by Jewish orchestra patrons, Morris canceled *Oedipus*, casting Redgrave into the wilderness.

Now Morris, 40, and his colleagues are paying for their naiveté in Boston federal court, where Redgrave is suing the B.S.O. for breach of contract and violation of her civil rights. In testimony that was by turns rambling, deft and once even tearful, Redgrave, 47, argued that the cancellation of her $31,000, six-performance contract effectively blacklisted her for more than a year. The orchestra "may not be E.F. Hutton," her lawyer told the jury, "but when it talks, people listen." Redgrave testified that she was turned down for a role in a Broadway production for fear that her appearance would invite demonstrations. At one point, said the actress, who won a 1978 Oscar for her role in *Julia*, she was so desperate for money that she agreed to appear nude in an as yet unreleased film called *Steaming*, for which she earned $100,000.

The actress at the courthouse

"Turmoil surrounds her wherever she goes."

Redgrave got strong support from Peter Sellars, the artistic director of the Kennedy Center theater in Washington, who would have been in charge of the *Oedipus* production. Canceling performances because of potential political disruption sets a "dangerous precedent," Sellars testified. "If the Boston Symphony acts this way, no artist is safe."

The B.S.O. countered that it had offered to pay Redgrave's fee and that her lawyer turned the money down. As for her claim of having been blacklisted, Defense Attorney Robert E. Sullivan contended that she received a dozen inquiries about roles during the 15 months after April 1982, and pointed out that she will earn $300,000 for appearing in the movie *Peter the Great*. Orchestra officials, said the attorney, are guilty only "of a lack of political sophistication." (Conductor Seiji Ozawa admitted on the stand that when Redgrave was hired he had never heard of her.) Furthermore, Sullivan argued, B.S.O. officials were perfectly justified in acting to preserve the orchestra's artistic strength by excluding a performer when "turmoil surrounds her wherever she goes."

The trial, which is expected to end this week, caused a minimum of turmoil. The only noteworthy anti-Redgrave picket was Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz, who distributed leaflets outside a theater where she was participating in a benefit, "Boston Against Blacklisting." Though Dershowitz, a renowned civil libertarian and supporter of Israel, defended Redgrave's right to perform, he also supported the orchestra's right to "exercise its freedom of association by refusing to perform with a P.L.O. collaborator."

If the First Amendment's armor was being put on by each side, the case was also marked by ironies that cut both ways: the B.S.O. invoking ignorance to protect artistic expression and Redgrave crying blacklist, even though she urges that British artists boycott Israel by not appearing there. For the jury and the judges who will probably review the case, a central conundrum is: If Redgrave has the right to engage in radical activism to dramatize her political beliefs, does her employer have a right to sever relations with her in order to protect itself from the consequences of that activism? —***By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by John Kennedy/Boston***

Milestones

EXPECTING. Amy Irving, 31, sloe-eyed actress (*Yentl*, TV's *The Far Pavilions*) who plays a pregnant woman in her upcoming film *Mickey and Maude*; and **Steven Spielberg,** 36, everybody's favorite cinematic exploiter of childhood fears and fancies (*E.T., Gremlins, Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*): their first child; early next summer. The couple have no current plans to wed.

SEEKING RENATURALIZATION. Zola Budd, 18, bashful, barefoot, adopted British runner whose dreams of Olympic glory ended in defeat and pain when she collided with American Archrival Mary Decker; in an application to regain the South African citizenship she so swiftly surrendered last spring in order to compete in Los Angeles as a Briton and circumvent the Olympic ban on her country's athletes; in Bloemfontein, South Africa. The move effectively ends her international running career and the lucrative endorsement deals that might have accompanied it.

DIED. Elmer W. Engstrom, 83, chief executive of the RCA Corp. from 1961 to 1968, who during his 39-year career with the company married the skills of an electrical engineer and manager to pioneer in the scientific development of modern electronic communications, including radio, radar, motion-picture sound and, especially, both black-and-white and color television; in Hightstown, N.J.

DIED. Eduardo De Filippo, 84, Italian actor, director, playwright and maestro of the still active dialect theater of Naples, whose boisterous, sentimental tragicomedies, including *Millionaire Naples* (1945), *Filumena Marturano* (1946) and *Inner Voices* (1948), celebrated the earthy Neapolitan zest for life; of kidney failure; in Rome. Two of his screenplays, a segment of *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* (1963), and *Marriage—Italian Style* (1964), adapted from *Filumena*, both starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica, were among Italy's funniest film comedies of the 1960s.

DIED. Marcel Moyse, 95, celebrated French flutist who premiered works by Stravinsky and Ravel, wrote more than 30 comprehensive books on flute technique and was an influential teacher into his 90s. He passed on the playing style of the great 19th century French School to several of today's virtuosi, among them France's Jean-Pierre Rampal, who called Moyse "the king," and Ireland's James Galway, who claimed him as "my guru"; in Brattleboro, Vt.

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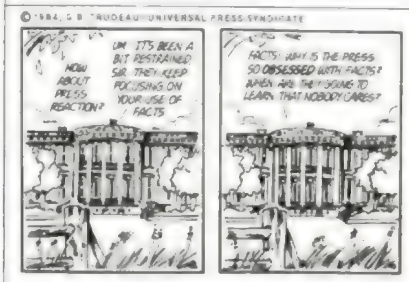

Savage Pen

Doonesbury *targets the G.O.P.*

When Cartoonist Garry Trudeau suspended his comic strip *Doonesbury* in January 1983, he said that his 1960s-inspired characters needed time to mature. Critics speculated that on its return the strip might therefore mute its often caustic political commentary. But since it reappeared Sept. 30, Trudeau has shown that he has lost none of his gift for provoking controversy.

In early October, the strip's eponymous character, Mike Doonesbury, now an advertising executive, was instructed to sell President Reagan to blacks. His reaction: "This is a test, right? To see if I have any shame?" The character then called Reagan "the worst thing to happen to civil rights in 35 years." Asked during a meeting with newspaper editors whether he agreed with some readers that the gibes were unfair, the President replied, "I read every comic strip in the paper. I have to tell you that I think some of your readers are absolutely right."

Last week Vice President Bush took offense at a strip that accused him of selling out his beliefs and suggestively belittled his political "manhood," which was described as being placed in a "blind trust." The cartoon Bush, queried whether the manhood would be "earning interest," responded, "Very little. There's not that much capital." The real Bush accused Trudeau of "coming out of deep leftfield" and described him as "another voice out there hoping we are defeated."

Doonesbury has a history of acerbity. But some clients find Trudeau more combative than ever. Newspapers, including the generally liberal St. Petersburg *Times* (circ. 300,000) and Anniston (Ala.) *Star* (circ. 31,000), have bumped panels on grounds of fairness or taste; at least four others have canceled outright. Said Bob Peterson, editorial-page editor of California's Chico *Enterprise-Record* (circ. 27,000), which dropped *Doonesbury* after touting its return: "It got progressively more biased. Trudeau is using a comic strip for a personal political soapbox." Still, the strip appears in 823 papers, its alltime high. Says Executive Editor Heath Meriwether of the Miami *Herald*: "Trudeau spares no one. That's what you get when you buy *Doonesbury*." ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

From Monitor to Public Echo

If it has been an unsatisfactory election campaign, with issues sloganized more than argued, the melancholy state of affairs says something about the decline of the power of the press. It has been much less effective this time as the self-appointed monitor of political campaigns, stirring up the issues, keeping each side honest and the facts straight. Those who say the press is all-powerful (it is mostly said by the enemies of the press) cannot prove it by election year 1984.

In more solemn moments, the press likes to proclaim its devotion to the public interest, but, as it goes about its daily routine, it is more prosaically concerned with what interests the public. In the support of some cause, the press may bravely or stubbornly defy public opinion, but it never for long pursues topics the public tunes out on. The Democratic campaign began much too early, the public quickly tired of the hassling that went on all spring between Walter Mondale, Gary Hart and Jesse Jackson, and both conventions got only so-so television ratings. A public fatigued by crisis and encouraged by returning prosperity has gone on a "mental holiday," one pollster concluded.

Reagan radiated the politics of optimism, attaching himself to the flag, balloons and the Olympics (the summer's one really popular event). He deplored criticism of his policies as negativism. That included the press as well: in matters serious (the invasion of Grenada) and trivial, the Reagan Administration had effectively excluded the press. The President stopped holding press conferences that might embarrass him; so did George Bush. But outcries from the press against such high-handedness were muted by the discovery that the public seemed not much concerned. It is this constant sensitivity to public reactions—endemic in an institution now all too often corporately managed rather than run by opinionated old press lords—that mocks the idea of the all-powerful media.

Rather interviewing Morton

With the first televised debate, the public at last tuned in: here was blood sport and a chance to measure one candidate against another. After it was over, the three networks uselessly interviewed each candidate's handlers, who argued that their man had won. Then the network news stars gingerly examined their own reactions, being careful not to sound partisan. Dan Rather: "First let's go to our CBS *News* veteran political correspondent Bruce Morton." Usually a sensible fellow, Morton said of Reagan, "I thought his best moment was his closing statement. He had a couple of eloquent sentences there."

Amid much blathering commentary that night, NBC's John Chancellor was both candid and prescient: "In my judgment, the President got very tired at the end. He seemed quite disorganized in his closing remarks." The public felt that way too about the first debate. The widespread distress at Reagan's lackluster performance shook the press from its initial timid opinion that Mondale had won a narrow victory on "the debating points."

With this sanction from public opinion, Reagan's "age factor" became a big news story. ABC's Sam Donaldson predicted that to win the second debate, Reagan had only not to drool. By relieving anxieties about his health, Reagan "won" the second debate while losing again on points; the proof was that he stayed high in the polls.

Ah, those polls. Never have there been so many and so frequent (New York *Times*/CBS, Washington *Post*/ABC, *Newsweek*/Gallup, TIME/Yankelovich, etc.). They varied only in estimating Reagan's big lead. The pervasiveness of polls is one more sign of how preoccupied the press and television are with ratings and public attitudes. Political scientists deplore covering elections like horse races. Perhaps polls do not really do much except satisfy curiosity and provide a data base for election bets. But politicians also use polls, their own and others, to direct candidates to target spots or to order up quickie commercials to exploit or deflect some new political concern.

John Maynard Keynes once regretted devoting "our intelligences to anticipating what average opinion expects the average opinion to be." Perhaps he was anticipating the most pretested presidential campaign in history.

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Facing Up to Sex Abuse

Prevention programs proliferate in classrooms across the U.S.

It is an autumn morning at Fairview Elementary School in Logansport, Ind., and the pupils are really into the show. A troupe of actors in shaggy bear costumes and moose outfits frolics through a wilderness of papier-mâché rocks and trees painted on screens, while a chorus of owls and frogs makes deep-woods sounds. The two moose shamble off and . . .

Wait a second. Big Bear has made a grab for Little Bear. Now Big Bear comes on heavy with a lingering hug that bothers Little Bear, who squirms away. The kids in the audience whisper, "Hide! Hide!" But Big Bear finds Little Bear, and this time Big Bear plants a large paw on Little Bear's crotch. Big Bear threatens to spank Little Bear if Little Bear tells. But in wanders Big Moose, who advises Little Bear to tell a grownup—like a teacher—then goes off to confront Big Bear.

In a skit at the Douglas Elementary School in Columbus, a character named Uncle Harry, played by an adult leader, grosses out the second grade by putting some Big-Bearish moves on his seven-year-old niece Sally, with whom he is baby-sitting in front of the TV on Saturday morning. Uncle Harry pulls her close, pats her knee and offers to buy her a Michael Jackson T shirt if she will come across with "one of those kisses I like."

Sally, a rehearsed volunteer from the class, is way ahead of Uncle Harry. "I think I hear Aunt Mary coming home," she says. When he tries to make her promise that what has happened is "just our little secret," she replies firmly, "No, I'm going to tell Mom and Aunt Mary." That shuts down Uncle Harry. When the leader asks the class if Sally wanted to sit close, they chorus, "No!" Did he force her? "Yes!" Did she want to kiss Uncle Harry? "No!"

The audience at the Bridger Elementary School in Portland, Ore., is even tougher when a friendly man in a nice suit latches on to a little boy and growls, "I gotcha!" The roomful of first-graders turns thumbs down, but not on the villain. They think the boy has made himself too easy a mark. He gets higher grades in a rerun by standing back and shouting, "Let me alone!" as the man, played by Teacher Jon Merritt, tries to lure him into a make-believe car.

These sketches, with their explosive message and rapt audience involvement, are part of a drama unfolding in classrooms all across the country. Impelled by a rising national concern over child sex abuse, thousands of schools have taken up the touchy business of telling kids what it is all about and how to confront it. More than 50,000 children in Ohio and 80,000 in California have watched or played in the Uncle Harry show. The State of California, shocked by the arraignment of seven people from the McMartin School in Manhattan Beach on 208 counts of child molesting, has just passed an $11.25 million bill to expand sex-abuse programs in public schools.

Over the past year Maryland's Montgomery County has enlisted 38 schools in an antiabuse curriculum of classroom talk about the body and different kinds of touching, including a spooky film vignette of a boy lying in bed crying as a man's voice says not to tell or the man will go to jail. In Cook County, Ill., the sheriff's department has presented a three-day abuse-prevention program to as many as 8,000 youngsters and is booked solid by area schools through 1986. In Minnesota and Wisconsin, the professional Illusion Theater Co. has reached more than half a million children with live and televised shows at both the grade school and high school levels. Illusion's high school presentation carries some raw stuff, including a chilling family meeting in which a daughter admits, "I've been having sex with my dad since I was a little girl."

Though the details and intensity vary, the theme of most of the programs is the same. As Betty Takahashi, Montgomery County coordinator of health education, explains to Grades 4 and 5, "Each person's body is his or her own. They have a right not to be touched if they don't want to be."

There are good touches, such as a relative's loving hug or a baby-sitter's tickle. "But if it doesn't stop or makes you feel uncomfortable," she says, "it's a bad touch," the kind that can give you that "uh-oh feeling." When that happens, she goes on, "trust your feelings. Say 'I don't want to,' and get away as fast as you can. Then keep telling your story until you are believed."

Until a few years ago, barely a school would touch the loaded subject of sex abuse, let alone make it part of the curriculum. It seemed none of the schools' business. Furthermore, molested youngsters rarely told, either cowed by a stranger's threat or, if the offender was someone close, shamed by the act or fearful of a family blowup. Besides, most grownups tended to brush off children's tales of abuse as fantastic.

Among the first to speak out strongly in the classroom was Uncle Harry, who came to life in 1978 in a model program titled the Child Assault Prevention Project (CAP); it was put together by a fledgling group on shoestring grants for schools in Columbus after a local second-grader was raped. The heart of the CAP program, and others that have followed or paralleled it, is a series of playlets designed so that children and leaders can handle the roles and then talk out the tricky nuances of abuse. For the youngest children, rag dolls are used as stand-ins to show the body areas that are strictly private.

With the script, CAP workers provide a two-hour introduction for parents, with some straight facts on sex abuse and suggested ways of encouraging their children to tell about anything off-color that may have happened with an adult. "An offender will scare a kid," says a CAP worker.

A CAP worker and friends at a Montessori school in California

Parents learn a loaded secret in special Spider-Man issue

Education

and "tell him his parents won't love him any more. So you have to defuse that strategy ahead of time."

The introduction also tends to defuse parental objections to dealing with the subject at all. At an early CAP session, a Stop CAP committee showed up, but, says one of the instructors, "by the time the program was over, the audience gave us a standing ovation." Not all parents are so receptive. In Prince William County, Va., one group attempted to hold up the showing of an antiabuse musical because they feared the material would be too explicit for grade school.

Another key ingredient is teacher preparation. "A lot of teachers are nervous and unsure on the subject," says Joan Danzansky, executive director of the Washington, D.C., chapter of the National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse (NCPCA). Small wonder when so many offenders are family members and all states have laws to fine or jail a teacher for failing to report an offense. To help teachers, the National Education Association has prepared a $137 kit that includes film strips, a book and handouts. Twelve hundred kits have gone out to master teachers who, over the next few years, will educate teachers all over the country.

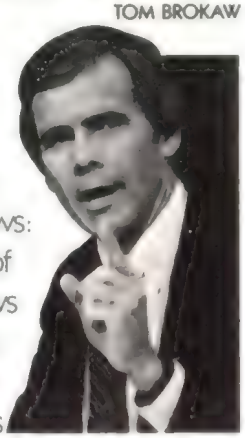
Even Hollywood and comic-book publishers are getting into the act. In September Paramount Home Video released a videotape titled *Strong Kids, Safe Kids*, starring Henry ("the Fonz") Winkler as host for an antiabuse talk show, with fast cuts to celebrities such as Mariette Hartley and the Smurfs, who hammer home the show's core message: "No! Go! Tell!" Copies have been sent to the Montreal school board. Last week Marvel Comics completed a print run of a million copies of a Spider-Man special issue, which will be distributed on order by NCPCA. In the issue, the superhero rescues a molested boy from a lecherous baby sitter and reveals that even he, Spider-Man, as a youngster had been abused by an older friend.

Amid the whirl of activity are signs that these programs are beginning to work, that children are learning to stand their ground, to tell, and that teachers and parents are feeling more at ease with the subject. Last year Montgomery County investigated 148 reported incidents of sex abuse, four times the number in 1979. In California, child sex-offense reports were up by more than 4,000 since the programs first began, an increase of 44%. Though not all such revelations can be credited to the antiabuse curriculums, a fair number clearly come from what is being learned in school, as one St. Paul nursery-school toddler demonstrated last week. Taken by his mother for a routine physical, he at first refused the doctor's genital examination, reminding his mother that nobody could touch his private parts. When she reassured him, the exam proceeded. ***—By Ezra Bowen. Reported by Deborah Kaplan/Los Angeles and Valerie Mindel/Chicago***

VOTE TWICE

Tuesday you'll be voting for the candidates you think will do the best job. And Tuesday night you'll be deciding which network to turn to for the best job of reporting the results. There are three good reasons to cast that vote for NBC News:

TOM BROKAW

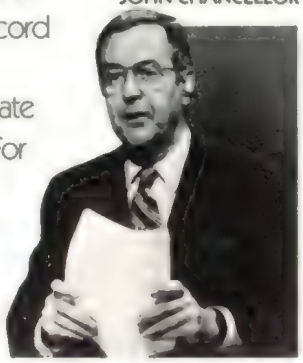


1. Regardless of what others do, NBC News will project the winners in each state only after interviewing tens of thousands of voters nationwide, and after actual results have started to come in. Whether or not that's the fastest way, we think it's the responsible way.

2. NBC News will bring you the clearest, most graphic display of election returns ever seen on television. For the first time, our graphics will be "computer-driven"—direct to your screen from the Voting Results Desk. And the moment 270 Electoral votes, enough to elect a President, are toted up from states where the winner has been projected, you'll get the word—even if voting elsewhere is still going on. Because under the Electoral College system, a President can be elected (and often has been) while polls in some states remain open.

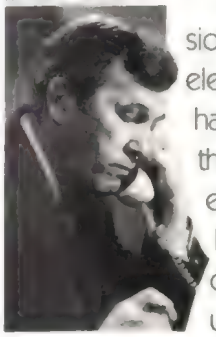
3. Over the course of more than 20 years of election analysis, the peerless NBC News Election Unit has an unbeatable record of 100% accuracy in projecting state-by-state Presidential winners. For the third Presidential election in a row, the Unit will be directed by Roy Wetzel. And for the twentieth consecutive year its special consultant will be Richard M. Scammon, renowned political scientist and former director of the US Bureau of the Census.

JOHN CHANCELLOR



In addition to television's finest, fullest reporting of the vote, NBC News correspondents—connected by satellite throughout the world—will be on the alert to bring you local, national and international reaction. And NBC News will report exactly what the election will mean to you and your family for the next four years.

ROGER MUDD



Since network television coverage of Presidential elections began, more people have turned to NBC News for the results than anywhere else. It's traditional that NBC News outshines the rest on Election Nights. Watch us shine again this Tuesday.

START WITH, STAY WITH
TOM BROKAW, JOHN CHANCELLOR AND ROGER MUDD.
COVERAGE BEGINS TUESDAY AT 7:00 PM
EASTERN TIME. CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME & CHANNEL

NBC NEWS

The Mercedes-Benz 380 SE Sedan is engineered to deliver the luxury of deep performance reserves. For 1985, it also delivers

How the Mercedes-Benz 380 SE is accelerating the demise of the traditional luxury sedan.

AN AUTOMOBILE need not concede stirring over-the-road performance in order to provide civilized levels of comfort.

Given enlightened technology and skillful engineering, it can provide both.

That is a lesson being reluctantly learned by the builders of some conventional luxury sedans in this changing automotive world.

It is a lesson tirelessly taught by the engineers of Mercedes-Benz almost since the dawn of the automobile. And epitomized today by the burly yet butter-smooth sedan seen charging the camera above: the Mercedes-Benz 380 SE.

"QUIETLY, LIKE A TURBINE"

The 380 SE is a performance machine–as only a 3.8-liter Mercedes-Benz V-8 can be a performance machine. Its test track maximum nudges two miles per minute. Its highway passing thrust is thrilling. Yet that C.I.S. fuel-injected aluminum alloy V-8 engine "...hums quietly, like a turbine," reports the German journal, *Auto, Motor und Sport*.

Driving controls are too precise and perhaps simply too *pleasurable* to be emulated by a conventional luxury sedan. Example: power steering crisp and accurate enough to make a power steering enthusiast of a sports car purist. Example: the four-speed automatic gearbox, its tunnel-mounted lever and shift gate so ingeniously well designed that you may be unable to resist shifting manually.

The 380 SE rests on a suspension system whose high sophistication few luxury sedans even attempt to match.

The ultimate object of this fully independent system, with diagonal-pivot rear axle, is more than high-speed handling heroics. It is to help the 380 SE convey its driver and passengers without drama between Point A and Point B–whatever may lie between.

This is one substantial five-passenger sedan that doesn't flinch but seems to flourish when the going gets rough underfoot.

The absence of pitching and rolling in this solid 3,740-lb. machine marks another sharp contrast with soft-sprung luxury sedans. (Note that sturdy anti-sway bars are fitted fore *and* aft.) Yet the ride is never harsh. "The contours of the road's surface simply become a secondary matter," comments one automotive journalist.

In brief, the 380 SE reconciles high standards of performance and high standards of riding comfort in the same chassis design. One result is a sense of motoring security that

*Approximate suggested advertised retail price.

the reassurance of the computer-regulated Mercedes-Benz Anti-lock Braking System (ABS) as standard equipment.

the word "comfort" can barely begin to describe.

BRAKES THAT THINK

A 380SE technological bonus for 1985 is inclusion of the Mercedes-Benz Anti-lock Braking System (ABS) as standard equipment.

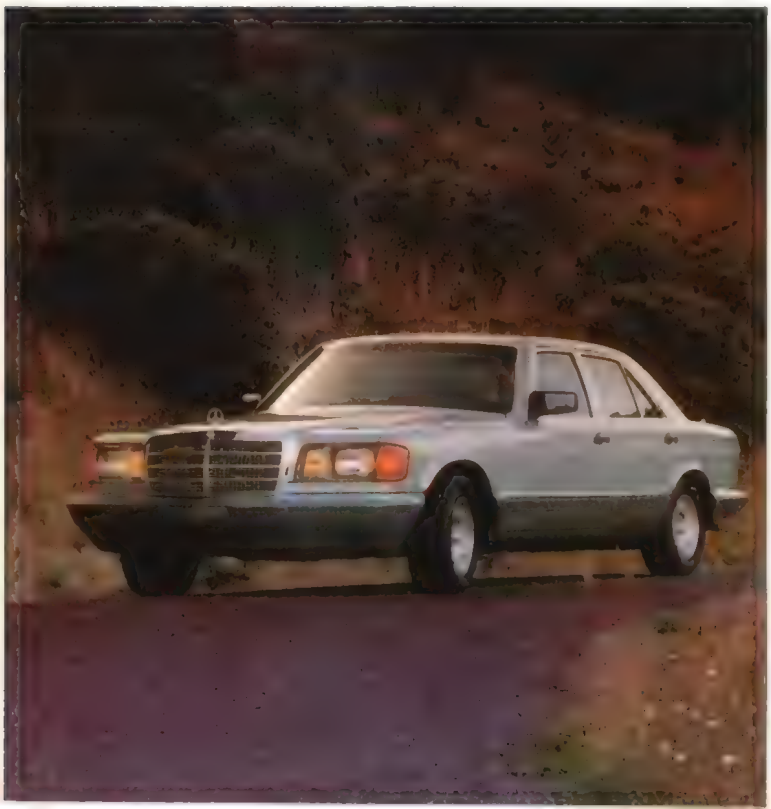
Incredibly, with ABS, the car's four-wheel disc braking system can "think"–utilizing computer-regulated technology to sense and then prevent wheel lockup in hard braking on uncertain surfaces. Helping the car decelerate normally. Helping the driver retain precise steering control.

VELOUR, VENEER, AND 93.6 CU. FT. OF INTERIOR VOLUME

The 380SE yields nothing to luxury sedans in its provision for creature comfort in transit. You will find a full complement of electronic, electric and other power-assisted amenities.

You will also find ample space for five–93.6 cubic feet of space. The age of the oversized automobile may have ended; the roomy automobile lives.

You will *not* find gadgetry or razzle-dazzle decor. Instead, fine velour carpeting and hand-finished wood veneer trim and tasteful understatement in the classic Mercedes-Benz manner.



THE BOTTOM LINE

The 380SE Sedan is priced at $42,730.* Perspective may be added by noting that year after year after year, not certain isolated models but Mercedes-Benz automobiles *as a line* have been shown to retain a higher percentage of their original retail value than any luxury car sold in America.

Its robust performance makes the 380SE an exciting automobile. Its deep comfort makes it a livable automobile. But its rare ability to *combine* these often opposite traits is what makes the 380SE an automobile apart.

Engineered like no other car in the world

The Mask Made the Man

THE ESSAYS, ARTICLES AND REVIEWS OF EVELYN WAUGH
Edited by Donat Gallagher; Little, Brown; 662 pages; $40

Posthumous disclosures about Evelyn Waugh (1903-66) have proceeded like a striptease in reverse. First came the *Diaries* (published in the U.S. in 1976), a revealing look at Waugh's private, sometimes drunken and usually unflattering thoughts about his contemporaries. Next arrived the *Letters* (1980), in which the writer appeared in the less scathing demeanor he put on for his correspondents. Now this massive selection of Waugh's journalism displays him fully dressed for his reading public. There are thus no naked surprises in this volume, but it is fascinating all the same: a chronicle both of tumultuous decades and of Waugh's refusal to adapt his clothes to changing tastes.

A common misconception about Waugh holds that he was a liberal young man who turned into a middle-aged fogy. He was, given the temper of his times, a reactionary all along. The faintly scandalous success of the comic novels *Decline and Fall* (1928) and *Vile Bodies* (1930) made their author the most prominent spokesman for the Bright Young People of his generation. London newspapers offered fees for his thoughts on youth. He did not give them exactly what they expected. "I admire almost anything about old people," he wrote in 1930. Waugh, as it turned out, was not kidding about his reverence for maturity and tradition. Several months later he converted to Roman Catholicism.

As a Catholic and a conservative, Waugh occupied an underpopulated area in the spectrum of British public opinion. He filled it vigorously, both because he needed the extra money that papers and magazines provided to supplement his earnings from fiction and because he wanted to whip his countrymen into shape. During the 1930s he watched "the pitiable stampede of the 'Left-Wing Intellectuals' in our own country" and tried to head it off through ridicule. He mocked the socialist sympathies expressed in *Enemies of Promise* by Cyril Connolly: "He seems to have two peevish spirits whispering into either ear: one complaining that the bedroom in which he awakes is an ugly contrast to the splendid dining-room where he was entertained the previous evening; the other saying that the names have been made up for the firing squads; he must shoot first if he does not want to be shot." Reviewing the work of a Marxist critic, Waugh pounced with feigned humility: "His thesis, if I do not misunderstand him, is that the class struggle is the only topic worth a writer's attention; his difficulty that this means relegating to insignificance almost the whole of the world's literature."

Unfortunately, Waugh's argument against rating books according to their ideology fell on deaf ears, including his own. He praised J.F. Powers' *Prince of Darkness* in parochial terms: "The book is Catholic. Mr. Powers has a full philosophy with which to oppose the follies of his age and nation." A novel by Antonia White spurred him to greater extravagance: "She knows that man is in the world for quite another purpose than teaching Greek or winning the war or marrying well or even writing admirable novels. He is here to love and serve God, and any portrayal of him which neglects this primary function must be superficial."

Evelyn Waugh: growing belligerent when defensive

Waugh was certainly capable of measured or dispassionate judgments. He wrote of George Orwell, an avowed socialist, with respect: "He has an unusually high moral sense and respect for justice and truth." After certain church and Italian officials had criticized Federico Fellini's film *La Dolce Vita*, Waugh noted, "I can only say that as a conventional Catholic I saw nothing objectionable." He grew most belligerent when he felt most defensive, and his era offered him plenty of opportunities to do so. "He had seen the course of history deflected from the direction of all his early aspirations," Waugh wrote of Kipling in 1964, a statement that also described its author.

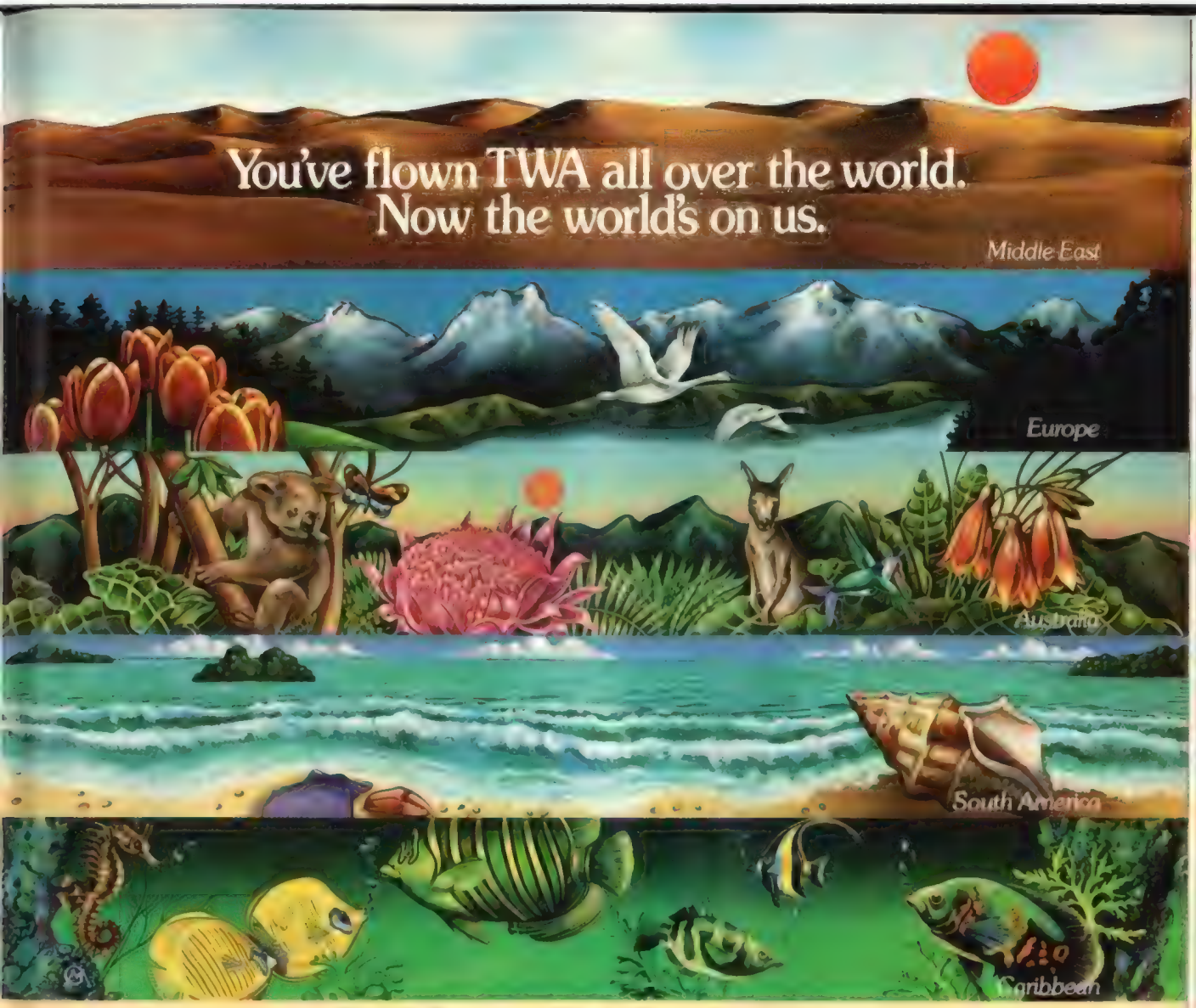
From Waugh's viewpoint, nearly every public event during his adult life was a catastrophe. Liberalism became dogma. After World War II, large Catholic populations in Eastern Europe were bartered away to Soviet control, and the welfare state began dismantling the English class system. The number of colonial outposts that had "enjoyed British rule" dwindled. In his final years, he watched aghast as the Second Vatican Council instituted changes in Catholic liturgy ("the Mass I have grown to know and love").

Waugh's view of the world let him down badly, but his craft sustained him in splendid form. That is why this book, which should be unremittingly bitter, is both gallant and funny. Waugh could not write a dull sentence, no matter what his fee, nor could he suppress an anarchic sense of humor. He idealized the vanishing English aristocracy, but also undermined himself when describing the once standard duties of an Anglican vicar: "It was he who burrowed in the Roman encampments and wrote monographs, full of daring attributions, on the condition of his parish before the Norman conquest. It was he who explained the newspaper to the squire." That throwaway line is the essence of Waugh. "The mask," he insisted, "the style, *is* the man." If so, here in gracious plenty is the person he made of himself.

—*By Paul Gray*

Excerpt

"Apropos of the telephone, it should be noted that the caller is in the position of the suppliant. He cannot expect to burst in unannounced whenever it suits his convenience. He must expect to be kept waiting. In the days when I myself had a telephone I found that certain bumptious businessmen had the habit of employing secretaries to make their calls for them. I would be led to the pantry, where the instrument was housed, to hear: 'Mr. Waugh? Just a moment, please. Mr. Brute wants you and he is speaking on the other line.' The only reply to such treatment is to ring off immediately."



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Books

Leftfield

THE INTELLECTUAL FOLLIES
by Lionel Abel
Norton; 304 pages; $17.95

Lionel Abel, 73, is an essayist and playwright, and the latest veteran of New York City's old literary left to publish his memoirs. Other recent recollections of this once exclusive and fractious fraternity include Irving Howe's *A Margin of Hope* and William Barrett's *The Truants: Adventures Among the Intellectuals*. They were, in Critic Harold Rosenberg's memorable phrase, "the herd of independent minds," part of the theory class that dominated political and cultural debate from the '30s through the '50s. Although deaths, dispersions and change have greatly reduced the group's influence, its value should not be

Lionel Abel: importer of mandarin goods

Lunch with Sartre and a bout with Arendt.

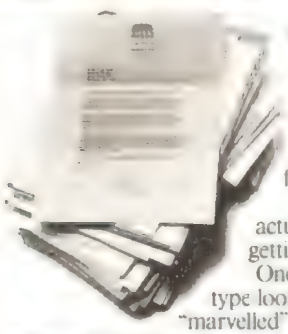
underestimated. Ideas, like less durable products, reach the public through a network of production and distribution. Raw materials are imported and fabricated by artists and scholars. The newest images and thought are offered in galleries and boutique periodicals. Eventually the avant-garde attracts the journalists, and the elite get to take an uncertain bow before the philistines.

Abel and the friends he cites in this amiably prescriptive work were major importers of mandarin goods. Coming of age in the '20s and '30s, these apprentice highbrows were influenced by two intoxicating concepts from Europe: the power of the subconscious as expressed through psychoanalysis, and the possibilities for political change as revealed by Marxism. This was giddy stuff for bookish humanists reared in the threatening shadow of Sinclair Lewis' small-minded America.

An implied article of faith in Abel's reminiscences is that with the exception

Love letters from secretaries.

XEROX



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Books

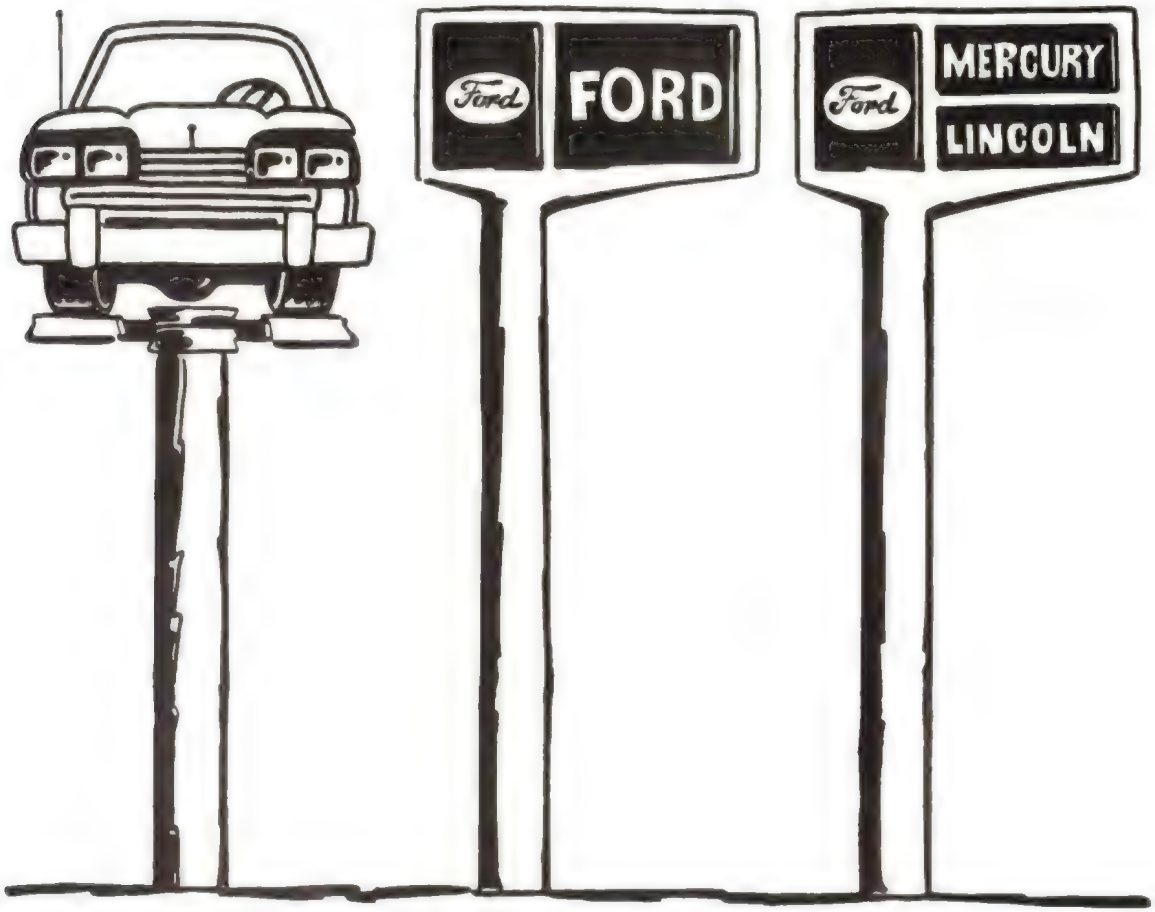
of Manhattan island, real life was best lived overseas. During the mid-'30s, one could battle for the moral high ground in the Spanish Civil War. After 1945 there was Paris, where one could mix with American writers, painters, musicians and, if Lionel Abel, lunch with the reigning philosopher of the left, Jean-Paul Sartre.

In *A Margin of Hope*, Howe describes Abel as "a sort of freelance guerrilla ready to take on all comers." *The Intellectual Follies* is not as combative as this statement leads one to expect. The narrative adheres loosely to a chronology. Abel, son of a Niagara Falls rabbi, goes to Greenwich Village in 1929 to begin his literary venture. The Depression finds him there, receiving a weekly check from a federally sponsored writers' program. Many of the artists and litterateurs of the period had little affection for the hand that fed them; Abel notes with a twinkle that he stayed home and wrote a poem titled *How Comrade the Present Addressed Our Party*. Outside, he moved in a magic circle of surrealists, hardheaded *Partisan Review* editors and café philosophers who lived from hand to mouth, mostly mouth.

Many of the author's scenes are richly remembered. But Abel the autobiographer keeps getting interrupted by Abel the professional explainer of moral dilemmas. He also opens old wounds: writers he knew are accused of having acted like politicians when they declined to support or condemn positions that could have been regarded as damaging to the left. He reexamines at length an old controversy stemming from a discrepancy between Hannah Arendt's views in *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (published in England as *The Burden of Our Time*) and her *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. The first book argued that the Nazis successfully crushed opposition in occupied countries by making the price of individual resistance unbearable for the community. The account of the Eichmann trial reproached Europe's Jewish wartime leaders for surrendering without a struggle.

The airing of such issues could, and did, end professional and personal relationships. If Abel illustrates anything, it is the passion and competitive effort that his literary crowd brought to ideas. He describes a raucous evening when Italian Intellectual Nicola Chiaromonte tried out some heretical notions on a tough audience that included *Partisan Review* Editors Philip Rahv and William Phillips, Critics Harold Rosenberg and Dwight Macdonald and Novelists James T. Farrell and Mary McCarthy. Tempers flared ("At least Marxism isn't boring and you are!" shouted Farrell), but before fists flew, Abel remembers, McCarthy rose and demanded order "in the name of humanity." It is hard to imagine liberals or neoconservatives making such a dramatic plea today, in a cultural climate where the talk is cool and the image is king. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

Car repairs guaranteed for life.



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Books

Mortal Play

FROST: A LITERARY LIFE RECONSIDERED
by William H. Pritchard
Oxford; 286 pages; $15.95

It has not always been easy to make the case for Robert Frost as one of America's greatest poets. His younger colleague Randall Jarrell tried in the 1950s and ran smack up against the self-created public figure, the "Only Genuine Robert Frost in Captivity": a singer of homely New England scenes, "full of complacent wisdom and cast-iron whimsy." Then, shortly after Frost's death in 1963 at age 88, his friend Lawrance Thompson began publishing a three-volume biography; inadvertently or not, it replaced the cracker-barrel sage with a monster. Thompson

Robert Frost: a self-created public figure
"I only go/ When I'm the show."

piled up a chronicle of "jealousies, obsessive resentments, sulking, displays of temper, nervous rages, and vindictive retaliations" that threatened to eclipse even Frost's jauntiest lyrics.

The task that William H. Pritchard has set himself in *Frost: A Literary Life Reconsidered* is to create a plausible portrait somewhere between these two extremes. Pritchard, a professor of English at Amherst College, succeeds admirably by emphasizing a fundamental principle in Frost's makeup: the sense of play. The poet, Pritchard maintains, held the universe in a teasing, ironic suspension, indulging his imagination in, as Frost put it, "play for mortal stakes."

Pritchard does not deny that the play was rough. With friends and supporters, Frost was sometimes manipulative and dissembling. Toward rivals, he was hostile at worst, wary at best (when invited to share a platform with other poets, he replied with the ditty "I only go/ When I'm

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Linda Kuzniar, Supervising Engineer, Commonwealth Edison

"It didn't seem that bad outside when I went to bed. But when the phone woke me—or the thunder, I think it was a tie—it felt like the world was coming to an end.

"It was the start of the July 4th weekend in 1983 and I'll never forget it. You just can't forget something that bad.

"We were up to our necks in a major storm, causing major damage. And a whole lot of Commonwealth Edison people on standby were being called in to restore the electric service it knocked out. Telephone operators, clerks, linemen, foremen, dispatchers, engineers, me. I was in charge.

"All we had to go on—all we ever have to go on—were phone calls. People reporting a pole broken on Cermak, a transformer blown on Sunnyside, a line down on Austin, and lights out everywhere.

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"It's an enormous job. A methodical, painstaking process. Pure detective work. Not to mention plain old professionalism. What I mean is, no excuses, no complaints. Just get it done, and get it right.

"It's the only way a storm can belt a community for three days, knock out service to over half a million people, and almost all of them have it restored the very next day. "We were ready. We're always ready."

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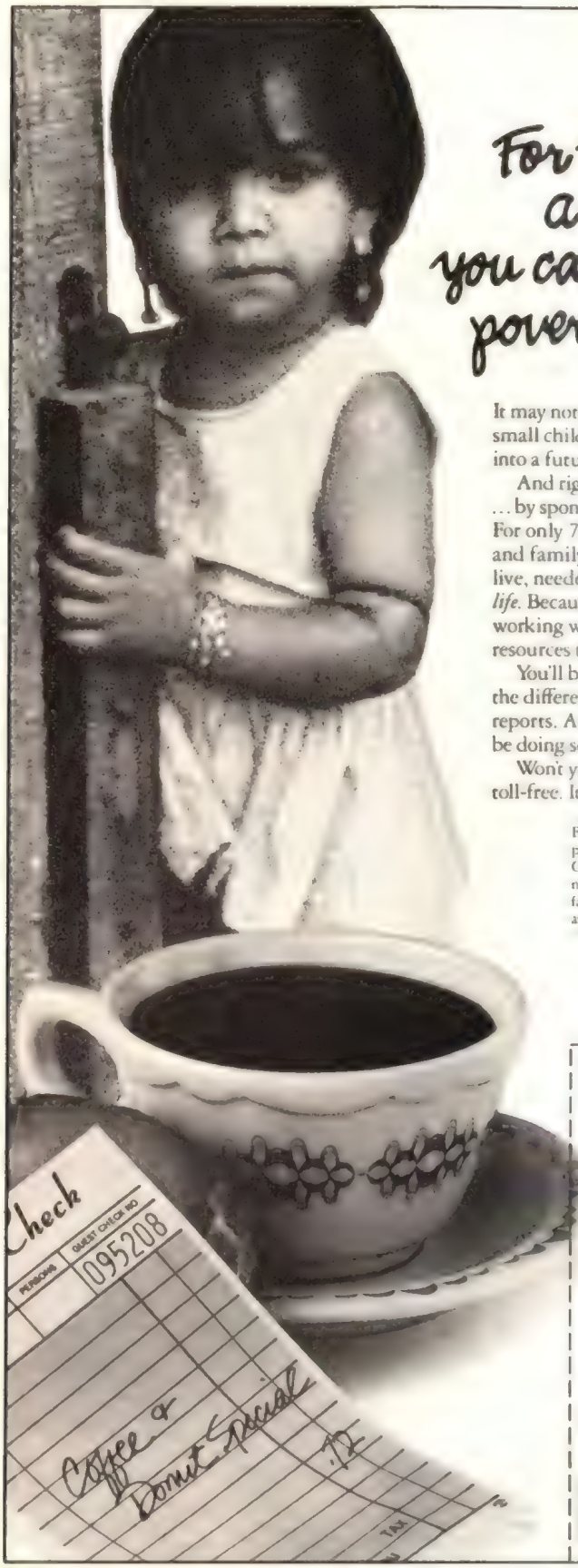
Lyric Opera of Chicago

Eugene Onegin • Arabella • Abduction from the Seraglio
Ernani • Carmen • Die Frau ohne Schatten • The Barber of Seville



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Books

the show"). Yet Pritchard sets all this against Frost's compelling need to establish his poetic voice. The poet knew that his technique—the colloquial tone played against traditional meters, the apprehension of unnamed mysteries in ordinary experiences—was far more original and subtle than it appeared, and he was determined to assert his distinctiveness.

Frost's self-absorption exacted a heavy toll in his private life. His family often found him hard to love and harder to please. A sister and a daughter went insane; a son killed himself. Pritchard repeatedly uses the word shocking to describe the sardonic hardness with which Frost inured himself to these blows. "As I get older I find it easier to lie awake nights over other people's troubles," the poet wrote to a friend after committing his sister to a mental hospital. "But that's as far as I go to date. In good time I will join them in death to show our common humanity."

Meantime he had his uncommon gift. His refuge was form, which for him equaled "sanity." After his favorite daughter and his wife died within a few years of each other, he could still produce poised, masterly poems that, as Pritchard poignantly notes, "bore out his spiritual persistence." They were Frost's way, if not of redeeming a harsh life, at least of transforming it and trying to make it inseparable from art. Ultimately, he confessed in another letter, he had only one anxiety: "Am I any good? That's what I'd like to know and all I need to know."

—By Christopher Porterfield

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Talisman. *King and Straub* (1 *last week*)
2. Love and War. *Jakes* (2)
3. Strong Medicine. *Hailey* (3)
4. God Knows. *Heller* (5)
5. The Fourth Protocol. *Forsyth* (4)
6. Stillwatch. *Clark*
7. Role of Honor. *Gardner* (6)
8. Life Its Ownself. *Jenkins*
9. "... And Ladies of the Club." *Santmyer* (7)
10. Ride a Pale Horse. *MacInnes* (9)

NONFICTION

1. Iacocca: An Autobiography. *Iacocca*
2. Loving Each Other. *Buscaglia* (1)
3. What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School. *McCormack* (2)
4. The One Minute Sales Person. *Johnson and Wilson* (4)
5. Mary Kay on People Management. *Ash* (3)
6. Wired. *Woodward*
7. Pieces of My Mind. *Rooney* (5)
8. Dr. Burns' Prescription for Happiness. *Burns*
9. The Bridge Across Forever. *Bach* (6)
10. Eat to Win. *Haas* (7)

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A dream of the origins of life and death in *Kinkan Shonen*

The entire troop, Amagatsu center, performs in *Jomon Sho*

Dance

Journey Without Maps

Japan's Sankai Juku revels in primal movement

Against an insinuating stillness, eerie at first, then almost instantly recognizable and reassuring as a cradle, four shapes appear near the top of the high stage, spinning. They wind and slide slowly down thin umbilical ropes suggesting, as they unbend near the ground, unborn children tumbling through the birth canal.

A single man, solitary on stage, stands staring through a piece of rectangular plastic, a small, open circle rounded by red at its center. He falls backward, rigid, his body hitting the ground so hard it raises clouds of dust and makes a sound like a dull detonation. A siren starts to shriek. It could be a warning, or a summons.

These, respectively, are the opening images of two dance theater pieces by Sankai Juku, *Jomon Sho* (Homage to Prehistory) and *Kinkan Shonen* (The Kumquat Seed), which have the clear, smooth grace of a rock in a Japanese garden and the impact, simultaneously, of the same rock hurled. Each piece has a rather spindly framework that is part narrative, part philosophical speculation and part rendering of the collective unconscious poised perpetually between rigor and hysteria. *Jomon Sho* is a plunge into the mythic past and is the more literal of the two pieces Sankai Juku presented last week at New York's City Center. *Kinkan Shonen* is meant to be, according to a subtitle in the program, "a young boy's dream of the origins of life and death." But the excitement of both works is really their open-endedness, the way in which they resolve the knottiest of paradoxes: to be universal while remaining specific, to summon shared memories from a splintered past.

Ushio Amagatsu, 34, who founded Sankai Juku (the name means studio of the mountains and the sea) in Tokyo in 1975, and remains its director as well as one of its five performers, works in a style of contemporary Japanese dance called *buto*, in which, he has written, "the body enters a state of perfect balance. *Buto* belongs both to life and to death. It is a realization of the distance between a human being and the unknown." Like other artists working from within a conception of Japanese modernism—the film director Nagisa Oshima, the designer Issey Miyake—Amagatsu is obsessed with redefinition. *Buto*, at its point of origin in the social and artistic turmoil of the '60s, was brooding, even brutal, full of images of apocalypse. It was revolutionary, but by the time Amagatsu began his work with Sankai Juku, it was in need of refinement. There are images of deep despair in both of Sankai Juku's performance pieces, but they mix now with scenes of spiritual questing and transcendence, all performed with the erotic austerity of some deep sense memory. The style of *buto* now performed by Sankai Juku is an exercise in selective simplicity, like a piece of wood planed and smoothed so only the knot in the center remains.

A moment of rebirth from *Kinkan Shonen*

As Amagatsu and his four dancers coil and slide, curl and waddle, spring and go still, they seem to shape themselves into grooves. Their bodies, whitened with traditional Kabuki makeup, can go as stiff as steel beams being hoisted skyward on a cable, as supple and serpentine as a garden stream. When Amagatsu moves diagonally across a stage past two huge brass circles in *Jomon Sho*, the movement is a piece of modest majesty that sets down a single, perfect line in Sankai Juku's geometry of mystery.

With the grace of history and the kindness of time and continued growth, Sankai Juku's unique voice may come to seem like greatness. It is a voice without words, like one of the silent sounds the dancers often mouth, their faces contorted like ancient tribal masks. Program notes attempting to describe segments of each of the two 90-minute pieces (such as "ripple of last breath" or "the vanity of nature") may be meant as signposts to a wondering, wandering audience, but no maps are really necessary for this journey. Verbalized ideas only encumber these primal parables. The singular glory of Sankai Juku is that it achieves almost pure metaphor. It is not like anything else. Rather, it becomes the thing that all else is like.

—*By Jay Cocks*

An Important Health Warning To Women Using An IUD

If you are still using an intrauterine birth control device (IUD) inserted in the early to mid 1970s, this message is for you. Many women had an IUD called the Dalkon Shield inserted during that time. It is important that each Dalkon Shield be removed, since there is substantial medical opinion that its continued use may pose a serious personal health hazard. If you are still using a Dalkon Shield, A. H. Robins Company will pay your doctor or clinic to remove it.

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EZRA STOLLER

Floods of light and an interplay of geometric forms: Meier's High Museum in Atlanta

TED THAI

The architect in his office

Taking On an Imperial Task

Richard Meier will design the $100 million Getty arts complex

The site is breathtaking: 24 prime acres atop a steep ridge in California's Santa Monica Mountains. To the west there is a sweeping view of the Pacific Ocean; to the east, the skyline of downtown Los Angeles. Says Architecture Critic Reyner Banham of the site: "Not since the Roman emperors built their summer villas on the isle of Capri has there been an opportunity like this."

The owner of the land, the J. Paul Getty Trust, plans to live up to that Roman precedent with an enterprise of imperial scope. The trust, which administers the world's richest endowment in the visual arts, will erect a $100 million–plus arts and humanities complex. Scheduled for completion in 1991, the complex is to include a museum, a conservation institute and an academic center for research in art history, the last including housing for scholars. When the project was conceived, it was clear that the architect entrusted with the design would have one of the choicest, most challenging commissions of the decade. To find the right person for the job, the Getty trustees 18 months ago appointed a panel of seven experts, headed by Bill N. Lacy, president of New York City's Cooper Union design school, to conduct an extraordinary worldwide talent search. Now, based on the panel's recommendations, the trustees have announced their choice: America's Richard Meier.

The Manhattan-based Meier, 50, is an unrepentant modernist, an outstanding exponent of rational, functional architecture in the tradition of Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier. "I am often labeled a disciple of Le Corbusier," Meier says. "Sure, I think he was the greatest architect of the century. But then I am also a disciple of Borromini, and I'm affected no less by Bramante and Bernini, whose work I studied in Rome." Indeed, both lines of influence are visible in Meier's work. His buildings reflect Le Corbusier's interplay of geometric forms, and they are as flooded with natural light as the churches of the 17th century Italian baroque masters.

Meier is best known for the High Museum of Art in Atlanta, which opened last year, a gleaming white tour de force with a majestic presence. It is the latest in a distinguished series of structures in which Meier's signature porcelain panels and white pipe railings are used with remarkable consistency and yet unflagging invention. Among the others: the Smith House in Darien, Conn. (1967); The Bronx Developmental Center for the mentally retarded (1976); and the Atheneum, a visitors' center at the restored utopian community of New Harmony, Ind. (1979). Meier has also designed museums that are under construction in Frankfurt, West Germany, and Des Moines. In recognition of his body of work, Meier was awarded the 1984 Pritzker Prize last April. The honor, architecture's equivalent of the Nobel, confirms his place in the forefront of contemporary architects.

A graduate of the Cornell College of Architecture, Art and Planning, Meier did some painting during his early years, turning out large abstract-expressionist canvases. Nowadays he assembles intricate collages ("my workout"), and his architectural drawings are collectors' items. He also cuts an impressive figure in person. With his dark-rimmed glasses and conservative suits, offset by a flowing white mane, he looks as though he had designed himself.

"American architecture," he believes, "is going all over the place, like pellets sprayed from a shotgun." He is particularly disenchanted with the postmodernist eclecticism that has become fashionable in the past decade. "You cannot evoke the past by simply taking historical symbols and using them as appliqué," he maintains. "What does it mean to put a Roman arch over someone's house in Connecticut? Nothing. Architecture has to do with the totality of the building, not the application of illiterately assembled elements."

What is needed, says Meier, is not an abruptly new architecture but a creative extension of the modern tradition, and he applies the prescription to his newest assignment as well. "I will have 18 months or so to work out my design concept for the Getty complex," he says, "but I already know that it will not be a white, porcelain-clad structure like the High Museum or the museums I'm doing for Frankfurt and Des Moines. It would be out of place on that site. Besides, I felt ready to shift direction, to change my style a little, even before this commission came along."

As for what turn his style might take on the Getty project, Meier will say only that it will be determined by the setting: "Just as a good skyscraper must be designed in the context of the entire city, this project must be designed in the context of the entire landscape, the climate, the history, the views from the ridge onto the ocean, the mountains and Los Angeles."

The Getty trustees' requirements are for a complex that will enhance the world of art, nurture research, respect the superb site and contribute to the culture of Los Angeles. In Richard Meier, they have an architect who is eager and able to deliver.

—By Wolf Von Eckardt

Essay

Defenders of the Faith

Conquer your passions and you conquer the whole world.
—Hindu proverb

Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.
—St. Paul, *Romans 14: 23*

Two murders reported in a single week, seeming to have little connection with each other and less connection with us. Last week India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was shot to death by her Sikh guards, while in Poland the body of the pro-Solidarity priest Jerzy Popieluszko was recovered from a reservoir. It was not known whether the suspected assailants were working for the Polish government, by eliminating a trouble-maker, or against it, by creating problems for the relatively soft-line Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski. Either way, both killings involved clashes between the faithful and the state. In one instance, a religion struck at a government; in the other, politics struck at religion. For many of us, the events might have occurred in another galaxy. Yet all summer long, America has been arguing the issue of church and state, of the proper relationship of religion and politics. Suddenly, two object lessons or one lesson divided in two.

However different their tactics, the Polish priest and the Sikh assassins would both be considered defenders of the faith. Popieluszko preached against an oppressive government, and the Sikhs lashed out at a leader who they feared was out to destroy them. What generated both acts of protest was not any popular consensus or parliamentary vote but the deep-seated belief that the protesters were doing the work of God. Such a belief propels all acts of faith, which grow out of a special state of mind. Faith is belief without reason. Fundamentally, religions oppose rational processes, perhaps on the theory that a God who could be approached by mere rational thought would not be worth reaching. "Reason is the greatest enemy that faith has," said Martin Luther. "It never comes to the aid of spiritual things, but . . . struggles against the divine Word, treating with contempt all that emanates from God."

This way of thinking accounts for all that is beautiful in religion. It builds cathedrals, paints Madonnas, lends credence to miracles, sings hymns, offers communion with the suffering, fills the coffers of charities, proffers salvation to the soul and brings the world to its knees. It also sets heretics on fire, promotes ignorance, inflames bigotry, encourages superstition, erases history, invades nations and slaughters the opposition. (The playful Huguenots buried Roman Catholics up to their necks so as to use their heads for ninepins.) Underlying all such activities are the adoration of mystery and the desire for submission: God works in mysterious ways, and lead thou me on. The basic premise of religion is both wondrous and antilogical: God is unknowable, and he provides clear and specific errands for his flock.

Governments, which can behave quite as terribly as religions and occasionally as beautifully, are built and run on exactly opposite bases. Governments depend wholly on rational processes. Not only do they strive to manage and contain a rationally ordered society; they seek to persuade people that it makes sense for them to be governed the way they are—this despite the fact that certain governments may behave irrationally or may manipulate rationality for brutal ends. When religions and governments clash, therefore, it is a collision not simply of institutions but of entirely different ways of apprehending experience. If a priest adopted the thinking of a Prime Minister, the faith would go out of his calling. If a Prime Minister adopted the thinking of a priest, laws would be made in heaven.

All this connects with the American debate on church *vs.* state in a fundamental way. Those who would like to see religion exert more control over government claim that the founding fathers wanted it that way. They are nearly right. People like Franklin, Washington, Jefferson and Madison sought to separate church and state so that no one sectarian God would ever bestride the land. Yet the founders wanted God somewhere in the picture, as a guide to national moral conduct. Thus arose the God of our civil religion. You've seen him. Big fellow. Flexible but no pushover. Spencer Tracy could have played him. His good book is the Constitution, his psalms were written by Walt Whitman, fair-minded citizens constitute his clergy.

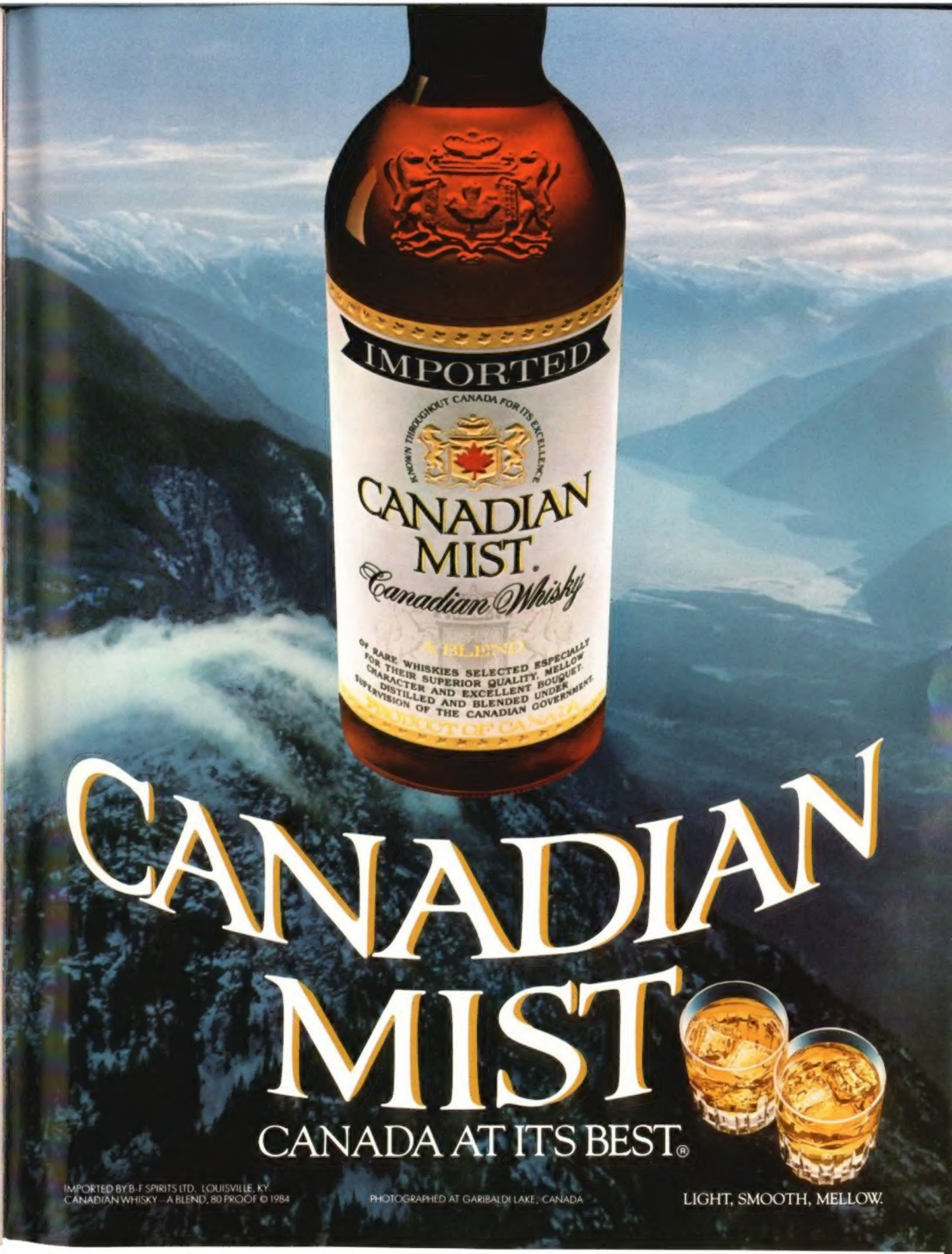
What the founders did not want, however, was a country run on the *bases* of religion. America was born of the Age of Reason, so named not because people were more reasonable in the middle of the 18th century than at other times but because they set reason as the standard of human aspiration. "What reason weaves, by passion is undone," wrote Alexander Pope. Alexander Hamilton agreed, though warily: "Men are rather reasoning than reasonable animals, for the most part governed by the impulse of passion." It was one thing for individuals to be governed by emotions and another to assign such governance to a new country. Keeping church and state apart was a way of separating reason and passion, or reason and faith, another check and balance.

This is easier proposed than carried out, but it is worth the effort, since the premises of church and state are not merely opposed but actively antagonistic. Faith implies the refusal to accept any laws but God's. How can a government that relies on the perpetuation of its authority be compatible with an institution that takes dictates from invisible powers? Prime Minister Gandhi's soldiers fired on the Sikhs for acts of civil disorder. The Sikhs killed Mrs. Gandhi for an act of desecration.

In short, church and state are natural enemies, not because one is superior to the other (can reason be proved superior to faith, or vice versa?), but because they make antipodal and competing claims on the mind. Frequently the mind is torn between such claims, as Geraldine Ferraro indicated when she stated her public and private views on abortion. Still, the essential antagonism lies not in issues but in premises, which suggests that no matter how many grounds of agreement church and state may find, the basic conflict will remain unresolvable. When the 3rd century theologian Tertullian said that Athens can never agree with Jerusalem, this is what he meant.

Those who would like to foist church on state may be advised to look east this week. Two deaths in places as different as Poland and India were brought about by a hostility that goes as deep as anything in our experience. When Adam bit into the apple, he moved from the world of faith to that of reason, and so was expelled by a God who decreed that two such different modes of thought could not possibly live in the same garden. What God has put asunder, let no man join together. —***By Roger Rosenblatt***

Illustration for TIME by David Suter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